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FAMILIAR LETTERS OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY

ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DURING the last two years of Saint-Gaudens' stay in Paris, in spite of ill-health and nervous depression, his work went on successfully. The Sherman monument was modelled and practically completed, though it received a few finishing touches in Cornish, in 1901, before it was cast in bronze. The sketches for the figures to go in front of the Boston Public Library were got into shape, and the Stevenson memorial for Edinboro' was modelled, besides one or two busts and medallions.

Apart from his work, he made two delightful expeditions to Spain, the first with the painter Colin, the second with his wife, and visited London and Edinboro' as well as various parts of France. These years were both happy and profitable in so far as his art was concerned, though he always looked forward to returning to America and to his beloved home at Cornish. In spite of his French blood and his admiration for French culture, he was peculiarly American in his point of view, and he found in America the vital source of his inspiration.

His preëminence as a sculptor was now unquestioned in Paris, and his fame international. But despite his pleasure in his success, he had moments of deep depression, foreshadowing a terrible illness.

"Sept. 6th, 1898.

"I have changed to my winter habits for writing these lines to you. The days are rapidly growing short. It is not 6.15 P.M., yet I can see no more to work. After to-day I will write my letters at the end of the day instead of at the beginning, of course excepting Friday, which is my great day with you. I have not been doing

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much lately, the heat has begun again and the studio is so warm that there are but a few hours when I can work, but what I do seems all right at present — Heaven knows how it will seem a month hence. I'm beginning to experience the depressing effect of the climate here as compared with New York. I *never* experienced physical fatigue there (I think I told you that, as it surprised me). I find that I am having it here now as everybody else has. It's climatic and barometric, no doubt, just as Italy is more fatiguing than France. Still I enjoy this remarkable summer very much, the heat is not as deadly as in New York.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

Among living French sculptors, Saint-Gaudens most admired Paul Dubois, whose work carried on the best traditions of the Italian Renaissance as interpreted by the modern French school of sculpture. In New York a photograph of Dubois' first Joan of Arc always hung on the walls of one of his living-rooms, and another, of the second, was in the studio there. Dignity, reserve, and unsurpassed technique characterized all of Dubois' work, and it never failed to excite Saint-Gaudens' admiration. The visit of such an artist to his studio was an event, and his appreciation of the kindly criticism of his work deeply felt. He wrote and spoke of it repeatedly.

"Sept. 7th.

"You ask of Dubois' visit, I believe I have already written you of it. I'll repeat what little there was to say. He had previously told his 'factotum,' whom I met, that he had been greatly impressed by my work and, although it was not called for, he wrote me from the country that he would come and see me on a certain day if I should like to have him; to which I wrote, of course, in the affirmative. He is a calm undemonstrative man. He made me quite a long visit, was most cordial and 'très camarade' with me, spoke highly of the Sherman, etc., etc., and said 'we must see more of one another this winter; when I come to town I trust you will come and see me.' On the whole his visit was most agreeable and flattering, but I was amused by the little (to him certainly unconscious) note of the patronizing in one or two of his remarks to me. I say unconscious, because the general tone was the reverse and it no doubt comes from a long life of criticism of the hundreds of artists and students who solicit his advice here. He has three equestrian projects — Chevalier Bayard, le Grand Condé, and General Marceau, one of the young romantic heroes of the French Revolution, and no doubt, if he lives, three more masterpieces will be added to the sculpture of our time.

"Can I look up to Dubois, you ask. I don't quite understand you. Yes I do, as I do to any man or woman who makes great achievement when it is the result of great sincerity and high purpose.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"Sept. 12th.

"My work for the last three or four days has been progressing well and I suppose in a month I shall have the figure of the Sherman entirely finished 'for better or for worse.' I'm somewhat blue today and have a feeling of weariness at this life of work between four walls that I have led. Of course a life of work is the happiest one, but a fellow gets tired sometimes. I have been having a desire lately to do a nude suggested by a man in the street; a workingman coming home from work carrying his child (who had rushed out to meet him) astride his shoulders. I want to make a Venus carrying a winged figure of Love on her shoulders in some such fashion, and the little God of Felicity and Misery shooting his bow.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

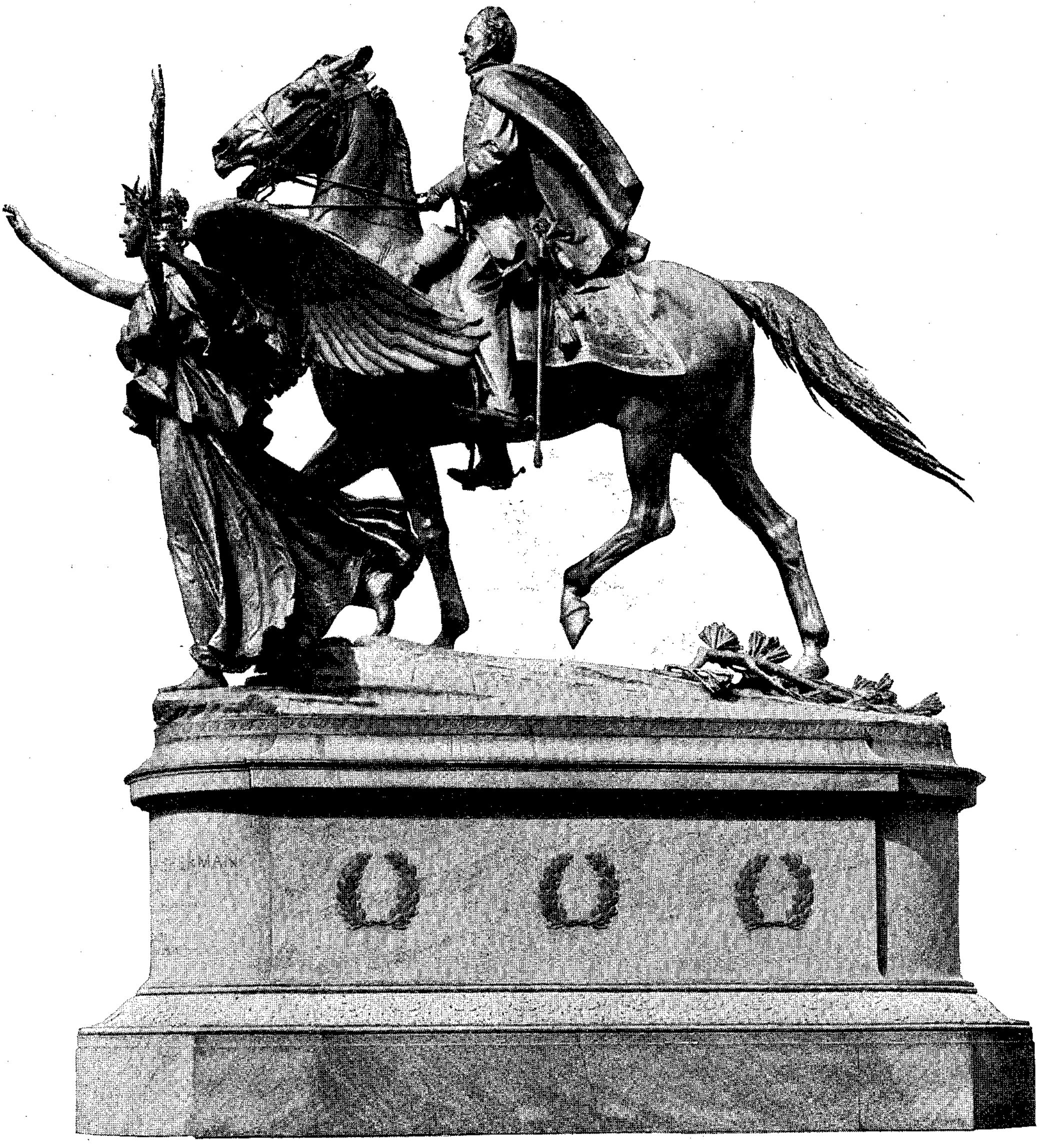
"Sept. 14th.

"The end of the day and a word with you before leaving. . . . I have had a splendid reduction of the Puritan made and I will send some for you to put on the market. I have also had a good reduction of the angel with the tablet that comes out very well, some changes that I can make in the shape helping it a great deal. This also I am going to put on the market and the question is what inscription shall I put on the tablet, can you think of any? The figure means so much that a wide range of device is possible, 'To know is to forgive,' 'Peace on Earth,' 'God is Love,' 'Good will towards men,' 'Amor, Caritas,' are those that have occurred to me. Of course I would only use one on the tablet. You can imagine the figure with her hands upholding the tablet with the inscription. Either of the four are appropriate, but a longer one would be better, if any occurs to you let me know."

"Sept. 23d.

"I have worked quite late in the gloom, I often do that, as the half light suggests things in one's work that cannot occur in the blaze of day. . . .

"Now I shall go out, it's too sad in this big studio with the lamp flinging great shadows on the walls. . . . I suppose my despondency is



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN

WHICH STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE OF CENTRAL PARK, IN NEW YORK

helped by the first autumn chill to-day, the falling leaves, and what X. writes me of the death of Capitaine Nicolas, my fencing master; he fell unconscious while fencing. The masks we used together and the foils and gloves are hanging on the wall beside me, and it is gruesome to look at them and remember the ghostlike look of his face behind the wire mask; ghostlike as my face appeared no doubt to him.

"What you say of Tolstoi's work is *very* good and will help me a great deal in what I may have to say. The principal thought in my life is that we are on a planet going no one knows where, probably to something higher (on the Darwinian principle of evolution); that whatever it is, the passage is terribly sad and tragic, and to bear up at times against what seems to be the Great Power that is over us, the practice of love, charity, and courage are the great things. It is my nature to express this regardless of any theory or philosophy of art, the intricacies of which I feel too complex for me to delve into. The thing is to try and do good, and any serious and earnest effort in almost any direction seems to me to be a drop in the ocean of evolution to something better.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"Oct. 18th.

"The weather up to now has been simply marvellous in its beauty. I can only recall such a long spell of the blue heavens in Italy and occasionally in New York. The consequence is that I am gradually getting to like it here, but the first successive grey days will dispel that, I know, and like the swallows I will 'homeward fly' in the early spring.

"Next week sees the Sherman model completed, and the following week I go at the Victory; when that is done I shall be ready to go home, although I shall want to see the next Salon here next May and perhaps exhibit the Sherman model, and the angel in ivory, and the bust of Brimmer, which has come out very well, I think."

"Oct. 21st.

"Whistler and I had lunch two days before, most enjoyable, as he was full of his new book, 'The Baronet and the Butterfly.' Get the 'Critic' for October and you will see in the first article the quality of his work.

"I don't know when I shall go to Spain. I'll let Dr. Shiff decide that, as he thinks of going too."

"Nov. 23d.

"Well, here's for another talk with you, not so long as the last, but still a word or two to enclose with the business letter I send. I have been quite happy for more than two days, as I have been arranging the drapery on the nude for the Victory and it has been remarkably successful. It has made me quite elated, for it looks now as if I shall do it very rapidly; besides, the arrangement of the drapery has been made in such a way that it makes an easy matter for the arrangement of the Library figures and the Brooks angel. Otherwise life is the same. The weather has finally turned to the bad; but fog and gloom and short days can be borne through after such a stretch of God's beauty as we have had these five months.

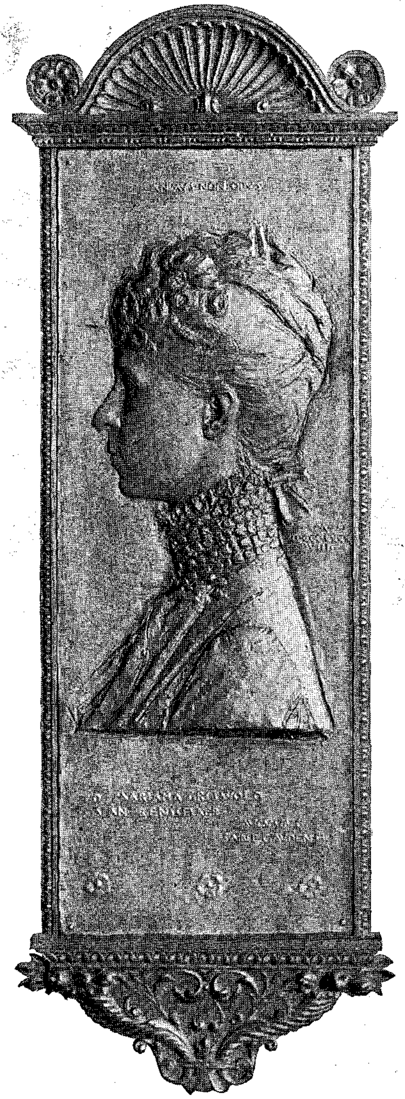
"I was so elated and excited about my drapery last night that I slept badly; the same the previous night; and the one before that being also bad, I feel like the 'last run of shad' to-day. I shall probably make it up to-night.

"I will send in a day or two the Howells medallion to Mr. Howells. I have had a reduction made which looks very well.

"The difficulty I have in attending to the medallion, Diana, Puritan, etc. business, proves to me what Shiff and I generally resolve things to in our talks, that it's all a matter of brain cells — almost everything. The brain cells that are exercised and developed by the constant attention to little details, certainly grow at the expense of those that are used in attending to the larger things, and, 'vici versi' (as Sherman used to say), those that are not used become atrophied.

"*I'm* atrophied to-night I think, I'm ready to drop.

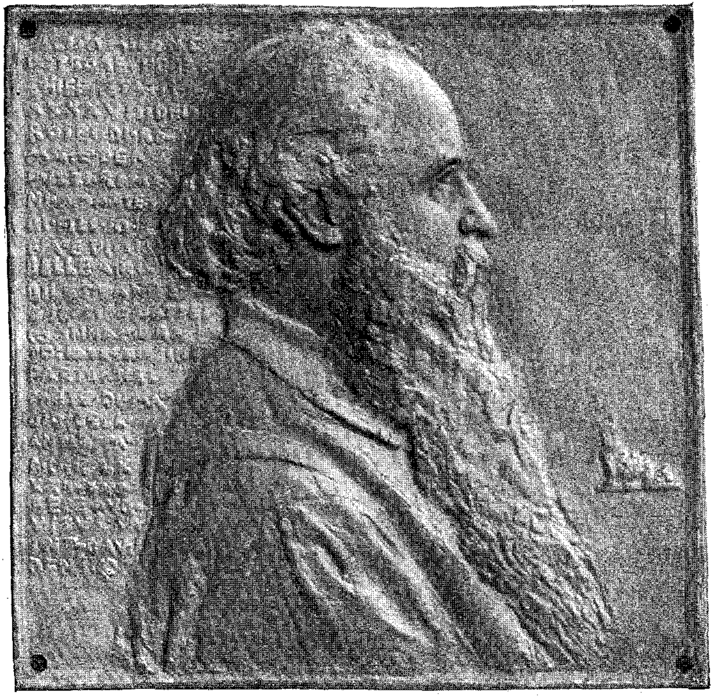
"Affectionately,
A. St. G."



RELIEF OF MRS. VAN RENSSELAER

"Dec. 6th.

"It's another gorgeous day. It seems as difficult for the weather to stay bad now as it was for it to stay good last winter. I have been arranging drapery on four copies I have had made of the nude of the Victory, and one of the four has come out remarkably well, so all I have to do will be to copy it, and I am consequently much elated. In a day or two I shall have the Sherman cast and the enlargement to the full size begun. While that is being done, I shall model the small Victory, which will be ready



From a medallion in the possession of Miss R. S. Nichols

SAINT-GAUDENS' PORTRAIT OF HIS FRIEND, DR. SHIFF, OF PARIS

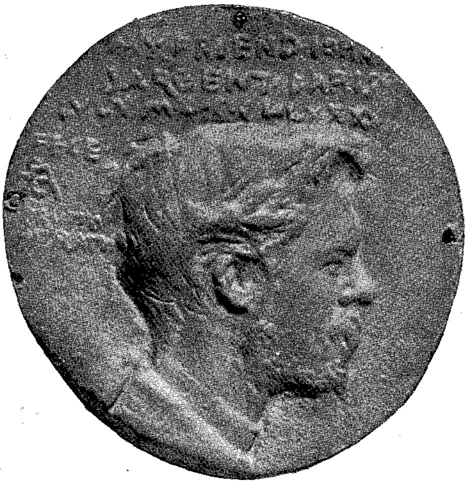
for the Salon in the spring. My idea is to exhibit the full size Sherman on the horse, and alongside of it the small model of the entire group. I told you of the Conservator of the Luxembourg having expressed his desire to have the Angel with the Tablet for that museum, and it is probable I will have it cast in bronze for that purpose and exhibit that, too, along with small gilded medallions of Beaman and the Howells group. Then I go at the Library figures.

"The reason I have felt so elated over this drapery business is that it makes the drapery on the Library figures and the Angel with the Brooks child's play, as far as the always complicated and terrible question of how to arrange flowing draperies goes. It's a question that each fellow has to dig out for himself. I have been two weeks arranging these four models with the greatest care and now I am ready to proceed.

"I shall go to Edinboro' immediately after the holidays, which I shall pass with Homer either around Saint-Gaudens and that part of the world, or in Russia."

"My life is very regular here. I get up about 7.30, breakfast rather heartily, walk here, about 35 minutes' walk (rain or shine), and answer what little notes are in the mail. . . . After answering my mail I set at work and keep at it steadily till five, taking lunch in the studio. The days are so dark now and I'm so interested in what I am doing that I hate to lose a minute of daylight. From 5 to 6 I attend to the numberless small things connected with Ardisson that are constantly arising. . . . Lately I have been finishing Tolstoi's Art book to see if I should reply. I will not. He goes a great deal too far. It would take too much time and I would say some damphool thing. It has given me, however, a great admiration for Tolstoi's character, his sincerity and kindness of heart, but there are things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in his or anybody's philosophy, and the meaning of art is one of them.

"At 6 or 6.15 I start off to walk to Montmartre, a little less than an hour's walk, where I meet Shiff at a Bouillon Boulant at 7 o'clock. It's on the corner of the Rue Desprez and the Rue Fromentin. From the Rue de Bagneux I go down the Rue du Cherche-Midi, the Rue and Pont des Saint-Pères, Place du Carrousel, Avenue de l'Opéra, Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, Rue Blanche, and a short turn to the right and there I am. I walk slowly home, as a rule pretty



From a medallion in the possession of Miss R. S. Nichols

PORTRAIT OF SARGENT, IN LOW RELIEF

blue. At night is when I feel the bitterness of things. In the morning, like to-day, everything seems bearable. When I work, of course I'm interested; but when the weather is dark, even then I wish it was all over and I were in a hole with the daisies growing smilingly over me.

"I go to the theatre quite often and enjoy that keenly. I see few people. F—— I take to dinner occasionally, his fund of knowledge is quite remarkable and he interests Shiff, but Paris has had a skepticizing influence on him.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

The Angel with the Tablet mentioned in the following letter is now known as the Amor Caritas. The purchase money was afterwards returned to the French Government.

"Dec. 16th.

"Since my last letter I have seen the Director of the Luxembourg. He called to see me and I went to see him. It is now settled that the Government is to purchase the Angel with the Tablet, for which I will ask them a nominal sum, as I wished it clearly understood that it was *solicited* and *bought*, not offered by me to them. They said that Burne-Jones had given them a painting when they asked to purchase one for a small sum, as he felt the honor of being solicited. I said, 'That's the way I feel, too, and I would do likewise, but I do not wish to have it thought in France that I offered my work to museums.' Yesterday the gentleman, a government official, who was the intermediary between the Director and me in the affair at first, came to tell me that my name had been inscribed for the Legion of Honour and that if it were not officially put through in January, it would be in the spring, certainly. Besides he took me to see two of the most distinguished of the new men here, and I have been loaded down with praise and attention by him and them; all of which is very pleasant, n'est-ce pas? . . . .

"In getting out of the elevator I only cut my finger a little — a trifle. It was funny at one A.M., the tremendous crash of glass and the utter silence which followed, not a human soul appeared in the house full of people! It was gruesome, no light but a candle. That I put out on the landing before following it myself.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"Dec. 23d.

"A splendid frosty morning. It's ten o'clock; I have just come to the studio, read my mail ending up with your two letters which announced the arrival of the Puritan and Angel on the 'Cephalonia.' Miss Benedict sent me a little new pocket diary for '99 inscribed 'to one of the Order of the Redheaded from another.' She is very redheaded. A word from Sargent asking me when I'm going to London in order that I may criticize his sculpture for the Library and advise about having it enlarged here by machine, which they do well. I shall go immediately after the holidays. I have also a letter from Mary Mears, the writer, which is admirable in several parts. I will send it to you in the next mail after Homer has read it, when he returns for his vacation to-night. I have given up going to the South with him. I have all I can do to get through with the Sherman for the next Salon. I have become very much excited about my Victory, which I think is going to come out well. The drapery has been so successful that it has determined me to do Sherman's cloak over again. This makes me need all my time, otherwise the Victory goes on wheels. That's what I've been thinking for the last three days; perhaps for the next sixteen years I may think differently.

"Shiff agrees with you in disliking Schopenhauer's philosophy, he (Shiff) believes in progress and was much interested in what you wrote of Chamberlain's 'Origin of the Moral Sense,' is that it? He made me read it to him twice and subsequently said the same ideas were expressed by Ribot. If I have not told you of this book, let me know and I'll give you the title. Shiff says it's a wonderful book and Ribot comes to the same conclusion as your author does, in the chapter 'Sur la Morale.' Shiff told me some story last night of a fellow who was born so that he saw everything happily, and he said he would rather be that way than have '25,000 livres de rente' and look at things on the dark side.

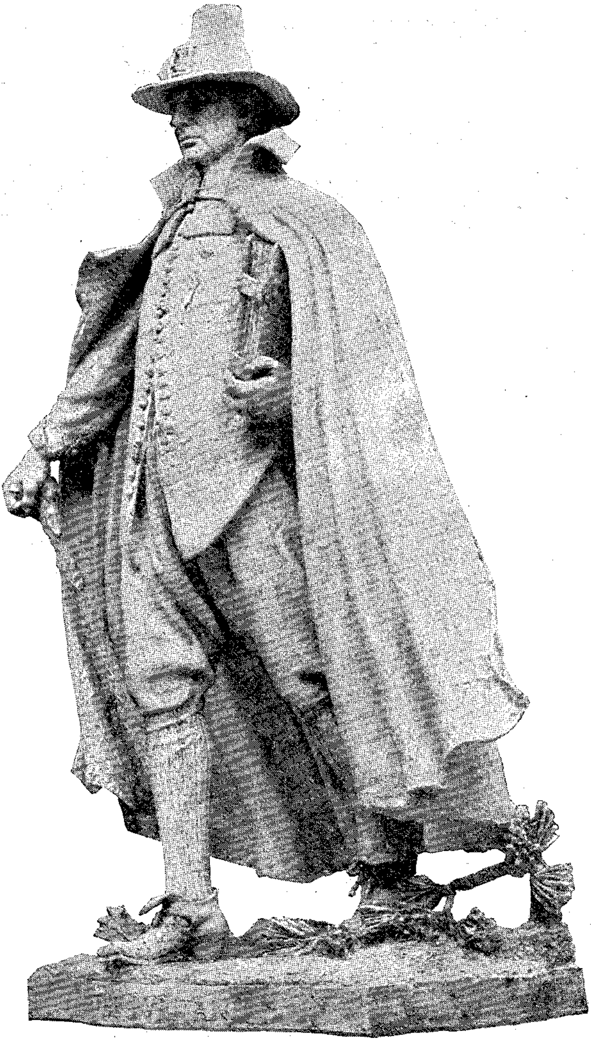
"Shiff takes me to a lot of places that are extremely interesting, but as a rule very depressing, although mixed up with it all there seems to be a great searching for truth and a bitter satire of the hypocrisies and meannesses of life.

"I am reading your letter now and the first thing I see is your statement of Miss X.'s opinion that my success at the Salon 'was not much of a success after all.' Perhaps she is right and that I am blinded.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"Dec. 30.

"My life is rather monotonous if the lack of any excitement but that of my work can be called monotony. I do not feel that it is though, for I'm intensely interested in what I am doing, and the nights do not fly quickly enough for my desire to get to work in the morning. I only mean the monotony of incident to talk to you about. We dine with Dr. Shiff almost every night. I paddle up to Montmartre to the restaurant in the rain, although lately the weather is taking on the 'blue' line of last year. I think I told you that my Victory is getting on well. It's the grandest Victory anybody ever made. Hooraah! and I shall have the model made in a month or so. On the other hand I do not know whether I have told you that the cloak has been the sticking point on the Sherman. Well, I pointed and cast it with reluctance; and now, after a good rest, I went at it again to-day with a rush, and with a new and simpler arrangement I was able to make on the mannikin. I worked like the devil until Antonio, my handsome Italian boy, brought in the lighted lamp it was so dark, and to-night I feel I have *that* cloak now, just as I have the Victory."



Copley print, Copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron

THE PURITAN

THE MEMORIAL STATUE BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DEACON CHAPIN, AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Jan. 3, 1899.

"It's the third day of the year and a dismal beginning it has been. I have been terribly depressed and was reminded so much of my misery last winter. My new cloak (on the statue of General Sherman) has turned out a great success. An ordeal is over that I dreaded; Homer left this morning for Dresden. The other ordeal I dreaded, crossing the Channel, I have had to put off from day to day on account of the storms. I think I will put it off for two months, because if I should profit by a fine day to go to England, I might be detained there by a succession of storms such as we have had for ten days, and I would become more inept and idiotic than I already am; and that's saying a good deal.

"No, the reason that I'm pleased at the angel going to the Luxembourg and the possibility of the cross of honour, is, I assure you (I see you smiling but what I say is the gospel truth just the same) not from vanity. (I see you smile again.) I don't think I have much of that in me (the smile continues) but on account of some of the good friends I have at home to whom it is said 'Oh, he's all right over here; but let him go abroad, and then we'll see.'

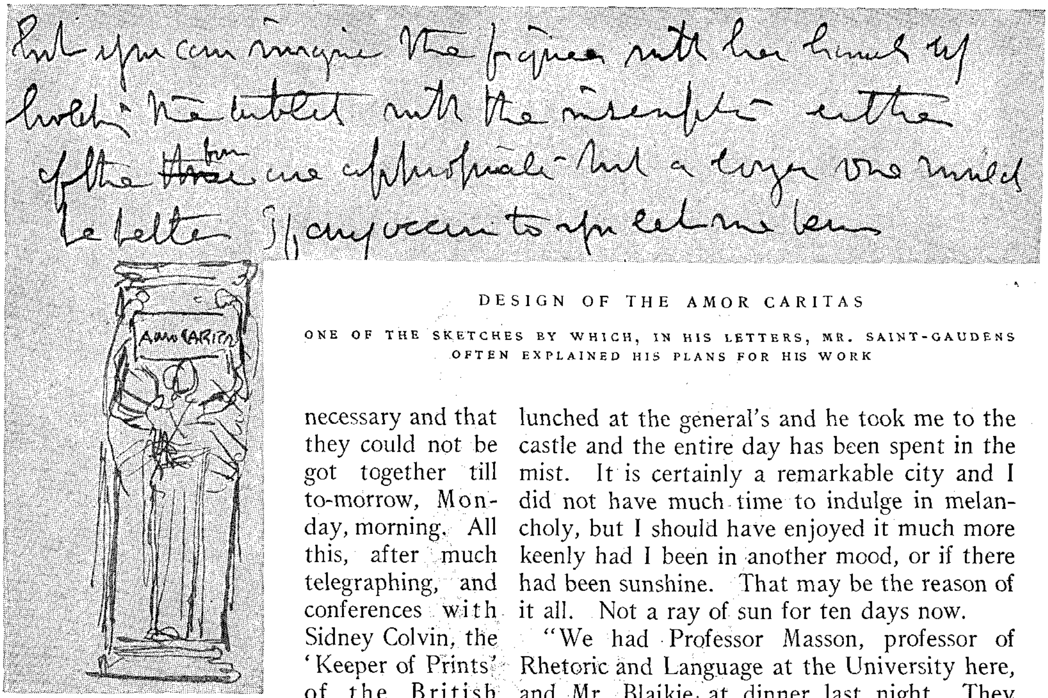
"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"7 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, Jan. 7, 1899.

"Sunday, 6.30 P.M. I think it's about the 6th or 7th of January.

"Here I am in the land of the braw Scot. I am the guest of a Mr. Bell of the Stevenson monument committee, a solicitor and learned man, who lives in style and has been most hospitable.

"I left Paris Wednesday morning and found, when I got to London, that a meeting with the Stevenson memorial committee was absolutely



But you can imagine the figure with her hands up holding the tablet with the inscription either of the ~~three~~ two are appropriate — but a longer one would be better. If any occur to you let me know

DESIGN OF THE AMOR CARITAS

ONE OF THE SKETCHES BY WHICH, IN HIS LETTERS, MR. SAINT-GAUDENS OFTEN EXPLAINED HIS PLANS FOR HIS WORK

necessary and that they could not be got together till to-morrow, Monday, morning. All this, after much telegraphing, and conferences with Sidney Colvin, the 'Keeper of Prints' of the British Museum and the intimate friend of Stevenson. I therefore had two days of it in London, two of the most miserable days of my life. Sargent I saw for a few hours, he was very busy with a crucifixion for the Boston Library, a remarkable thing. I had lunch with Colvin and then I roamed around the streets under the gloomy sky.

"The one thing that made a great impression on me was an exhibition of almost the entire life work of Burne-Jones. He certainly was a very big man, but his work contributed to the intense melancholy that seemed to seize me. I have felt it somewhat in Paris with the gloomy weather we have had of late there, but here it has been unbearable; moments of feeling that which I have never felt before — indifference to achievement of any kind, and an utter absence of ambition in myself. However, I am away from London now and two nights of ballet spectacles there were a relief. Then I also, after great hunting round, succeeded in finding Robert Tabor, a great friend of Joe Evans, an actor who has been with Irving and has had great success here in Macbeth. He played with Forbes Robertson.

"Yesterday, Saturday, I journeyed all day in the mist to this place, and all day to-day I have been tramping round Edinboro', first with Mr. Bell, then this afternoon with General Chapman, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Scotland, and Mr. Blaikie, the printer of the great Edinboro' edition of Stevenson. I lunched at the general's and he took me to the castle and the entire day has been spent in the mist. It is certainly a remarkable city and I did not have much time to indulge in melancholy, but I should have enjoyed it much more keenly had I been in another mood, or if there had been sunshine. That may be the reason of it all. Not a ray of sun for ten days now.

"We had Professor Masson, professor of Rhetoric and Language at the University here, and Mr. Blaikie at dinner last night. They cracked ecclesiastical jokes which were absolutely mysterious to me, but provoked great hilarity in them. They talked with that rich Scotch brogue I like so much, and were altogether very kindly disp*ooo*sed.

"To-night they have the President of the Royal Academy, besides some great literary swell, whose name you know, but for the life of me I can't remember; and then there's an artist of the Glasgow School, a man of talent.

"St. Giles has a very interesting interior, reminding me a great deal of the church at Monekendam. Your father and Marian will tell you about it.

"It seems as if all the élite and nobility of England are associated with the Stevenson monument, beginning with Lord Rosebury, who was the originator of the idea and is the president of the committee. I shall probably make the Stevenson full length, with a pen in his hand instead of the cigarette, in gilded bronze, with perhaps the name of his works or some selections from his writings that they may select — all very simple, on some red marble with perhaps a Greek lyre in the middle under him — or — I may make it in some yellowish stone on a gilded slab.

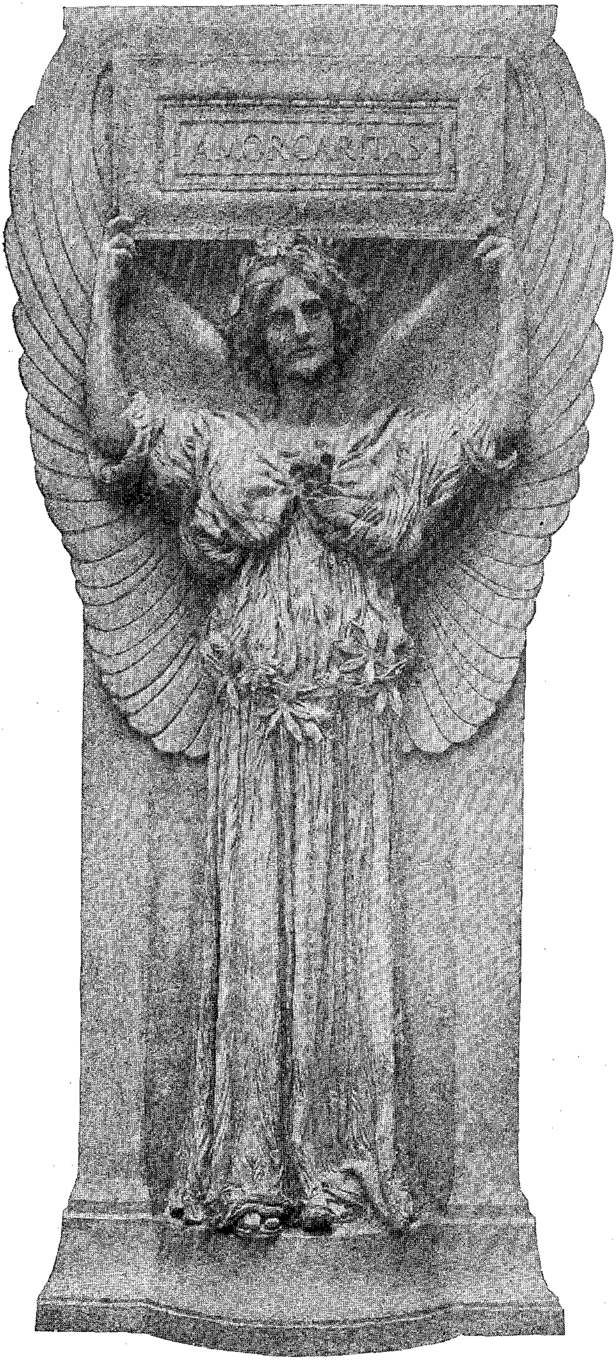
"Goodnight, I must hurry down to dinner.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"3, rue de Bagneux, Paris, Jan. 15th, 1899.

"It's half-past five, all is silent and I'm alone with the bright lamp shining on the paper, the rest of the place is mostly in gloom where there are not gigantic shadows. I wrote you, if I remember, a very depressed letter from Edinboro'. I have never had such depression in my life as I had during this visit across the Channel, and that is saying a good deal. The depression disappeared, however, quite suddenly on a day when, in despair, I took a good cup of black coffee which chased the blues away and they haven't returned since. The people there were most kind — Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Bell, my hosts, and a Mr. Blaikie, the great Scotch printer of the Edinboro' edition of Stevenson, and General Chapman, Commander-in-chief of the British Army in Scotland.

"I have already ordered photos, etc., and am full of the Stevenson scheme now and I shall proceed with it at once. Just a great slab with Stevenson in bronze, life-size, seated probably in a chair with a great blanket over his legs. It will be quite large. I will make no architectural development, so that it will not clash or in any way be incongruous with the imposing surroundings.



From a photograph in the possession of Miss R. S. Nichols

AMOR CARITAS

THE SAINT-GAUDENS TABLET PURCHASED FOR THE LUXEMBOURG BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

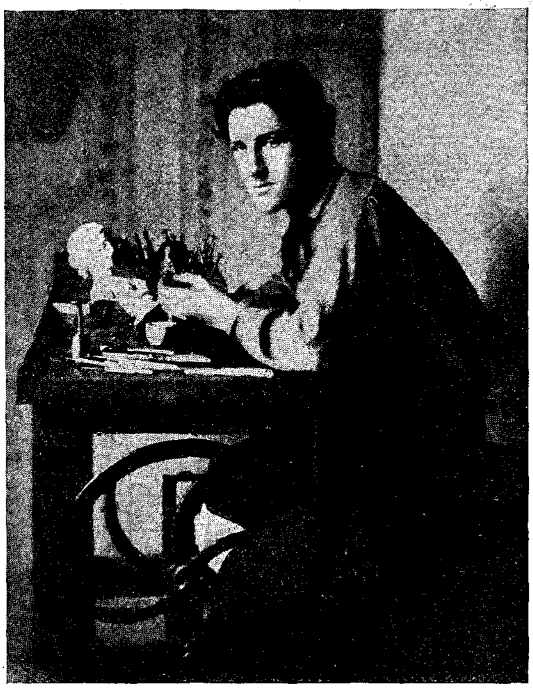
"Edinboro' is a great place, and I'm sorry I didn't see it in fine weather. Coming back I became very chummy with Gerald Balfour, General Secretary of Ireland, brother of the noted Balfour of Parliament, and nephew of Salisbury. A nice fellow, who told me of some black draught that prevented his being sick on his frequent trips to Ireland during gales. The result was that, although in crossing the Channel the steamer turned somersaults, I remained god-like and superior while the other mortals were in the usual throes. As Louis wrote, 'Life is full of surprises, mostly beneficent.'

"I am quite happy about my work. I had the Sherman cast, but before having it enlarged I wished to fuss over it. I feared it might delay me so that I wouldn't be ready for the Salon. My going to England has been such a rest that I pitched in and have done what I wished infinitely better than I expected and at once, so that now there is no doubt of my being ready.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

"March 10th.

"I have been taking life a little easier lately, making several calls, among others one yesterday on Paul Dubois, who was most hospitable and above all uplifting and inspiring in his work. He is just seventy and has begun a monument to France, its patriotism, its 'dévouement' and its sufferings, that will be a great thing. He has a large studio, exceedingly orderly and quiet. One of the groups, Alsace and Lorraine, which has been done a thousand times, is now being done by him, and it is the first time that it will really be done. I left his studio with a sculptor, an assistant of his, who told me that Dubois must like me a great deal to talk to me in the open way he did and as volubly, because he is silent and reserved with almost everyone. 'He must also have great confidence in you to show you as he did all his sketches.'



From a photograph in the possession of Miss R. S. Nichols

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN OR SEVENTEEN

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE YOUNG SAINT-GAUDENS AT HIS LATHE WAS TAKEN WHILE HE STILL FOLLOWED HIS ORIGINAL PROFESSION OF CAMEO-CUTTING

"I am now living with Dr. Shiff in a room with a southern exposure, an honest old Alsatian servant with a glass eye, and a large open park in front of the windows where I hear the birds in the morning."

"March 24th.

"I have invited Mr. Stowell, the ex-Unitarian minister who advised me so kindly and so admirably about Homer, to dine with Shiff; a most attractive man, very sympathetic, wise and human. They got on well together and after that we went to a cheap circus at Montmartre which amuses me very much. I go there frequently and listen and laugh at the same idiotic jokes and farces that I have heard twenty times before.

"Sunday Whistler called because I 'never called on him,' he said, he wanted me to lunch with him but I wanted to work. That night I dined with Shiff and his friend.

"Saturday I worked hard and after dinner went to see an admirable play, 'La Nouvelle Idole,' based on the relations of science and religion to one another, a very sad but profound play. Read it if you have a chance. This was followed by a screaming farce called 'Don't Tell Susan,' 'Surtout ne le dites pas à Susanne!'

"And on Friday afternoon I had a visit from Henry James who is on his way to Rome where he will stay till June.

"Voilà mon histoire de la semaine. I generally put out my light at midnight. I get up between 8 and 8.30. Antonio, my handsome boy, meets me on a bicycle and I ride in a roundabout way to the studio. I'm great at riding now in and out among the cabs, etc. like a man.

"Now I must stop. . . .

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

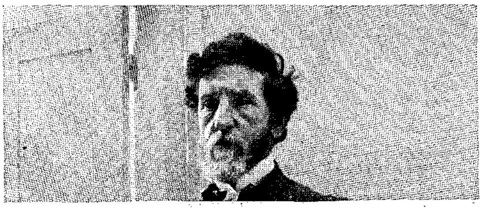
"April 7th.

"While waiting for a few moments between various errands here at the studio I commence my weekly talk with you. I am through with the figure of the Sherman. I have been working on the enlarged figure in wax, and as all is in a very great hurry I have not been able to call my soul my own lately."

"April 12th.

"The big Sherman will be finished in time for the Salon and with it I shall exhibit the small model which includes the Victory, which is not quite finished. I am much pleased with the way old Sherman looks in the enlargement and, with the exception of one or two small things easily remedied, I think that on the whole there are fewer things that I dislike in it than in anything I have ever done. I will send you some photographs of it soon, as I had to have them made for the committee, who are growing impatient. It can be unveiled just a year from now. I have worked at nothing else recently.

"Sargent has been here recently and I saw a



good deal of him during his visit, as he came to see me about the enlargement of his crucifixion for the Boston Library. It is in sculpture and is to go directly opposite the Moses. He has done a masterpiece. He is a big fellow and, what is, I'm inclined to think, a great deal more, a *good* fellow.

"Then the other day I called on Rodin, who it seems felt hurt that I had not been to see him. There is no doubt the doors he is doing are very fine, very fine, and I am deeply impressed.

"Yesterday afternoon I had a visit from Messrs. Simon and Menard, both men of very great talent whom I have known through Saglio. They were most complimentary, etc. I had passed a charming evening with one of them, a 'petite soirée en famille' that was delightful in its simplicity and unaffectedness, in the simple homelike character so unlike the general idea of French life and manners. Saglio says *that* represents the real French, and not what the general novel shows.

"Last night I went to see Coquelin represent Napoleon admirably in a stupid play that I enjoyed a great deal. We went with a lady friend of Shiff's. We have our constant talk about morals. Grandibert, a young French friend of Shiff, a student who is studying to enter the financial bureau, says there is no such thing as morals! and there you are. I dine every night with Shiff and occasionally play dominoes with the socialist.

"Sidney Homer has just been in, and Louise has had an offer to sing at Covent Garden, so they are on the top of the wave. What a lovable feller he is!

"Did I tell you that the first morning I rode the entire way from Montmartre to the studio alone, cunningly and coolly steering through the dangers of cabs, old women, small boys, big boys, three-ply omnibus horses, etc., and *finally* riding triumphantly and proudly down the rue de Bagneux to the wonderment of the 'marchand de vin' and the girls in the 'blanchisserie en face,' and ending by going head over heels into the gutter, my bicycle in one direction and I in another?!!

"Pride hath its fall.

"Next week I'll write with more leisure, I feel as if I had been telling you things at the rate of an express train."

"April 21st.

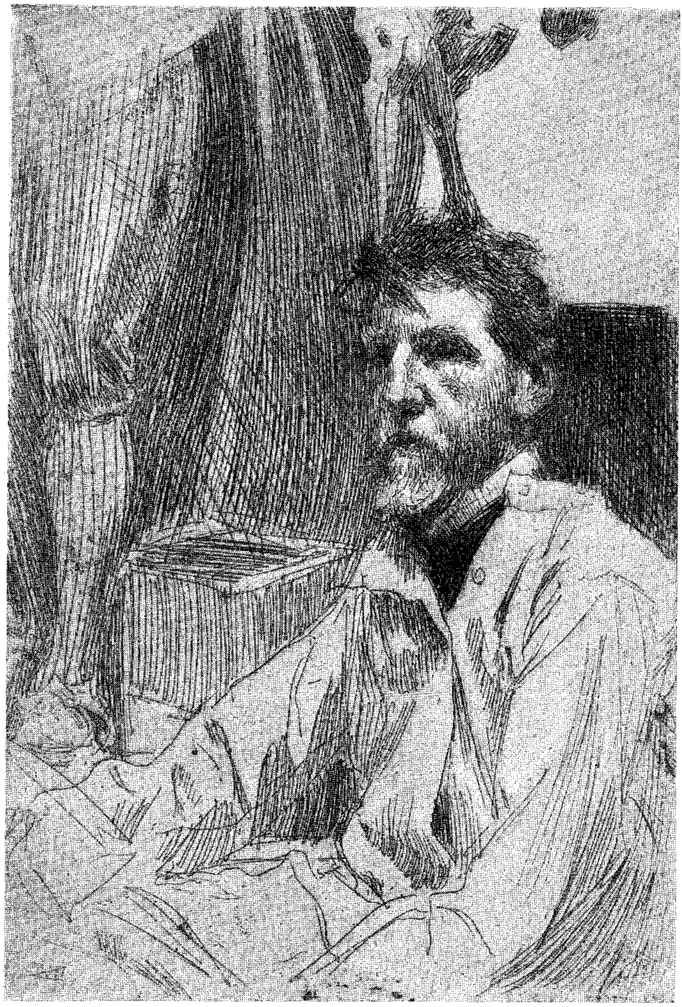
"To-morrow is the last day for sending in my Sherman and I'm in the midst of rush, turmoil and hell generally. . . .

"You have no idea of the noise now going on."

"May 1st.

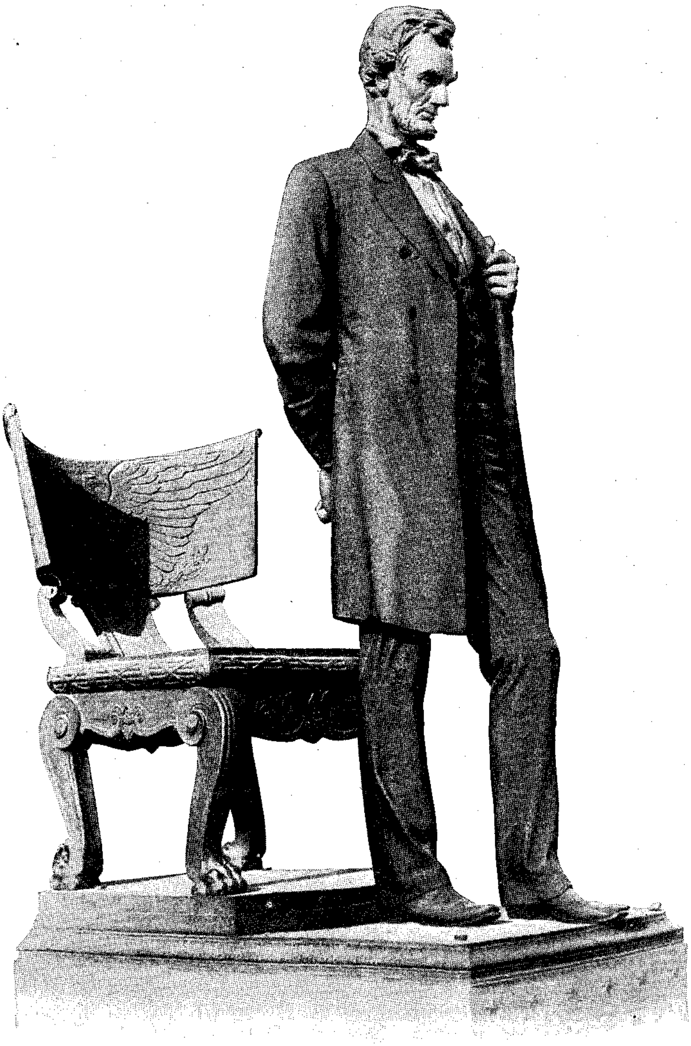
"I have just left the Salon and have come back to the studio, where I am alone. I have sent the men off for a holiday which they deserve after the rush of the last fortnight. The Sherman is in the place of honour and I am so tickled that I am ready to dance a jig at any moment of the day or night. Of course there is always the 'triste' undertone in my soul that

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS AT HIS HOME IN CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE



From the collection of Miss R. S. Nichols

PORTRAIT ETCHING OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
BY ANDRÉ ZORN



By permission of W. Scott Thurber, Chicago

STATUE OF LINCOLN, AT LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

comes from my sweet Irish mother, but I believe for the first time in my life I have a decided touch of swelled head and as for the Americans I meet they want to hug me. . . . I exhibit the small model of the Victory and it's a great help for the carrying out of the Victory which I am going to do at once — but 'nuff said about me, you will see it, if you get here before the end of June.

"Affectionately,
A. St. G."

During the following year the Sherman monument was completed and, including the full-sized Victory, occupied the place of honor in the center of the great sculpture hall at the Paris Exposition of 1900. Saint-Gaudens' object in going to Paris was now accomplished; he had measured himself against the greatest living sculptors and been judged their equal by the keenest critics. The jury at the Exposition unanimously awarded him a gold medal, the French Government decorated him with the cross of the Légion d'Honneur and had bought his Amor Caritas, together with a collection of his medallions, for the Luxembourg Gallery; finally he was elected corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux Arts. In July, 1900, Saint-Gaudens sailed for home. A few days before he left Paris a great French surgeon had told him that his physical condition was alarming and that only an immediate operation could save his life.

The sympathy and admiration which Saint-

Gaudens' work had aroused in France is well expressed in an article, "Le Sculpteur Augustin Saint-Gaudens," by Gaston Migeon, published in *Art et Décoration,* February, 1899. A condensation of this article is here reprinted, not only for its estimate of Saint-Gaudens, but for its interesting comment upon the conditions which confront American artists:

"Amid the medley of exasperating or merely commonplace works which the Salon of 1898, following in the wake of so many others, presented, one artist revealed himself whose name was previously unknown to home-staying Frenchmen: Augustus Saint-Gaudens. He pursued his artistic studies among us at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts more than twenty years ago. After he returned to America, some fifteen years passed, during which his career, at first somewhat obscure, became more and more brilliant by virtue of his exalted artistic conscience and persistent toil. Orders flowed into his studio in New York for monuments to be erected in the great cities of the United States. And then, a part of his task already done, he conceived a longing to breathe again the rare atmosphere of Paris, 'the place,' as he has knowingly told us, 'where more intelligent people are assembled than anywhere else on earth.'

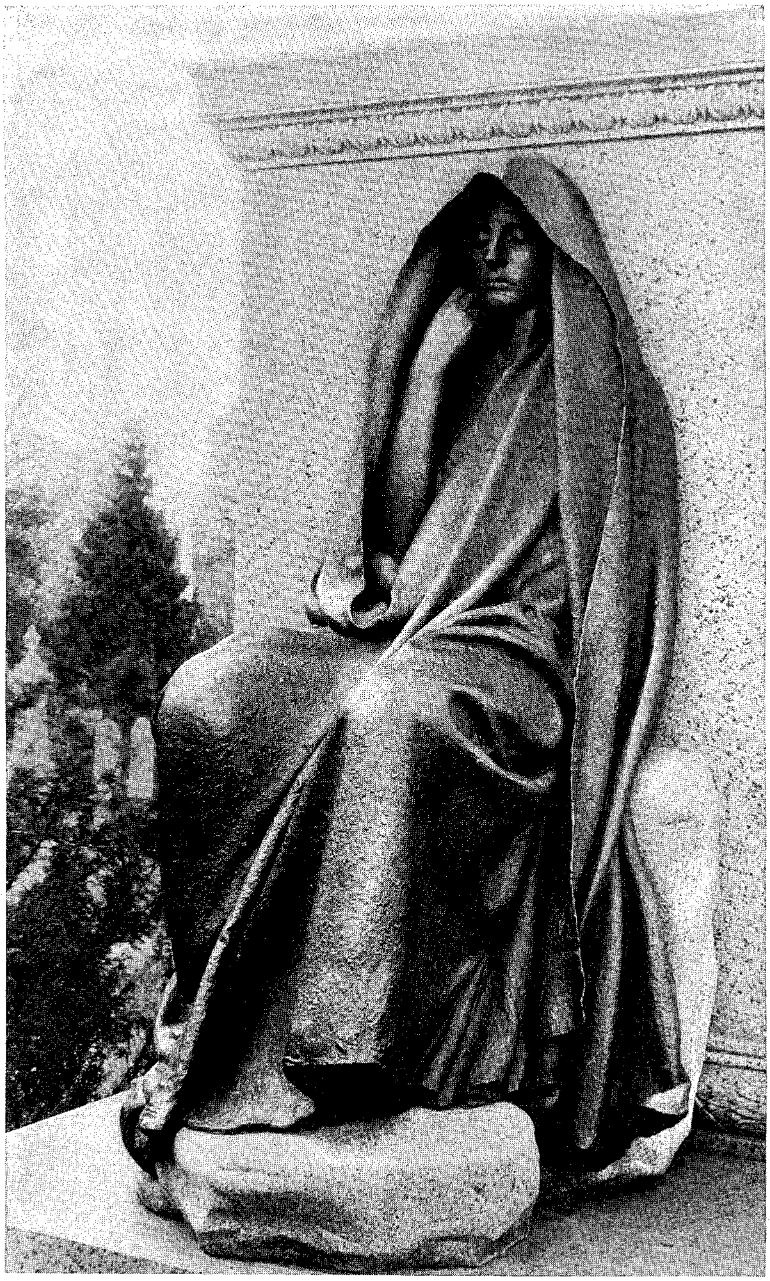
"Will he remain here long? I think not. His art, which is very individual, intensely national, has need to be very near its sources of inspiration, to bathe in them continually. The American people, who are marching on, doubtless, to a glorious destiny, present to such an observer as Mr. Saint-Gaudens a variety of human types. The men, unquestionably, are characterized by extreme energy in all forms of effort, physical or mental; and the women by a refined and haughty grace. These characteristics the artist seems to have grasped firmly and to have represented in energetic, powerful accents.

"As he appeared in the Salon of 1898, with two pieces of sculpture, very different in character, it would have been difficult to form an estimate of his achievements, had not the rules been judiciously relaxed in his favor, so that he was allowed to exhibit in one of the *salles des dessins* of the Salon du Champs-de-Mars a series of large photographs of memorial and mortuary monuments which he has executed upon orders from individuals or municipalities. This collection was of the highest significance and enabled one to form a more general estimate of his work than would have been possible otherwise.

"After having seen the two pieces of sculpture exhibited and the numerous photographs of other completed works, it was impossible to pass this work with indifference and to avoid trying to discover its essence. This work had in very truth an accent of dignity and charm, an accent of profound yet simple sentiment. Beyond the traditional and freely confessed respect for ancient art (a never-failing source of inspiration to a sculptor) one could detect a most discriminating affection for modern life, and a wish on the part of the artist to leave behind him significant testimony concerning one of the most interesting human societies that have ever existed.

"It seems not too arbitrary a classification to divide Mr. Saint-Gaudens' work into three sorts of monuments. First, there are the large commemorative statues and monuments executed for municipalities. Manifestly sincere and almost touching is this desire of the American people to create in their cities, for their descendants, those *souvenirs du passé,* which bind the generations one to another, and of which this people, in their breathless existence, have been unable to enjoy the sweet and consoling charm. This indicates how deeply civic sentiment is rooted in the United States; a vigorous and ardent municipal life, closely analogous to that which developed in France in the Middle Ages and in Italy in the Renaissance.

"Take the statue of President Lincoln, at Chicago. He is represented standing in front of the chair from which he has just risen, and is about to speak. His pose is entirely without elaboration and is the incarnation of grave dignity and simplicity. The erect head, the restrained gesture, the thin face with its far-reaching expression, resolute, self-assured, and honest (an expression of certainty), do not at first glance attract us Latins, accustomed to greater expansiveness and cordiality. But what energy and self-possession that head denotes, together with the desire to convince the multitude rather than to subjugate it; and how manifestly the deeply-sunken eyes are those of the thinker and man of action in one. Even the long frock coat, falling perfectly straight and somewhat rigid, imparts to the figure a wholly unique character. When one remembers the shapeless folds of the frock coat of the famous Berlin portrait by Ingres, or the disorderly folds and flying skirts of Gambetta (which the art of one of our best sculptors should have preserved for us), and compares either of them with this coat of Abraham Lincoln, does one not feel that here are two widely differing worlds, two civilizations which have nothing in common? And one realizes that, with a subtle intellect and a love of life, a great artist can make even the most unesthetic garment contributive to his art. Chapu tried it, fifteen years ago, in the monument erected to



Copley print, Copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron

THE ADAMS MONUMENT, ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the Galignani brothers, but how timidly and falteringly!

"Consider the statue erected to Deacon Chapin, in the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, which he founded. He is walking clad in an ample cloak which the wind bellies out; on his head is a broad-brimmed hat which shades a stern, stubborn face; under his arm he holds with fervent pressure a great book, which, when closed, evidently bounds his mental horizon. He is the Puritan, with his narrow ideas and domineering speech, seeking to control the actions and ideas of men by a kind of mental despotism, enforced by the authority of this great book, the Bible.

"Above all, take the equestrian statue to be erected in New York to the memory of General Sherman. He sits erect in his saddle, on a veritable war-horse of rather slight build, a nervous, finely-bred beast, horse and rider being admirably proportioned. General Sherman, his cloak thrown back, is gazing steadfastly in front of him with forceful, dominating eyes. Beside the horse, on a level with its head, walks a winged figure whose two great wings barely graze the horseman. She walks abreast of him, not ahead, nor does her hand touch his rein; she is not guiding, but accompanying him. And this is one of the most admirable artistic conceptions within my knowledge,— this noble, serious figure, Victory and Peace in one, whose impelling enthusiasm has been subdued and who, after the tumult of battle, asserts the tranquil and triumphant serenity of Peace.

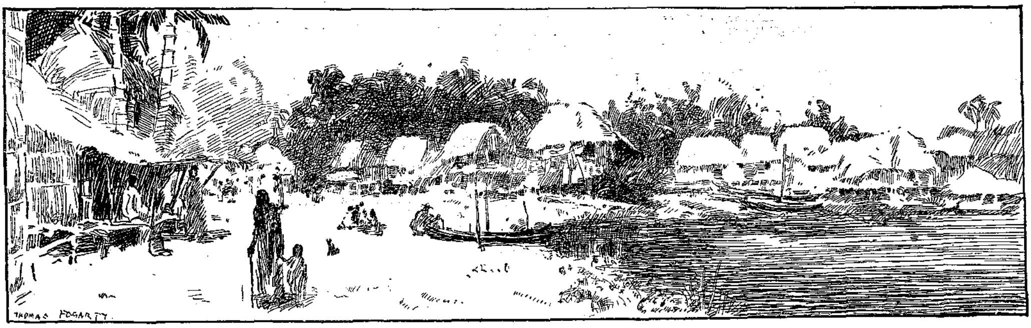
"The second series of monuments, in which Mr. Saint-Gaudens has found some of his happiest inspirations, are mortuary monoliths. These have all an ingenuous charm, an indisputable grace, and more simplicity than certain figures (somewhat analogous to them, perhaps) by the English pre-Raphaelites. The fact is that we are here conscious of the influence of ancient art, very profound and pervading, even in the careful detail of the drapery, and if Saint-Gaudens reminds us of the artists of the Florentine Quattrocento, it is because of his direct feeling for ancient sculpture; whereas the pre-Raphaelites felt it only through the Renaissance.

"In addition to these more or less similar figures, Mr. Saint-Gaudens once executed, for the Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington, a figure of an altogether different character. A woman is seated upon a block of stone, with her back against the monolith. She is covered from head to foot by an ample cloak which falls about her in simple, dignified folds. Her head alone is visible, a stern and forbidding profile. Her chin is resting upon her hand, her eyes are cast down. She is not sleeping, she is musing; and that reverie will last as long as the stone itself. Silent, dead to the world, wholly absorbed in her reverie, she is the image of Eternity and Meditation. Profound assuagement emanates from her; upon this earth of multiferous activities, and among that people of frantic energy, she tells of the nothingness into which life is at last resolved. I know of no analogous work so profound in sentiment, so exalted in its art, and executed by methods so simple and broad, since the most telling sculpture of the Middle Ages. In me personally it awakens a deeper emotion than any other modern work of art.

"The medallions in low relief, modelled with an infinite delicacy and with an extraordinary understanding of the play of light, form a third and most impressive series in Mr. Saint-Gaudens' works. . . . . . .

"We have reached the end of our study. Upon scrutinizing the works of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, one feels irresistibly inclined to the most profound sympathy for such sincerity, such concentrated power, and such nobility of feeling. Of the men of our time he is one of those who have viewed the society of their country and epoch with the most penetrating glance and with the fullest consciousness of its peculiar character.

"The American people, having striven for a century to assure their public prosperity by such an output of individual effort as mankind has never seen before, now feel the hour at hand when they would fain embellish life with a little beauty. This desire they have manifested when they have assisted a man like Augustus Saint-Gaudens to do his work. Such a sculptor as he and such a painter as John Sargent stand alone, depending on no group or school, asserting anew the unconquerable individuality of their race. These are, beyond question, great American artists; the future will tell us whether, as the result of united efforts and of a common ideal, an American school will spring up."



THE PERSISTENCE OF THE UNINSPIRED

BY

JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE Oldest Journalist in the South Seas had just come into the hot reporters' room of the Honolulu *Advertiser*. The screen door, outside which the night mosquitos hummed, slammed on the flying tail of his linen jacket, and the librarian came forth from his dusty den to see what stirred. His voice — he was incredibly old — met the Oldest Journalist as he crossed the cramped room to his desk. "Has the *Mauna Loa* got in?"

The newcomer nodded his head, tucked his rescued coat-tail into his breeches pocket, scowled at the electric light, and addressed the librarian. "Yes. Beastly trip. Have you got a cut of old Simpkins in that graveyard of yours?"

"Simpkins? Simpkins?" repeated the keeper of our Colonial exchanges, London *Times*, and copper "cuts" of the famous and infamous. "You mean Simpkins of Lanai?"

"I do not," replied the Oldest Journalist, throwing a raffle of papers to the floor and squaring his elbows to write. "I mean Phineas Simpkins."

It was truthfully said that our librarian, whose life was a tissue of memories of the tropics, could, if given time, remember anything about any person who ever impinged on the sphere that contains the three social circles of the Missionary, the Trader, and the Native. So now he paused, his hand on the screen door that separated his closet from ours. His dim eyes sought the skylight, through whose wired squares the stars peered in. "Simpkins, Simpkins," he whispered gently.

God knows the name is nothing to conjure up thoughts; and yet, as that unbelievably old gentleman stood there murmuring that pair of ridiculous syllables, his face marked the course of the backward tide of remembrance. I dare say he saw odd figures of whalersmen, gaunt missionaries, sallow traders, pompous attachés to forgotten envoys from big powers to petty princes — a long procession of Simpkinses; at any rate, he stood there a full five minutes, while the Oldest Journalist growled over his pencil and vociferated about the drying up of his paste-pot. Suddenly the librarian gave vent to a queer sound. It was half chuckle of glee at finding what he sought, half grunt of incredulity. "There's only one Simpkins on the Islands now," he said, tapping his nose with his eyeglasses. "Ha, ha!"

The Chinese copyholder, awaiting a correction on some proof, reminded us of his presence by a feeble, tittering "Hee, hee!" a shrill echo of the librarian's laugh. At its sound the Oldest Journalist suddenly flung himself upon a *Marine Register*, hurled it at the Chinaman, picked up his empty paste-pot, and slammed it on his table, bellowing: "Simpkins! Simpkins of Molokai!"

The copyholder fled. The librarian chuckled again and withdrew to gaze through his screen door at the Oldest Journalist. "My dear fellow," he said calmly, "of course I haven't got any cut of Simpkins of Molokai. I have the pictures of many villains and some fools in here, but this paper is not spending money in buying copper half-tones of buffoons."

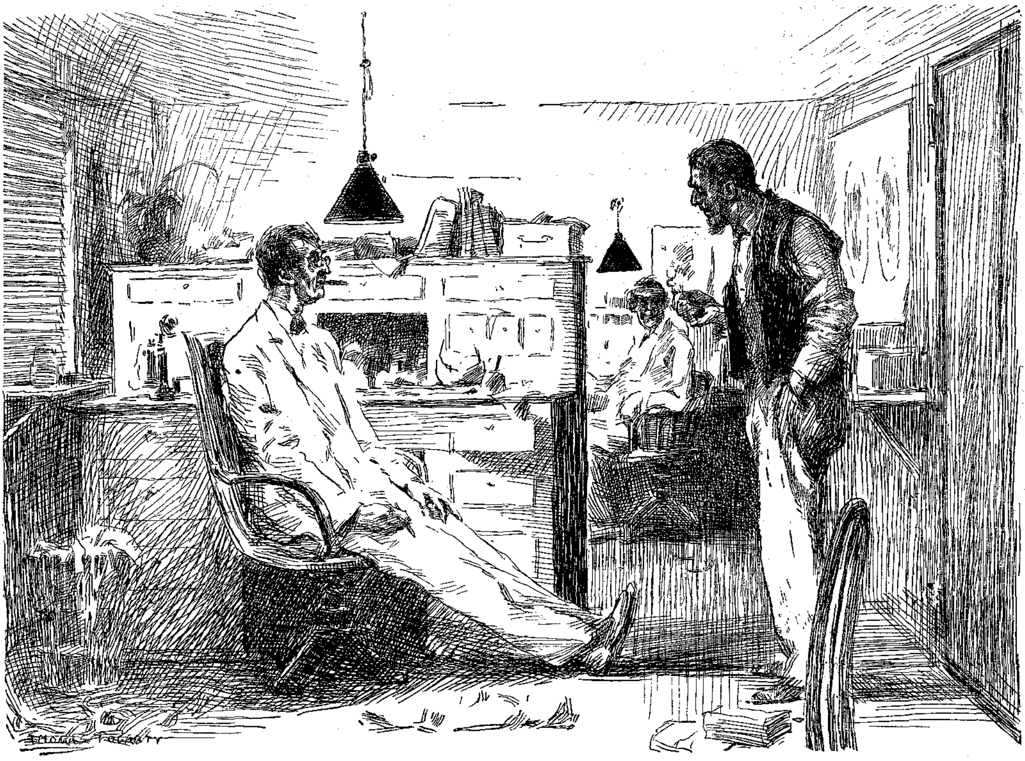
"Buffoon!" thundered the other to our intense amazement. "Why, you senile old scrapbook maker, how dare you?" And the Oldest Journalist flung out of the office. He did not return for fifteen minutes, and we heard the librarian pottering over his files, muttering continually and scornfully, "Simpkins of Molokai!"

The next quarter of an hour saw the staff vanish, except myself, who had to see the paper to press after deciphering and expanding the cablegram from San Francisco. It was very warm, and the mosquitoes hummed under the lights, while I sought refuge in tobacco. The Oldest Journalist came back quietly and resumed his pencil. The librarian slipped out of his sanctum, looked at the Oldest Journalist (they were thirty-year friends) with a glance of mild pity, and vanished, as the extremely old and emaciated do, with a delicate and paperish sound. The "late watch" had begun.

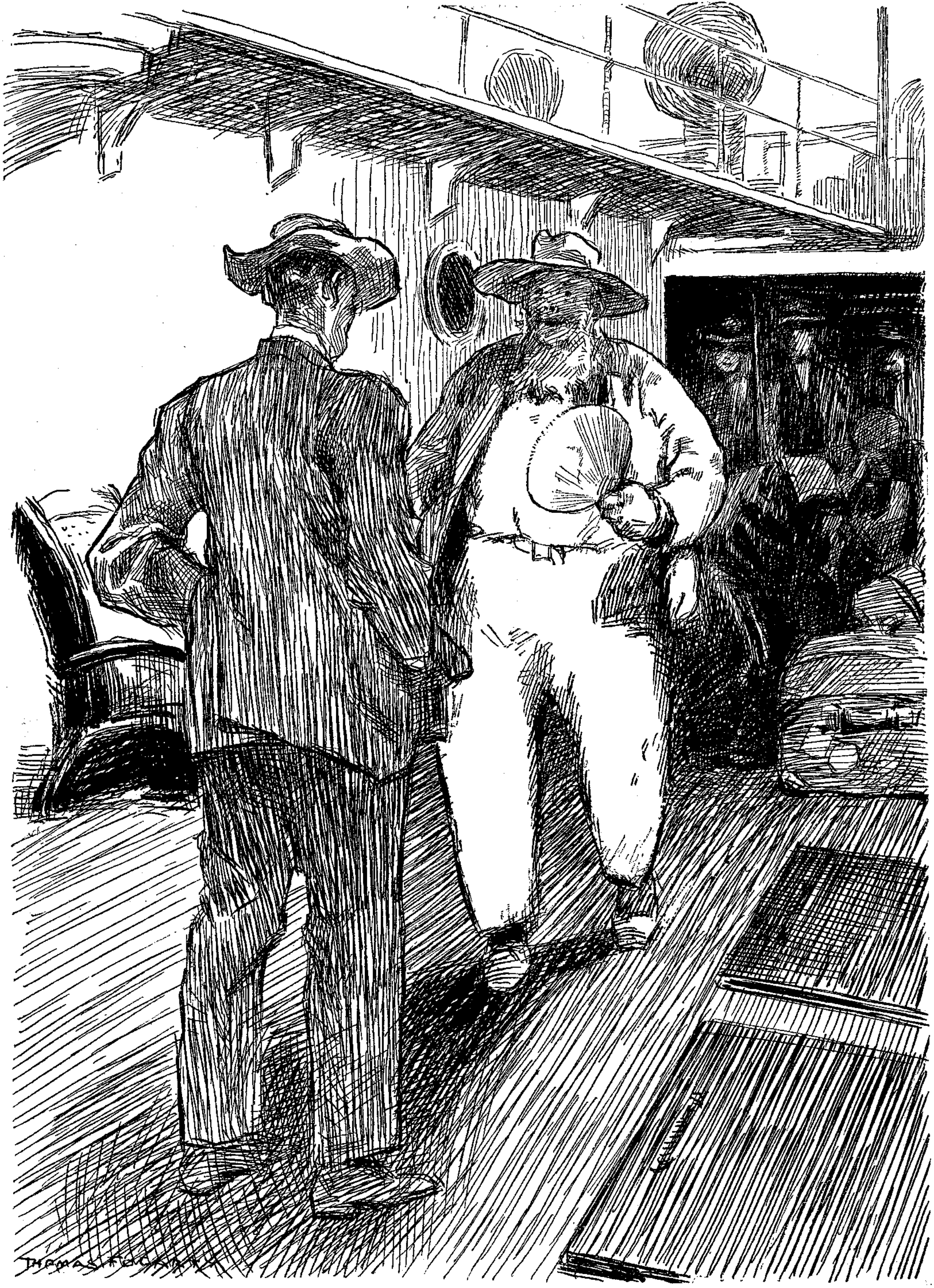
I picked up the last number of the Shanghai *Bund* to read of the doings of a Council in which I had no possible interest and puzzle at the initials of scandalous personages of whom I had never heard. The Oldest Journalist's pencil scraped on. The Chinese copyholder emerged from time to time and inquired in his shrill English as to the spelling of ponderous words in the "old man's" leader; the foreman came in to inquire about the "cable," and its probable lateness, and to anathematize, as he had done nightly since we had been united to the Coast by a "wire," the slowness, ignorance, and presumable inebriety of the man in San Francisco whose duty it was to summarize the diary of the world in seventy-five words. The proof-reader, gentlest of souls, whose wife in Denver was his sole thought—apart from the mosquitoes—dropped in to inquire when the next steamer with mail from the States might reasonably be expected. The telephone rang to announce that a Japanese on trial for his life at Hilo had been acquitted *per* wireless. Still the Oldest Journalist wrote on.

"You'd better rush if you're going to get your last car for Kaimuki," I suggested finally.

He threw down his pencil and bit savagely at the end of a woe-begone cigar. "Did that imbecile librarian find a cut of Simpkins?" he demanded.



"'HAVE YOU GOT A CUT OF OLD SIMPKINS IN THAT GRAVEYARD OF YOURS?'"


THOMAS FOGARTY

"HE CAME TO SAY GOODBY"

"He scorned you," I said tranquilly. "He pooh-poohed you and Simpkins for a quarter of an hour and faded."

"I've got to have a picture to run with this story," said the Oldest Journalist decidedly.

"Is it a good yarn?" I asked, professionally interested.

"Not so you would see it in print," was the curt answer.

"Who is this Simpkins?" I continued.

"He *was* the great example of the Persistence of the Uninspired," the Oldest Journalist responded, pushing the shade back from his eyes and lighting his cigar. "He *is* dead."

"Funny I never heard of him," I mused, "in view of the fact that you are writing columns about him and asking for a picture to embellish the obituary. Was he a prince or potentate?"

"Of course you never heard of him," was the tart rejoinder. "That's why I'm writing all this. *This* is *news*."

He resumed his pencil for a moment and then paused, looked over at me, and slowly leaned back in his chair. "I wish you'd go into old Scrapbook's sanctum and go through all the cuts to see if there isn't one of a fat man with a chin whisker and bald head," he remarked. "An old picture of Napoleon III. might pass. Nobody here will know the difference."

It happened that we did have a dusty copper engraving of the lamented Emperor of the French. The Oldest Journalist blew the dust off it, gazed at the lineaments depicted on the metal, and nodded. "That'll do all right. Just write a caption to run under it: 'Phineas Simpkins, who died widely mourned by the community in which he lived and bore a prominent part.' Get that?"

He took off his jacket and returned to his writing. A little later he glanced up to remark, "I'm not as crazy as people will think I am to-morrow."

"You evidently ignore my opinion of to-night," I replied.

The Oldest Journalist stopped, picked out of the mass of papers on his table a small clipping, and tossed it over to me. "Read that," he said.

I read the item, apparently cut many years before out of some country weekly in the interior of the United States. "This is the obituary of Thomas F. Adams," I said. "He died on April 14th, 1879, in Libertyville, Iowa, on his farm, after a long illness. He was much lamented, a good father and a careful business man, and was a deacon in the Methodist Church. That's all I see in this. What has it to do with Simpkins of Molokai?"

"The late Thomas F. Adams," the Oldest Journalist replied, "never knew Phineas Simpkins, nor was Simpkins in any way related to him, nor did Simpkins know Adams or ever see him alive, nor had he any earthly interest in his death, burial, or obituary, that you or I could ravel out. But that eulogy, printed in that little weekly, is the reason I'm writing this eulogy in the tropics, and the whole affair is the direct result and outcome of the Persistence of the Uninspired."

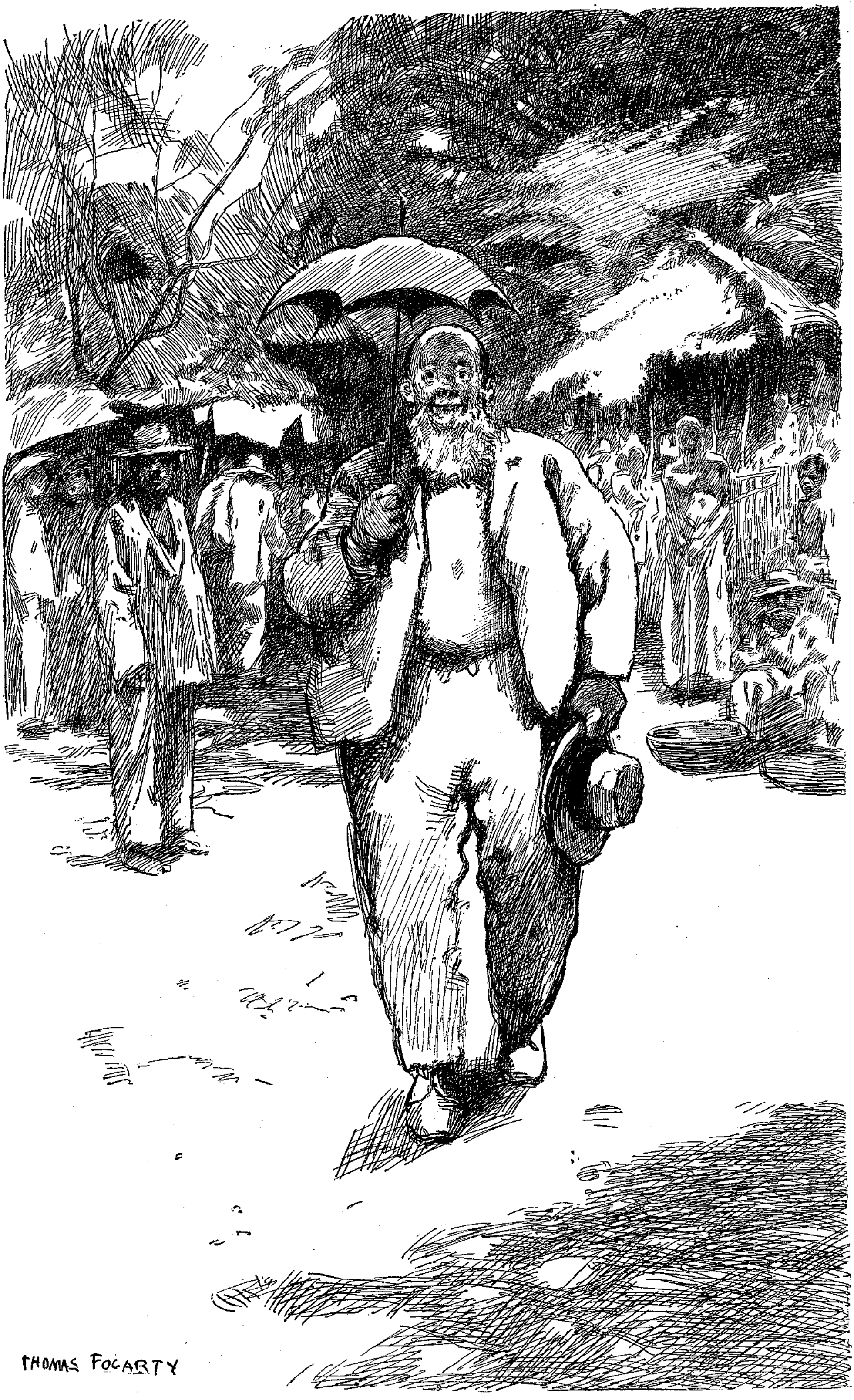
The speaker was not a man used to talking riddles. Indeed, his language was usually not only plain, but bald. I pinned him down. "Who is this Simpkins you're talking about, anyway?"

"Did you ever see a man who never could say an interesting thing? Who never had a glance of the eye that betokened anything behind it? Who invariably did the most commonplace act possible under the circumstances? Who bored you in a crowd and staggered you with his vacuity when you were alone with him? Did you ever know a man whose circle of thought would pinch the waist of a peanut, and who incessantly attempted to converse by using the worn phrases of any fool who had been with him previously? Did you ever, my son, have to spend three days on a rolling inter-island steamer with a man incapable of anything but exasperating dumbness or maddening loquacity?" The Oldest Journalist's vigor was extreme, and he thumped his paste-pot on the table resoundingly.

"What did Simpkins do to you?" I pursued, assuming his interrogations to be rhetorical.

"Everything!" was the response. "He achieved the impossible, and I'm going to give him a column in to-morrow's paper. Listen. You won't get *this* in the *Advertiser* of to-morrow's date. . . .

"I can only approach this thing chronologically. Simpkins was born, apparently of commonplace parents, in a small town in the domestic part of Illinois — or what was, in his day. I spent a year of my young life in the Middle West, as they call it now, and I tell you that no people under the sun have more virtues or less curiosity about vice than those folk who live back there where we never know what's going on. And Simpkins came from there; with his little religion, his neglected education, and his dullness. God knows what brought him to the South Seas. He had no romance in his make-up, and you couldn't have explained the word 'adventure' to him. He just came. It happened to be the utterly commonplace thing to do. And down here he merely 'stayed,' as they say of people whose movements are directed by no visible emotions or desires.


THOMAS FOGARTY

"ONE OF THE FIRST MEN I SAW IN THAT TOWN OF PESTILENCE WAS HE"

"I made his acquaintance years ago. You couldn't use the expression 'got to know him.' One never *can* know a fence-post. I laughed at him, just as that librarian laughed to-night. But he took a terrible revenge. He made me a victim of the Persistence of the Uninspired!"

It was comical to see the Oldest Journalist's disconcertment. He was tremendously put out, and tore at his cigar savagely.

"Time has nothing to do with such people as Simpkins, except to record their movements and decay. But still, there was a chronological sequence to this history. First Simpkins came to Hawaii. He stayed. He worked in an utterly uninspired way at a most prosaic trade. He made money. Then he went back to the States. Didn't go back 'home', as everybody else does. He merely 'returned.' Then he came back here, and in due course I was shut up in the same cabin on the *Likelike* with him for three days with nobody to talk to.

"He was speechless for three hours, and then dug up from memory a sentence about the weather. He talked weather — and there is no such article this thousand miles either way — till I was almost insane. Then he maundered about something alse. In a thousand sentences he couldn't wake a single idea. His voice, his tone, his manner were uninspired. He was incapable of anything like human variety of thought. I loathed him as I would a street piano I had heard for an eternity.

"The third day came, and the gale that was piling the surf up on Molokai moderated. Simpkins came to me. 'If the wind goes down awhile, the sea will be smoother,' he said.

"'Are you going ashore along here?' I demanded.

"'At Kalaupapa,' he returned.

"Now you don't always feel like asking a man why he's going ashore at a leper colony. In those days you could get a permit to go to Kalaupapa almost any time. It's stricter now. So we lay off that amphitheater of polyglot misery, and Simpkins got his baggage together. As we waited for the boat, he came to say good-by. 'I'm going to live there,' he said. 'I think the climate is good.'

"For an instant I thought Simpkins had really a brain working in his head. It was a ghastly joke he had just cracked. But I actually liked him the better for it. Then I found out that it was no joke. He hadn't the leprosy. He had nothing but his poor witless head and money. Do you know what he had done? Listen:

"He had gone to the Health Officer here and announced that he wanted to go to Molokai. 'Sure,' said the doctor, thinking he was urged by curiosity, and gave him his pass. In due time he landed through the surf and walked into the strangest town in the world. The steamer sent the last boat ashore, and the mate yelled for Simpkins. He didn't appear. The steamer left, and a couple of weeks later the Health Officer got a letter from one of the *lunas* of Molokai that made him tear his hair. Simpkins had actually settled in the leper colony, spite of the laws of the kingdom and of society.

"Now, my son, you're thinking of Father Damien, the missioners, and such. Forget all that. Simpkins was uninspired. He told me why he did this thing, and you will probably laugh when you hear it. Fancy this dull chap fixing his eternal abode in an accursed vale where one hears only the cracked voice of the leper and sees only the hopeless living dead. It makes your heart beat a bit faster, doesn't it? But look at that obituary of that obscure late lamented in Iowa. It was scribbled one afternoon in Libertyville when the willows were budding along the muddy creek banks, and the children were making whistles—children who have whistled many tunes since and gone their ways apart. The editor probably thought when he wrote those words that he would attend the auction of the deceased's livestock and maybe buy a horse or a cow. But Simpkins is dead in Molokai because of that paragraph."

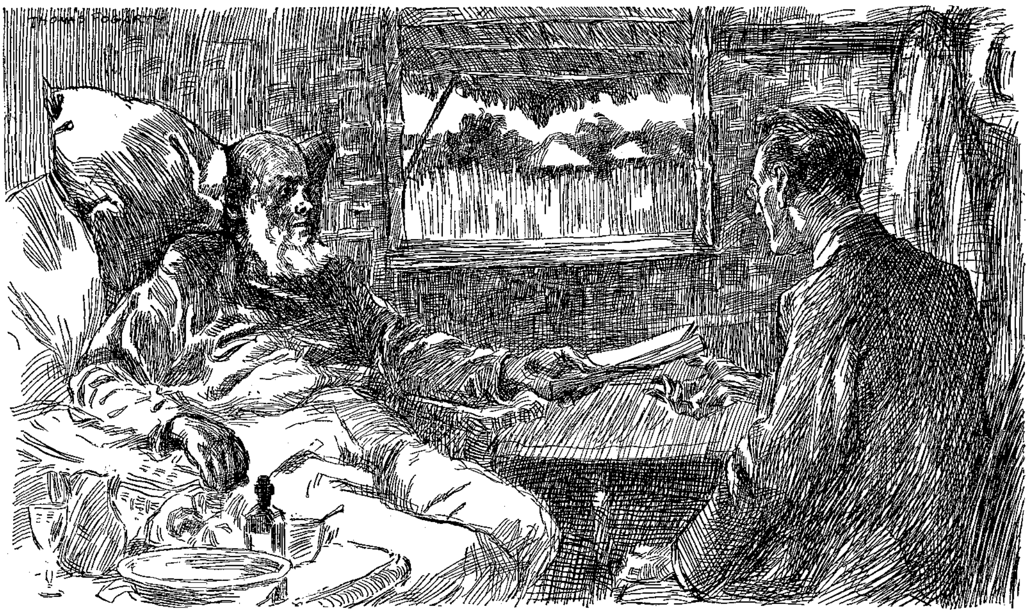
The Oldest Journalist made an extraordinary grimace at the ceiling and flung his cigar butt against the screen door. "Laugh!" he cried. "But I must get it off my mind. I have moiled over Simpkins till I am fair crazy. I am a victim, and my only hope of release is this column article in the paper tomorrow morning."

"Don't get worked up over it," I remonstrated. "It is too hot. Out with your story."

"There isn't any story," he wailed. "It's positively the dullest affair you ever heard of. There isn't any inspiration in years of it.

"When Simpkins had got pretty much a fixture on Molokai, and his reputation was hopelessly compromised, and various claimants of his wealth were agitating having him declared incompetent and a guardian appointed, I went down on the annual trip of inspection. You know the sort: officials, some reporters, and a few friends of the Kalaupapans go over for a day's riding through the settlement, auditing of accounts and visiting.

"It was my fate to go, a few years back. I had not seen Simpkins nor heard much of him, but one of the first men I saw in that town of pestilence was he. He waddled along under a ridiculous sunshade, his fat arms bulging from a thin jacket, his whiskers blowing in the breeze, his bald head shining with perspiration. It was



"'SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT BE APPROPRIATE,' HE TOLD ME"

the most incongruous sight I ever saw. The maimed shuffled by with bound feet; the wind brought odors of antiseptic and balm. Chinese chattered along the way, flat of voice, shriveled of limb. Kanakas barked out greetings and smiled miserably. White men, carrying themselves with a final jauntiness, waved their dry arms. Babies played under the papayas, played silently. And through this throng waddled Simpkins, obtrusively healthy, his full face flushed with clean blood.

"He insisted on talking. I don't remember what he said. He bored me intensely. The visitors scattered, and by some mischance I fell into the hands of Simpkins, alone. 'You must come up to my house for dinner,' he insisted. 'I have had some good chickens killed. We must hurry, because I don't know whether you like them stewed or baked.' And he talked chicken all the way to his gaudy house.

"It was a queer mansion to rise among those groves of pain. It was painted a vile red, with yellow trimmings. No vine grew over its nakedness. It sat in a bare yard through which a gravel walk ran as straight as a string. He took me in and immediately sat down on a porch. 'How do you like our town?' he demanded.

"I could have struck him for the sleek tone of those outrageous words. But he wiped his forehead and went on: 'We have made many improvements the past year. We have built a theater with a ball room over it. We had a wedding there two months ago. A fine young couple, too. I think they enjoyed our little festivities.'

"Travesty of mercy! I got up. I could not eat the bread of such a man. It suddenly occurred to me that he had a most devilish rancour against his race. He was the Satan of this unspeakable hell. But he was warmly hospitable when I rose, and called for a drink of beer. The servant—a leper—shuffled out with it, and we drank. Simpkins nodded over his beer and sighed. 'I understand they say in Honolulu I am crazy,' he remarked abruptly.

"'They don't see why a well man should bury himself in this asylum without any object,' I paltered.

"'Hum!' he ejaculated, with an indescribable ponderousness. 'Hum!'

"'Personally,' I continued, 'I fail to see what you came here for. You came for no charitable purpose. No one but a brute could enjoy the sight of this organized misery.'

"Simpkins looked at me with a puzzled face. 'I don't catch your meaning,' he said.

"'I mean,' I recollect saying, 'that your coming here is offensive.'

"His flat face became drawn in a violent effort to disengage my intention from my words. I rather enjoyed it. He squirmed in his chair, and the sunshade (which he had deposited by his side) rolled away and off the porch. He waddled over and with prodigious exertions recovered it. Then he sat down again and stared at me. 'I have no intention of being offensive to you,' he said. 'You are a friend of mine.

Why, my dear fellow, I had no intention whatever of being offensive, none whatever!'

"What could I say? I retreated. I enlarged on the fact that personally I had nothing against him. I mentioned that outside, in Honolulu, the people who had known him did not understand his sudden departure and voluntary descent into a living death. Then it came out. I don't know whether you will understand it at all. But I shall try to be plain. Frankly, I am not sure of all this myself — that is, I sometimes think I fail to catch some vital point, some point in the Persistence of the Uninspired.

"Simpkins drew closer to me, hitching his chair up the porch, with various expressions of regard. He finally came to rest and gazed at me with a look of importance. 'You see,' he said, 'I have a place in the community here. Really, my dear fellow, I am one of the principal men of Kalaupapa! I was the head of the committee on the new theater, and I was chairman of the floor committee of the first ball. The paper mentioned me here in flattering terms.'

"I am not going to bother you with the details of his talk, except to state that I firmly believe Simpkins had never in his life had a home. No, he didn't come from Libertyville, Iowa. He came from Illinois. From that village in which he had first lived, to the boisterous streets of San Francisco and the dissipations of Honolulu, he had been Simpkins, plain Simpkins, waddling on his uninspired way, meeting men whom he bored, viewing other men honored, liked, loved; the universal word of praise had never fallen to his lot. You would never have suspected it. He was lonely."

The Oldest Journalist lit another cigar and smoked in silence a moment. Then he repeated his last word: "Lonely. You are young and can occasionally catch a friendly eye in the crowd. We both have our profession, our work. But sometimes in these warm seas, under these gleaming stars, I pause an instant and know what loneliness is. Maybe it's bred in our bones, this Anglo-Saxon feeling, in the dumbest of us, for our social life. Anyway, I think I understand Simpkins. He wanted a place in a community, to be somebody — to be chairman of the floor committee at the ball of a leper settlement.

"Don't imagine he said all this. He was an unutterable bore that afternoon. Only I was convinced that Simpkins, in his childish and unreasoning desire to have a place, a social position, a funeral with mourners, an obituary, had picked out, of all places in the world, Kalaupapa on Molokai!

"You saw old Scrapbook giggle when I said 'Simpkins of Molokai'? That is the attitude. That seeker after a place was incredibly dull and offensive. I believe he never did the right thing in his life. He did not even catch the leprosy, but lived blatantly healthy among the dying, waddling around that afflicted city, pursing up his lips importantly over his petty affairs, purposely content. 'Really, my dear fellow, I am one of the principal men of Kalaupapa!'"

The foreman looked in to ask whether the cable had come. The Oldest Journalist resumed his pencil. "How about the obituary notice you showed me?" I demanded.

"Simpkins saw it in a paper and cut it out," was the response. "In a moment of confidence yesterday, when he was dying, he showed it to me. He was infelicitous to the last. 'Something like this might be appropriate,' he told me. Thrust it into my hands, you know, with an anxiety worthy of a little politician crazy to have his name in the paper. I suppose he had nursed the hope for twenty years that some day he would have an obituary like that. But imagine the audacity of his insisting that I write it so. Pah!"

I mused over this, and the foreman came in again. "Look here," he said angrily. "Is this the best picture you've got for the front page tomorrow? Simpkins of Molokai! Why, he was crazy! People will laugh at the paper."

The Oldest Journalist looked up. "I've got a column story to go with that," he said severely. "What business is it of yours, anyway?"

The foreman shuffled his feet, grumbled something about the insanity of all newspaper men, and departed. As editor in charge, I felt justified in a question. "What are you writing about Simpkins?"

He threw the sheets together and tossed them over to me. "Just what Simpkins asked for," he said. "There is a first-class, stereotyped obituary, with everything in it, from 'the lamented citizen in our community' to 'widely mourned by a large circle of friends.' I have described the theater, the ball-room, and the festivities he fathered, in the best journalese. It is a final example, my son, of the Persistence of the Uninspired."

"But a column! And a picture of Napoleon III.!" I protested.

The Oldest Journalist turned on me with a snarl. "He earned it, did Simpkins of Molokai! He had no inspirations, I grant you, and he was a bore such as heaven spare us another. But his life was harmonious, and his end came fittingly. By the Lord, if he wanted all through his dull life a word of friendliness said over his grave, it's not *your* business."

"It *is* my business," I remonstrated. "I'm here to see that the public get the news and nothing but news. I'm not here to give a column to the death of a crazy fool who was the laughing-stock of five islands. You're indeed the victim of his persistency in the uninspired if you try this scheme."

The snarl melted into a chuckle. "You're the victim, too," said the Oldest Journalist, putting on his jacket. "Simpkins left all his money to the lepers, and that's news worth a column any day, with a full-sized picture. I have the will in my pocket."

So Simpkins of Molokai got the reward of his perseverance on the first page of the *Advertiser*, graced by a picture that I am informed looked strangely like him. And the final paragraph of the Oldest Journalist's article ran thus:

With the passing of Mr. Simpkins there passed away the single citizen of the unfortunate colony on Molokai who pursued the avocations of a friendly life without any reference to the misery and despair about him. Mr. Simpkins did not make many close friends, but the streets of Kalaupapa will be the sadder for lack of his untroubled countenance, and the pale festivities of the settlement will move less joyously for want of one participant who never by word or act or glance gave any reminder to his fellow citizens of their infirmity or their separation from the world of the active and healthy. Without making protestations of charity, single-hearted in his desire to bear an honorable part in the life of his chosen home, he did more, it is possible, than he will be given credit for.

WHAT ORGANIZED LABOR WANTS

AN INTERVIEW WITH SAMUEL GOMPERS

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ORGANIZED labor demands a new standing before the law in the United States, and has entered a national campaign to secure it. What does it want? Why should it have new laws? The burden of proof is upon it, certainly. But it should have a fair chance to state its case. And in fact it is really essential that it should do so; not one man in a hundred understands the questions that it raises.

Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, has been the chief spokesman for labor unions in this fight. He, more than any other man, brought the issue into the campaign; for ten years he has led the struggle for new labor legislation in Congress, and he can best voice its claims. The following interview is a statement which he gave to me of the elements of his cause; of the huge injustice — as he sees it — which the dead hand of an antique law places upon the great working class; and the absolute necessity of change by legislation.

The organized laborers of America (said Mr. Gompers) demand no special favors; no old age pensions; no socialistic legislation. They want only justice. They ask the American people for protection against mediaeval conspiracy laws, under which they are imprisoned, fined, and continually intimidated for doing, in combination, acts which every citizen of the United States has a constitutional right to do as an individual. English laborers have been given this protection by acts of Parliament. American laborers have for ten years sought it from Congress in vain. Until they secure it, there can never be said to be really free labor in America.

A combination of laborers is not like any other economic combination. For this reason: a labor combination does not sell iron, steel, cloth — inanimate things; it sells the power to labor, and that power can never be divorced from the laborer — living flesh and blood, which suffers from heat and cold and accident; a human being, with all the qualities and rights and privileges of the individual citizen. This is a free country; and every citizen has certain inalienable rights of freemen. None of these are more fundamental than the rights of association, of free speech, and a third right — less often considered — the right to work for whom you please, to stop work when you please, for any reason you please, or for no reason. If a citizen could not do this, it would mean that some one else had a right of property in his labor, which would mean slavery. By a fourth and similar right, a free citizen can buy or stop buying when he pleases, for any reason he pleases, and for no reason. That is, no man has a property right in his custom.

The Taint of Slavery in the Common Law

The charge is made very vociferously of late that organized labor is trying to become a privileged class before the law. As a matter of fact, the worker class — and it is and always has been a distinct class — has never yet secured equality before the law. The common law is *not a statement of abstract principles; it is a* social growth. Under it, the working man started as a slave attached to the soil of England; if he ran away, he was branded, or had his ears cropped, or was hanged. Later, he became a serf, and later still — at the rising of the Free Cities — a so-called free laborer; free, that is, to move his body from place to place, and to offer his labor for sale where he chose. These were the conditions out of which the standing of the laborer under the common law developed. The prejudice of the common law against him has never yet been entirely removed. On the other hand, the English law, engaged from early times in a paternal care for commerce, has always been most solicitous in the interests of business, and eager to punish all kinds of "restraints of trade."

The Single Laborer and the Steel Trust

The nineteenth century, as everybody knows, was the century of industrial combination. This combination was not merely an advantage; it was a necessity. The association of many people was required to secure sufficient capital to buy and operate the industrial plants which were the result of the invention of machinery. From that time to this, owners of capital have combined without any practical legal hindrance, up to and including the development of the tremendous aggregations of industrial capital of the present day.

No one will soberly deny, in the face of these aggregations, the absolute necessity of combinations by laborers. Today but an infinitesimal proportion of industrial laborers are employed by individual employers. Practically all of them are in the employ of corporations, great combinations of capital. Organized labor deals today with concerns employing from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men. It is ridiculous to think of an individual workman trying to deal personally with a concern of this kind. Imagine the single working-man going up to the management of the Steel Trust or the Pennsylvania Railroad, and asking a hearing to secure an individual contract for work. The thing speaks for itself.

As a matter of fact, there is and can be no individual laborer in modern industry. The moment a workman enters a manufacturing plant, he is no longer an individual, he is a cog in the machine; he works as a member of an army, and must be regarded as such by both himself and his employer. Organization of capital compels the organization of labor. Only a combination of labor can deal with any hope of equality with the combination of capital. And the combination of labor must have legal *recognition for its normal activities, just as certainly* as the combination of capital. The laborer must have free power of "collective bargaining"; it is for that one purpose that he organizes.

A Century's Prosecution for Conspiracy

The English and American laborer had gained, over a century ago, the rights of an individual freeman of which I spoke. But he has been continually denied any practical use of them in combination ever since. From the beginning of the nineteenth century — the time of the starting of the combination of capital for industrial purposes — capital has fought unceasingly, by the use of the legal powers it inherited under the old common law of England, to destroy any combination of labor.

The nineteenth century stands in labor history as a century of prosecution and imprisonment of organized laborers for conspiracy in "restraint of trade." Hundreds of men have been sent to prison for exercising their individual rights in disregard of the supposed superior rights of business; men are still liable to be imprisoned for this cause today. I am in this position now.

In the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century — although a theoretical right to strike was given the workmen of England, and of this country, after the English labor acts of 1826 — it was still possible to imprison men for criminal conspiracy, both here and in Great Britain, if, although they did no unlawful act whatever, the courts found that in striking they unreasonably interfered with the business of their employer. It became the custom then, as it is now, to prosecute organized laborers, not for any unlawful act, but for conspiracy to interfere with business, the right to do business being held to be property. The direct prosecution for criminal conspiracy was definitely stopped in England by the act of parliament of 1876, which said:

> An agreement or combination by two or more persons to do, or procure to be done, any act in contemplation of a trade dispute between employers and workmen, shall not be indictable, as a conspiracy, if

such act, committed by one person, would not be punishable as a crime.

The United States has always been behind England in doing justice to the laboring class. In the 70's, when my active part in the labor movement first began, this country was full of secret societies of labor; the laboring men were suspicious of the workings of the law. It was still possible to imprison strikers for criminal conspiracy to interfere with their employers' business. I can remember cases of imprisonment on this process in different States in the early 80's, after we had started the Federation of Labor. Various States had already, at that time, made this impossible by statute, however. And by the middle of the 80's this direct prosecution for criminal conspiracy became generally impossible in America.

Imprisonment by Injunction

Immediately after this, clever corporation lawyers introduced the writ of injunction into labor disputes in the United States. They found they could imprison organized laborers, or keep them under the fear of imprisonment, by this means, exactly as they had done under the prosecution for criminal conspiracy. They have continued doing this to the present day. The writ was first used in a labor dispute in England in 1868, but through the next two decades attempts to employ it were not encouraged by English courts. It was first employed in this country in 1888, in a labor trouble in a shoe factory in Lynn, Massachusetts. From that time until now, scores of men have been fined and imprisoned in the United States by means of it.

Under this injunction process, the attorney for an employer (who is not, you understand, an individual, but practically without exception the combination of a large number of capitalists in a corporation) goes before a judge, states that a combination of laborers is interfering with the employer's right to do business, and asks that they be enjoined from doing so. The judge — one man — has the right to construe the law on the subject, to enjoin the working-men from committing various acts which he decides they are not entitled to do, and, if these acts are committed, to imprison for contempt of court the person committing them. I have no desire to criticize our judiciary, further than to say, what is well known to every one, that they are largely drawn from the ranks of lawyers whose most important practice is taken from corporations, and the trend of their legal opinion upon this subject must naturally be influenced by their training. A long list of decisions given out by individual judges constitutes the precedents which form the law on the subject of the injunction in the United States to-day. In each individual case, the judge is the lawmaker and the executioner, who sends men to prison for disobeying his law.

Congressman Littlefield's Misrepresentation

This is a practical question, and should be considered as such. I say that organized laborers have been deprived of inalienable rights of free citizens by this process for twenty years. This is literally and exactly true. They have been forbidden to organize, they have been forbidden to strike, they have been forbidden the right to assemble in the open street, they have been forbidden the rights of free speech and free press continually. Men have been imprisoned for contempt of court for exercising these rights, for doing both the most innocent and the most trivial acts. For instance, a husband and wife in West Virginia recently called out to a little dog who was barking at a strike-breaker, "Don't waste your breath on that black sheep." They were given two months in jail for contempt of an injunction.

There is an attempt to belittle the importance of the use of the injunction against labor. Congressman Littlefield, who was one of our chief opponents in Congress, has tried to make it appear, in connection with the Congressional hearings, that I gave all the Federal cases of injunction I could find, and that the list was so small as to be inconsequential. In doing this, Mr. Littlefield makes a misrepresentation — purposely and wilfully. I never claimed the list I gave was anything but a partial list of leading cases, and he knows it. Cases of the wrongful use of an injunction in labor disputes are continually in the courts and have been for twenty years.

Understand, we have no objection to the writ of injunction in its proper place. The writ is a most beneficent instrument, rightly employed. But it must, under our legal system, be confined to one use — the protection of property. And it can only be used to protect property when an irreparable loss is likely to ensue, for which there is no redress by any other legal proceeding.

Injunctions no Protection Against Violence

Now the common practice in securing an injunction against labor unions is for the attorney of the employer to claim that there is danger of irreparable injury to property or to alleged labor contracts through violence. A writ is granted on this primary ground, but under it are forbidden, not only violence, but all the practical working activities of a labor union. The men are enjoined from assembling peacefully about the roads of an entire district; they are enjoined from peaceably persuading workmen who succeed them to leave their places; they are enjoined from assembling. The practical operation of a strike is brought to a standstill so far as the strikers are concerned. All this is under the guise of preventing irreparable injury, "through violence."

The stock argument of the attorneys for the employers is that the use of the injunction is a necessity for protecting property from violent destruction by irresponsible strikers. The fact is that injunctions are never got out in good faith for this purpose. Injunctions do not reach rioters or law-breakers — as the men who get them out well know. If a desperate man resolves to burn a building, or assault or murder non-union workers, he is not prevented by any fear of an injunction. If he fears anything, he fears the officers of the law. If he is taken in a criminal act, he is certainly not tried for conspiracy; he is tried for arson or murder or assault. The injunction adds nothing whatever to the protection of any man's property against violence. That protection will be exactly what the legal authorities give, neither more nor less.

But there is no expectation on the part of the men who get out the injunctions that they will prevent violence. They get out these blanket writs for another and an entirely different purpose — to prevent organized labor from interfering with "their right to do business."

Business Has no Property Right in Labor

What is this right to do business, and how is it interfered with by labor unions? It must be a property right, of course, otherwise there would be no legal ground which would entitle an employer to secure an injunction. The manufacturer has his plant, his machinery, and his raw material. These are protected, and they have their only practical protection, through the efficiency of the officers of the criminal law. There is just one way in which the striking laborer can restrain the business of his employer — through his labor supply. Has an employer any property in the labor power of any workman? None whatever; if he had, it would spell slavery. The law is unhesitating on this point. Then how can he enjoin a labor union or its officers from calling a strike? If they remove all his laborers, they are removing nothing that belongs to him. How can he enjoin strikers from inducing men who have taken their places to leave? By no entitlement whatever — unless he has property rights in the labor of these men. How can he prevent laborers in any way from organizing, from assembling, from proselyting? There is absolutely no theory but one which makes him a party in any way to these transactions — the theory that he has a property right in the labor of the men who work for him. It is on this theory and no other that the courts have continually enjoined the workers from interfering with an employer's right to do business. This is a theory of slavery, and organized labor will never stop fighting it until it is abolished.

Employer Has Perfect Right to Blacklist

It is our contention that what is lawful for one man to do alone does not become unlawful when he does it in combination. The strike and the boycott are nothing more than the exercise of the economic right of every freeman to deal or not to deal with another just as he pleases. Employers of labor have exactly the same right. They can and do, both as individuals and in combination, blacklist labor. It is their perfect right to do so. You have never heard of my denying it. If we have a right to exercise our individual powers in combination, so have they. The United States Supreme Court has decided that they must retain the power to discharge men because they are members of a union — in spite of a law to the contrary. I cannot object to this. An employer can and does discharge a workman for any reason he pleases; for the color of his eyes, or his religious faith, or his political views. We demand the right to strike on the same basis — the right to strike for any reason we please.

But organized labor is not free to strike as it chooses. As a matter of fact, the courts give forth such a chaos of different opinions that it is impossible to secure any clear ideas of what we have a right to do. For instance, take the "closed shop," as it is miscalled.

The Right to the Union Shop

In New York and other States the courts have given us the right to secure it. In Massachusetts, the demand for the union shop has just been declared illegal by the Supreme Court. Why? The labor union is formed to sell labor to a manufacturer on certain terms, just as other economic agencies sell other materials for his goods. It is perfectly lawful for a manufacturer to contract to buy his raw material, iron or cotton or wool, from one concern exclusively. Why not his labor? Would a law compelling him to spread out his custom among all dealers in raw material be considered reasonable? Such a law would be ridiculous. If so, why is he compelled to spread out his contracts for labor in this way?

It is held by some courts that in asking for this exclusive contract, we become an illegal combination, restraining the non-union working-man from exercising his right to secure employment. Then why does not the law protect the individual dealer from the large corporation in the same way, in the usual course of business? We are an economic unit, exactly as is the corporation, and should have the same freedom of action in economic warfare. The non-union man is our competitor, by his own choice — from his refusing to join the union. We ask merely for the ordinary business rights of competitors. We do not deny him the right to work; but we do seek, whenever it is expedient and possible, exclusive contracts to furnish employers with our labor. We believe that in this way the best interests of the working-men are served. The doors of unionism are open to all workmen in good standing in any industry. We hold that it is morally wrong, under modern conditions, for any workman to remain outside the union in his trade. If he does so, it is his legal right, but the union should also have the right to treat him as a competitor.

The Boycott and the Boston Tea-Party

The same ancient fallacies of conspiracy underlie the denunciations of the boycott, as have formed the basis of action against the strike. The boycott is a perfectly natural and normal human activity; as such, no law can ever stop it. The name is only a quarter of a century old. But the boycott itself — social, political, and economic — is as old as human history. You have conducted boycotts; every one conducts one who expresses an opinion advising against patronizing any merchant. There has been much talk lately about boycotting being an un-American weapon. Is it? What was the "Boston tea-party"? It was simply a part of a boycott against British merchants and the British government. But the boycotters called themselves "The Sons and Daughters of Liberty," not labor unions. If you are interested, look in Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People," and see the photographic reproductions of the boycott posters and circulars issued against the merchants of the time.

Gompers Favors Primary Boycott Only

Personally, I should prefer to use only the primary boycott in our disputes. That is, I would rather boycott only the goods of the person opposing us, and not those of the second party — the dealer who buys from him. But that is a question of ethics or policy. So far as legal right is concerned, the case is entirely different. A boycott is nothing more or less than a withdrawal of patronage. I hold that any man or any combination of men have a right to buy or to stop buying just as they please, for any reason they please, or for no reason. No man has a property right to the custom of any other man in business. How can he secure an injunction to protect property which he never possessed?

In the meanwhile, injunctions are being issued against us which go to lengths which are absurd. Take this Buck Stove boycott case, for instance, in which Mr. John Mitchell and myself have been summoned for contempt; it is, humanly speaking, impossible to obey the prohibitions of that writ. Two million people — all the members of all the organizations affiliated to the Federation of Labor — are practically prohibited from speaking the name of the concern. We cannot print a word about it in our paper; we cannot mention it in our own families. I am liable for contempt this minute — right now — for mentioning it to you. So much for free speech and a free press, and equality before the law of the American laboring man!

The Sherman Law: Crudest Legislation in Years

The last application of this principle of conspiracy to restrain trade, adverse to the organization of labor, comes through the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. As usual, the application of this conspiracy law becomes practically effective only against combinations of labor. The Sherman Law is one of the crudest pieces of legislation ever passed by Congress. In the first place, it tried to do an utterly impossible thing. The combination of capital for industrial purposes is a great normal social movement. There is no power in government which can successfully prevent it. We are living in an age of combination; the era of industrial competition of the *laissez-faire* school of political economy is as extinct as the dodo. The only province of the government in the control of the trusts is to keep the trusts out of unnatural and improper activities, such as their influence upon political parties and legislatures. The net result of this attempt of the Federal government to regulate trusts has been just what might have been expected. Nothing. Never in the history of the world has there been such an aggregation of capital for industrial purposes as in the United States since the passage of the Sherman Act.

Whatever its technical standing may be under this law, a labor union is not in any fair sense a trust. A trust represents an attempt to get the control of a material commodity into a few hands for the profit of the few. A labor combination deals, not with material things, but with the labor of its members; it aims, not to confine its benefits to a few, but to bestow them on every member of the trade. As it is, the trusts go free; and, by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, organized labor — the most genuinely popular body in existence — is apparently deprived of its main power to act, through the recrudescence of this antique law of conspiracy against business, put back upon the statute books of the United States.

Has Supreme Court Outlawed Unionism?

The decision of the Supreme Court in the Danbury Hatters' case last winter was one of the most serious shocks sustained by organized labor in recent years. This was not only, or mainly, because it forbade boycotting; but because, apparently, it held all the most vital powers of labor organizations to be in restraint of interstate commerce, and so illegal, punishable by imprisonment and heavy fine, and by triple damages to the person held to be injured.

The trade agreement between the union and its employers we believe to be the keystone of peace in the industrial world to-day. It is the final and tangible result of the collective bargaining which is one of the chief reasons for the existence of unions. The Supreme Court, in giving its decision in the Danbury case, quoted approvingly as a part of the decision the plaintiff's representations. In the course of these it says, among other things:

> The defendants were engaged in a combined scheme and effort to force all manufacturers of fur hats in the United States to unionize their shops, with the intent thereby to control the employment of labor in and the operation of said factories, and to subject the same to the direction and control of persons, other than the owners of the same, in a manner extremely onerous and distasteful to such owners. . . . The conspiracy or combination was so far progressed that out of eighty-two manufacturers of this country engaged in the production of fur hats, seventy had accepted the terms.

In another place, the decision, still quoting the plaintiff's representations, describes the illegal conspiracy as follows:

> To cause, by means of threats and coercion, and without warning or information to the plaintiffs, the concerted and simultaneous withdrawal of all the makers and finishers of hats then working for them, who are not members of their said combination, the United Hatters of North America, as well as those who were such members, and thereby cripple the operation of the plaintiffs' factory, and prevent the plaintiffs from filling a large number of orders then on hand.

These sections of the decision do not relate to boycotting; they relate to collective bargaining and to striking. The first one makes the existence of trade agreement — the chief instrument in industrial peace — a leading proof of conspiracy. What does this mean if it does not mean that any refusal to labor in pursuance of an attempt to secure a trade agreement with an employer is now a restraint of trade under this act? Apparently our opponents believe this, for since this decision some seventy workmen have been indicted under this act for striking in New Orleans. At the present time, under these conspiracy laws, labor organizations seem to be deprived of the chief reasons for their existence.

Labor's Demands: Freedom from Conspiracy Laws

"What does organized labor want?" you ask. It wants freedom from prosecution under these effete conspiracy laws coined under the conditions of other centuries and totally unapplicable to the present time. It asks in the first place that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law be changed so that under it the activities of labor unions shall not be prohibited. Half a dozen States which have anti-trust laws specifically exempt labor organizations from their operations. There is no reason why the United States, if it still continues the valueless Sherman Law, should not do so.

In the second place, the American Federation of Labor asks for the establishment of the principle, once and for all, that no man can be prosecuted for conspiracy in a labor dispute, when the act for which he is prosecuted is not unlawful when committed by an individual. This principle we ask to be enacted into law, by the Federal Congress, by means of the so-called Pearce Bill. The measure provides further that no injunction may be issued in labor disputes except to protect property from irreparable damages. It specifies that for the purpose of the bill, there shall be no property right either in the labor of any other person or in his custom.

In asking this legislation, we ask nothing but our rights, and nothing that interferes with the legitimate rights of others. The employer will enjoy, as now, the only practical protection he can have for his property, the protection of the authorities in enforcing the law, criminal or civil. If there is rioting or assault or violence of any kind, the offenders will be punished for their offences, as they are now. If the dealer is libelled in the boycott, he will invoke the protection of the law. The employer will lose absolutely nothing but the recognition of the right, which he never really had, or should have, in a free country — the property right of one man in the labor or custom of another. English laborers are protected thoroughly in this respect. The act of 1876 which I have quoted stopped the prosecution for criminal conspiracy in England. It was rounded out by the act of 1906, which makes civil action for conspiracy impossible, when the act committed is not unlawful when committed by an individual. Organized labor in England can strike, boycott, and exercise every right of collective bargaining, without interference by the old conspiracy law. American workmen must have the same rights.

Terrible pictures are drawn of the conditions which would result if labor were given a free hand to strike and boycott. They are not true. The common representation of the wanton and cruel use of these two instruments by labor is both false and silly — as only a moment's thought would show. Who suffers most from a strike? Certainly the laborers out of work. And the boycott comes only as a part of the strike. Labor's weapons are in no sense weapons of aggression; they are nothing more than purely passive resistance. Labor cannot attack; the worst it can do is to refuse to deal with its enemies — to refuse to sell its labor or to buy their goods from them. The very use of these weapons is a desperate resort for the laborer; they are employed only under great provocation — as the history of every really strong union will show. But they are absolutely the only weapons labor has, and they must be preserved intact, if the laborer is to hope for any fair share of the wealth which he produces; if he is to hope for any economic freedom at all. A labor union is worthless if you take its only weapons away from it; it may as well disband at once. But without active labor organizations, the laboring class of this country would be absolutely helpless against the present aggregations of capital which employ it. With all their weapons, organized laborers are none too strong in this fight.

Organized labor in America has been pressed hard in the last year. It must defend itself and is prepared to do so. I have personally kept away from party politics — in spite of many inducements to enter it. But as head of the two million working-men of the Federation of Labor, I have been compelled to make our demands for recognition on the national political parties. The Republican Convention repulsed us; the Democrats made us liberal concessions. I have never made the slightest attempt to dictate the vote of the membership of the Federation of Labor. But I believe that in the coming election the organized working-men of the United States will remember their friends and their enemies when they come to vote.

But whatever may happen in this election or in the coming Congress, the progress of organized labor will not be checked. It includes to-day at least twenty-five per cent. of the laborers of the United States, outside of the classes of farm laborers and clerks who do not lend themselves readily to organization. The working-men constitute the vast majority of people in the world; gradually they will become fully organized; gradually they will become economically educated by the great educative force of labor organizations, and finally they will take over the power of government. I am not a socialist; I believe that economic doctrine to be thoroughly unsound. Personally I have never proclaimed any exact theory as to the development which will at last make the working people the most potent factor in the government of this country. But I am sure that this will come. In the meantime, it is every man's duty — and my own life work — to see that, year after year, the working-man secures a greater and greater freedom; a larger proportion of the product of machinery and his own labor; shorter hours, better conditions of work and living, and a completer and happier life. It is my work to make to-morrow a better day for the laboring class.

CAROLINE AND HER NOTE-BOOK

BY

CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES HAMLIN GARDNER SOPER

THERE was a rush, a whirl of skirts, a hasty greeting, and Caroline was at the breakfast table. Mrs. Winton smiled cheerfully, The Older Brother waved a courteous kiss, and Mr. Winton preserved his air of dazed apathy. In these autumn days, though, home was less of a trial, divers members of the family being away at college — notably the twins. There were left, indeed, only The Older Brother, who was somewhat mellowed by age, being twenty-three, and Caroline — better known as "Rully."

Only is hardly a fair word, however, to apply to Caroline, who was fifteen and a Sophomore in the high school — a combination that was, from Mr. Winton's point of view, appalling. Moreover, Caroline never walked, at least not when alone; she stumbled, or trotted, or ran, but she never walked, not even when she was down-hearted, which was seldom. It is true that Judge Cram testified to having once seen her walk across the street, but the report was not generally accredited; for, as The Older Brother remarked, "It must not be forgotten that Judge Cram, though undoubtedly a man of sterling character, is sixty and short-sighted."

At present Caroline was at the breakfast table, eating oatmeal hastily, which was customary; and silently, which was unusual. Mr. Winton said nothing, but looked at her with a kind of vague concern.

"Yes, you are quite right," said The Older Brother. "There's something wrong." He was in the habit of interpreting his father's glances; for really one must have conversation of some sort at the breakfast table.

"*Is* there anything wrong?" inquired Mr. Winton timidly.

There was a pause, while Caroline continued to eat oatmeal.

"Rully," said The Older Brother, "wake up!"

Caroline looked up with a start. "Did you speak to me, papa?" she asked.

"You seemed so quiet, I just wanted to know if anything was wrong," he replied.

"With me? No, thanks."

"Oh!" returned her father, and relapsed into silence.

Caroline ate an egg with desperate rapidity. "Excuse me, please," she said, pushing back her chair, "I've got some things to do before I go."

There was little choice, the sentence being uttered in a quick diminuendo, with the final words sounding hollowly from somewhere in the middle distance.

Mrs. Winton smiled at The Older Brother. "You find out, will you, Dick?" she said.

"Oh, she'll tell me sooner or later," he replied. "She wouldn't breathe a word if I asked her. Besides, she probably won't follow my advice anyway. In regard to Rully, I'm as curious, and just about as effective, as a Greek chorus," and he strolled into the library. Presently entered Caroline vigorously.

"Have I lost anything in here?" she demanded, tempestuously displacing books and scattering papers.

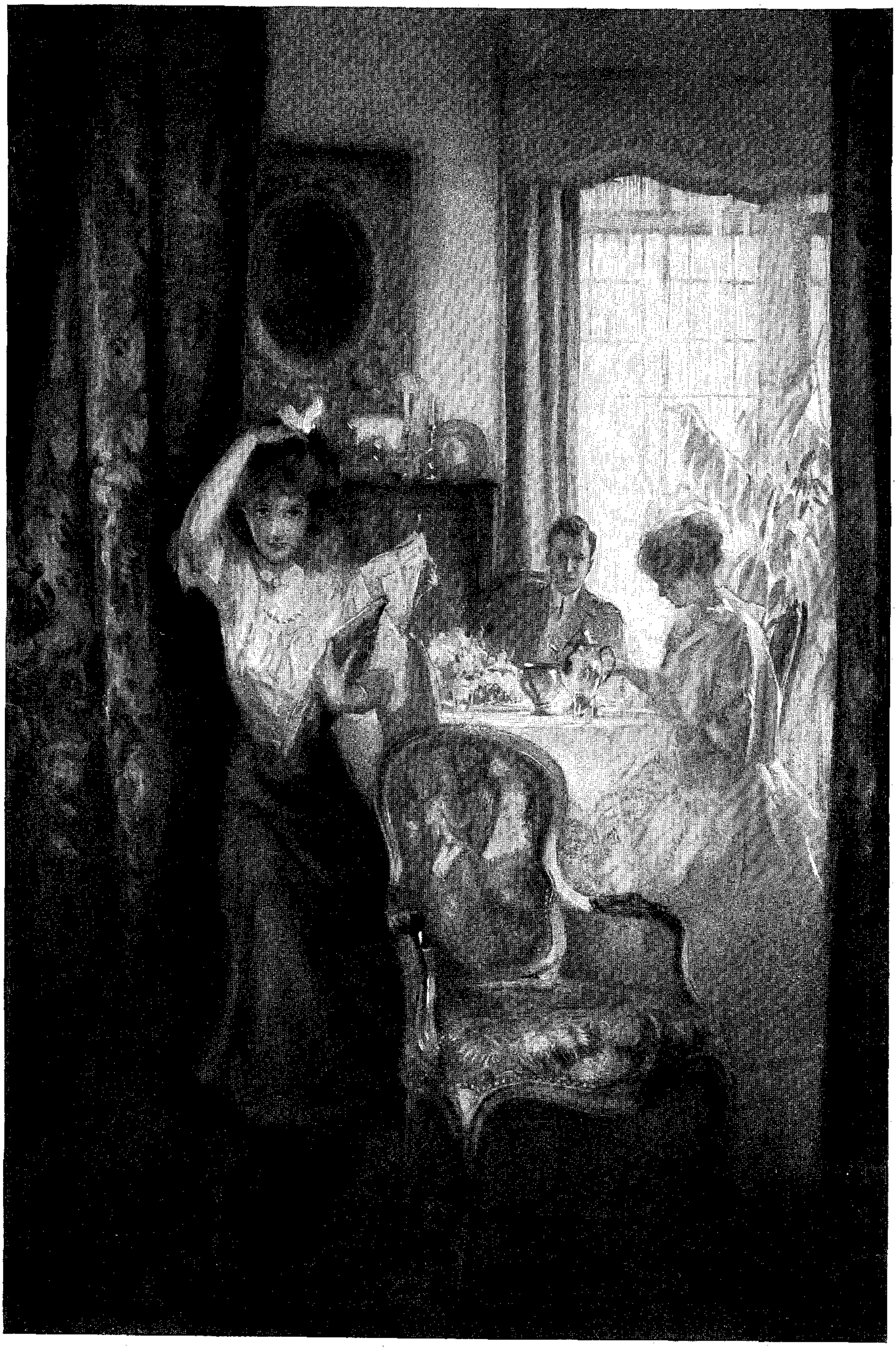
"Doubtless," he answered. "To my personal knowledge you've lost something in every room in the house — except the wine-cellar; that's locked."

"I don't see," exclaimed Caroline, giving up her search, and glancing at him with some exasperation, "why people laugh at the things you say; *I* don't think they're funny."

"No more do they, Rully," said he, calmly lighting a cigarette, "only they have a sense of social duty, which you haven't yet developed."

Caroline sniffed, and departed swiftly, to stumble down the house-steps and join her two most intimate friends, both Sophomores, of course — class distinctions being drawn very closely in the high school. Caroline's inner life was always much too turgid for her to waste time on greetings. Either she dived immediately into her subject on meeting you or she ignored you completely; there was no middle ground.

"Girls!" she said in a tone of suppressed excitement, "what do you think? I've lost my note-book!"



"'EXCUSE ME, PLEASE,' SHE SAID, 'I'VE GOT SOME THINGS TO DO BEFORE I GO'"

"Well," remarked Barbara North prosaically, "there are plenty more note-books; you can get one just by asking for it." Barbara was an apostle of things-as-they-are; grasping facts in all their completeness, she was quite without a sense of their implication.

As for Emma Williams, she said nothing. She employed the Fabian policy in conversation, finding that matters would explain themselves if you only waited long enough.

"Oh, it's not that," said Caroline a bit contemptuously in reply to Barbara's suggestion. "You see, my book had some perfectly terrible notes in it about *very* prominent girls, and I'm *sure* somebody's found it and read it, because yesterday Helen Marks would hardly speak to me, and Arthur Groves just giggled every time he saw me."

Both girls gasped.

"What did the notes say, Rully?" demanded Barbara.

"Oh, I don't remember exactly," replied Caroline, evasively, "but they weren't true, you know."

"But for pity's sake, what did you write them for if they weren't true?"

"Why, just for fun. They might have been true, you know, only they weren't; it wouldn't have been any fun to write them if they were."

"But I don't understand!" exclaimed Barbara and Emma together.

"No, I suppose you don't," said Caroline, after a pause. "And if you don't, I don't see how you can. Anyhow, don't say anything about it."

The day went off badly. Arthur Groves not only giggled, but whispered, at sight of Caroline, and Helen Marks cut her dead. It was almost a relief to return home and find the long, thin rays of the afternoon sun slanting into a peaceful library inhabited only by The Older Brother. The Older Brother was smoking a pipe, and, Caroline having seated herself on a hassock before the fire, he blew rings, and looked at her gravely through them.

At last Caroline spoke, though with some hesitation. "When you were in college, did you ever do anything so foolish that it made you want to call yourself names afterwards?" she inquired.

"Gracious," he replied with feeling, "I can give you expert advice on all the kinds of foolishness you can possibly be acquainted with."

Rully brightened.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Well, you see," she said slowly, "I've lost my note-book." She paused. It was contrary to Caroline's deepest instincts to lower her guard.

"And it had — things in it?" The Older Brother suggested sympathetically.

"Exactly. How did you know?"

"Oh, they always do," he said carelessly. "What particular kind of things did yours have in it?"

"Hm — notes — about people."

The Older Brother whistled. "Well," he said at last, "I'll try and help you if you want me to, but in that case it will be necessary to tell me everything."

"All right," replied Caroline, after a moment, "you ask; I'll answer."

"To begin with, the notes?"

"The notes weren't true, you know," said Caroline.

"Of course not," he returned promptly.

"There, I'm glad *some one* understands!" she exclaimed with a sigh. "How did you know they weren't true?"

"Simply because you wouldn't find the slightest pleasure in writing notes that were. You have what is called a dramatic imagination. The notes were make-believe."

"They weren't true, but they might have been," she added.

"Exactly. Now tell me about them."

"There was one about Evelyn Warner ——"

"I must understand the character of your victims," interrupted The Older Brother.

"Well, she's perfectly beautiful, and has big brown eyes that always seem frightened when they look at you, and she's so scared of boys she won't have anything to do with them, and always says just 'yes' and 'no' when they ask her questions, and every one of them just adores her."

"Good!" he remarked. "And what did the note say?"

Caroline drew a deep breath. "I'm sorrier about this note than any other," she replied, "because I wouldn't hurt Evelyn's feelings for the world. It said that she was just acting all the time, and that she really wasn't a bit afraid of boys, only just knew that they liked girls to be timid — and oh, lots of things more of the same sort; it said that she didn't really cry in earnest — you know it makes her feel dreadful even to see a dead bird — but had just practised crying until she could do it any time she wanted to."

"Whew!" exclaimed The Older Brother, "that's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"It isn't so bad for me as the others," she answered, "because Evelyn's so good she can't help forgiving me. She spoke to me just as nicely this morning, but I feel dreadfully about it."

"I think this one will turn out all right," said he, "because, judging from your description, she is the kind of girl who would be better friends than ever with some one she had had to forgive. Go on with the next."

"Then there's one about Wilhelmina Winship; she's a *very* prominent girl."

"Bound to be with that name. What did you say about her?"

Caroline smiled reminiscently. "I said," she replied, on the verge of laughter, "that secret but terribly true information had reached me that there was more about her than appeared on the surface; that once a person who should be nameless had seen a slight figure, heavily veiled, spring from a cab and hasten into a store, but that in passing him her veil had been blown aside for a second, and he had seen — don't laugh so hard or you can't hear — that it was Wilhelmina Winship."

"Go on!" cried her brother huskily, wiping his eyes.

Caroline giggled. She had a musical, contagious giggle that made you laugh whether you wanted to or not. It did not in the least leave the impression that she was silly, but that the whole world needed laughing at and that Caroline was just the one to do it.

"Oh," she said, "it's too funny. I said that this person who should remain nameless had quietly followed her into the store, and from an obscure corner had seen her show the clerk a key of which she wanted a duplicate — and all the time I haven't the slightest idea whether you get duplicate keys made at a grocery or a florist's. Anyhow, I said this person had sworn that the key exactly resembled the one to the Debating Club rooms — Goodness, you couldn't tell that from a million others; it looks just like any common house-key." Caroline paused, being out of breath.

"What was the dreadful implication?" inquired The Older Brother.

Caroline choked. "That she had — had — got in and copied the Debating Club papers," she gasped.

"What in the world would any one want to do that for?"

"They wouldn't," answered his sister, hysterically unconscious of her grammar. "Any sensible person would sooner copy the dictionary; it would be a heap more interesting. Besides, you could get the key for the asking."

"Rully," said The Older Brother admiringly, "you're a wonder! You don't mean to say that Wilhelmina What's-her-name is angry about this?"

"She's furious!"

"Well, well, our youth is degenerating! What else?"

"There's a real exciting one about Gertrude Hubbell."

"Description, please!"

"Oh, she's a short, chunky girl with freckles and a pug nose, and she's terribly goody-good, and adores Sunday-school, and hasn't an idea in the world outside of her lessons and her charity work."

"I take it you dignified her character some."

"I guess you could call it that. I said that, much as the thought revolted me, I feared with but too true probability that she was leading a double life. That on Thursdays between two and four no one had ever been able to find her. The question was *Where was she then?* Of course, I knew perfectly well that she was teaching sewing at the Bethel, but, you see, the trouble is that her mother wants her to keep it a secret, because she has ideas about doing good without letting people know; so poor Gertrude can't explain."

"Anything else about this estimable Sophomore?"

Caroline giggled. "Nothing, except that I hinted that even if smoked only once a week, opium would ruin the life of any young girl."

"I'm not at all sure that I shan't have to credit you with a melodramatic imagination."

"There's just one more," Caroline went on. "I suppose it's really the worst, because it's about Helen Marks, who is an upper-classman; but I really don't mind this one at all, for you see she was so soft, and always wanted to kiss me, and I hate being kissed."

"That is to say, she had what is technically known as a 'crush' on you?" inquired The Older Brother.

"No, it's only a crush when an under-classman has it on an upper-classman."

"I see; continue."

"I won't need to tell you about what I wrote, because here's a letter from her that shows just as plainly. Perhaps it will interest you," said Rully, handing it over.

It was a very much perfumed letter written in a round, upright hand on the bluest of blue paper; and you could tell in a minute that the writer was an upper-classman by the way she underlined her words. The Older Brother sniffed at it appreciatively, then held it off at arm's length, gazing at it in admiration before he commenced to read.

"My dear Caroline," it began.

"She always called me Rully," broke in its owner, "and sometimes just Rull, because Rully wasn't affectionate enough."

"MY DEAR CAROLINE: *Nothing* could have convinced me that you who I had deemed one of my *closest* friends could have been guilty — though I have but too clear proof that you *are* — (ah, is there no such thing as faithfulness!) — of such perfidy as has recently been revealed — you know how. I know that I am not misled by false reports, for I have myself — putting aside the *scruples* which I should otherwise have felt, in order that I might satisfy myself that what was attributed to you was untrue — read your note-book."

The Older Brother paused, and wiped his forehead. "It's just a bit labyrinthine, isn't it?" he remarked, and resumed his task.

"If you thought for a *moment* that I was being intimate with you so as to get on the right side of your brother Harry, I do not completely comprehend how you could *demean* yourself to continue our connection."

"Anybody might be proud of that sentence," broke in The Older Brother dizzily. "Is Miss Marks one of Harry's flames?" Harry was one of the twins, now happily away at college; his weakness was an irrepressible instinct for summer flirtation.

"Not exactly," replied Caroline, "but I guess she'd like to be."

"Rully," said The Older Brother with some sternness, "you need a talking to. I hope you see how you've erred. The only reason that you are having any trouble at all is that you have taken true names for characters of your own creation; and the difficulty with this last note, which is the only one that can't be smoothed over somehow, is that you've mixed in truth with your fiction. Never meddle with the truth — never, never, never; it's fatal!" And he returned to the letter.

"I must beg to inform you," it concluded, "that I do not care in the least for your brother, and that all rumors to the contrary are false. I shall not think or speak any further of your wretched note, as it is beneath my notice. Regretting that our friendship must cease, I am

"Yours faithfully,
"HELEN MARKS, 1907."

"Is that all?" inquired The Older Brother.

"Yes," replied Caroline, "it is."

"Have you considered any plan of action?"

"Well," said his sister slowly, "I thought that I might go to Arthur Groves and ask him if he had seen anything of a note-book which I had lost, and that of course I knew nobody would think of looking into it, but that I was short of paper and would like to have it."

The Older Brother shook his head. "No good," he remarked. "You'd get the book, but the mischief's done; of course, every one in your class has read it by now." He drummed with his fingers on the arm of his chair. "Look here," he said thoughtfully, "does any one except Miss Marks, 1907, know that you know your book has been read?"

"Emma and Barbara, but they won't tell."

"Have you another book?"

"Yes, I got one to-day; there's nothing in it yet."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do; you must lose that one."

Caroline gazed at him blankly for a moment, then began to giggle. "You mean, write notes in it first that will put things straight?"

"Of course."

"But wouldn't they understand what I'd done it for?"

"Oh, you'll have to use some tact, and not make it too obvious; but the fact is, while you can't count certainly on people's being good, and still less certainly on their being bad, you can always count on their being stupid. And look here: don't leave out Miss Marks, 1907. Write an especially nice note about her; you can hardly hope to make friends with her, but you can patch up a lasting truce. You see, she's certain not to have said anything about writing you a note; it was clearly her part to laugh the matter off as though she were entirely indifferent to Harry. You must sacrifice Harry a little, and make it appear by your note that he is wild about her, but that she doesn't care a cent for him. That's an impression she will be glad to foster, and all she has to do is to keep quiet. But you work things out for yourself; you know the extent of your friends' stupidity better than I. Only, don't overdo it. And be careful *how* you lose your note-book. The chances are, it won't be difficult to do it naturally. Books of yours must be at a premium these days."

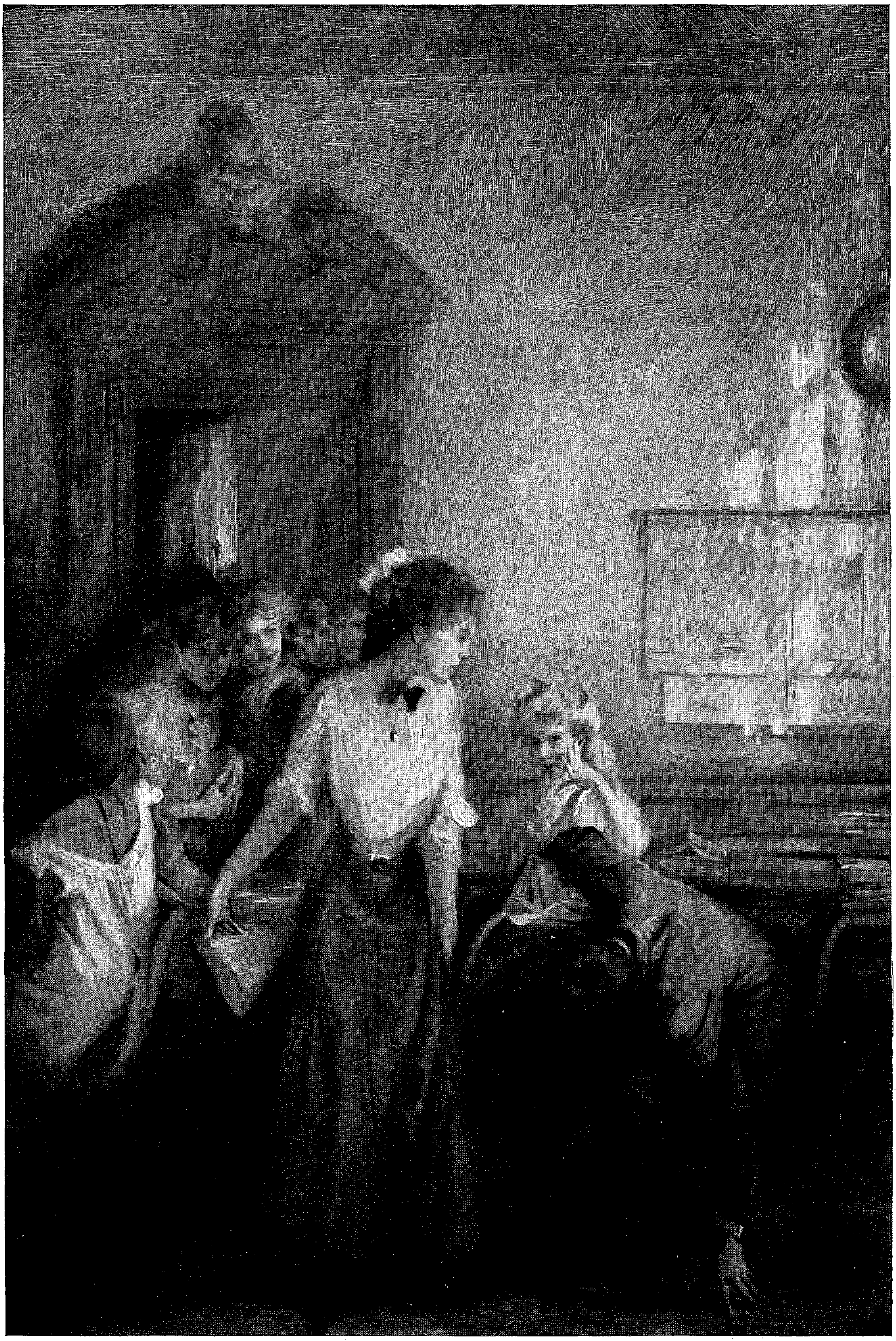
"Thanks awfully," said Caroline fervently, "you really are of some use," and danced off.

"Oh," she remarked, popping her head through the door, "I didn't really mean what I said this morning."

"That's all right," said The Older Brother magnanimously. "I didn't mind, so — very much."

"Now what the deuce did she say this morning?" he thought to himself.

At luncheon time Caroline's session-room at the high school was the scene of an intense and involved life. You might have thought it no more than a hive of buzzing, laughing girls and boys, all at an awkward age, presided over by a slovenly and sentimental teacher; but you would have been wrong. The shifting combina-



"'HAS ANY ONE SEEN MY NOTE-BOOK?' SHE ASKED IN CONSTERNATION"

tion of complexities existing among them was appalling. There was a secret of some kind uniting or severing almost any two you might have picked out, and there was a separate and distinct relationship between each student and Miss Eels, the teacher. On Caroline's part, for example, this consisted in a perpetual attempt to elude the too generous caresses of Miss Eels' long, bony hands, and those, still more profuse, of her words. But the relationship was not a bald and simple one, such as I have made it seem. Oh, dear me, no! It was complicated by Caroline's heroic attempt to gage, and submit to, the exact number of caresses necessary to ensure a mark of ninety in Physiology, and by numerous other matters too difficult of explanation. It is only bored, jaded, and generally useless people who demand a simple life. Your healthy, right-minded boy or girl of fifteen wants as much complexity as he can get. He revels in the very confusion of life's skein.

At noon of the day following her conference with The Older Brother, Caroline entered her session-room with Cæsar, an English grammar, and her note-book tucked under her arm. All eyes regarded her, and she was greeted tumultuously. Caroline was at present an object of considerable interest; for nobody yet knew whether she knew her note-book had been found and perused. Several hints had been thrown out, but she greeted them with a puzzled innocence of expression which was disconcerting.

Caroline flopped her books carelessly down upon her desk.

"Oh, didn't I bring my lunch-box?" she said aloud.

"I think I saw it in the cloak-room, Rully," answered Arthur Groves, who sat near by.

Caroline rose, and stumbled out of the door.

Arthur Groves made a dive at her books.

"Oh, what a cinch!" he exclaimed, waving a blue note-book above his head. "Wait till after school, and we'll have a reading."

"Do you think we ought to read this one?" inquired a feminine voice feebly, with a note of wanting to be convinced.

"Pshaw!" said Ellery James contemptuously, "what difference does it make? It'll be a picnic if it's anything like the other one."

Miss Eels looked up from her book with a vague sense that the room was growing too noisy. "There's a little too much confusion, young ladies and gentlemen," she said with an oppressive smile.

"Yes, Miss Eels," replied Arthur Groves courteously, "perhaps we were growing a little too boisterous."

The answer was so unnatural that a convulsive snicker spread over the room, but Miss Eels was unaware of it and beamed effusively. For, although an admirable scholar, she could turn none of her learning on life, and, feeling an overwhelming kindliness for all the world, expected, and was convinced that she received, the same kindliness in return.

Meanwhile Caroline had returned, and was eating a sandwich, apparently oblivious to the fact that her note-book was no longer upon her desk. Just twenty seconds before time for the fifth period to begin, she gave a sudden start. "Has any one seen my note-book?" she asked in consternation.

"Are you sure you brought it with you, Rully?" inquired Ellery James, ostentatiously going through her books and papers with her. Arthur Groves was hunting under the desks.

"You know you're awfully careless about your things, Rully," said a girl comfortingly.

But just at this moment the electric bell rang, and the members of Session Room 9 jumped to their feet, and departed with unusual alacrity. Caroline hunted until the last one was outside the door, and then followed them, smiling.

It was a compact and expectant audience that gathered around Arthur Groves in one corner of the big hall after the close of the last period, and it swelled from moment to moment. Caroline, dashing toward the front door, caught a distant but satisfactory glimpse of the multitude at the end of the corridor, and made even greater haste in departure.

Arthur Groves stood upon a chair. "Now, then," he said impressively, raising the book, "let us see." He had, of course, read it carefully in the two periods which had elapsed since its seizure, but he had the actor's instinct for getting everything possible out of a situation.

"Why," he said in a tone of disappointment, "I don't believe there's anything in it," and turned over several blank pages.

"Oh, Arthur!" exclaimed aggrieved voices from all about him.

"Yes, here's something, after all," he cried, "nearly at the end of the book."

"Go on! Read it!"

"'Diary,' it says at the top."

"Oh," said Evelyn Warner, with more courage than she was usually capable of showing, "we really oughtn't to read a diary!"

"It's our duty to read it," replied Arthur, a bit sternly; and poor Evelyn collapsed, crushed into diffidence. Nevertheless, she wondered vaguely to herself why it was their duty to read it, though she never questioned the truth of the assertion. Arthur began impressively:

"Wednesday, October 5th: I have been going to keep a diary for a long time, but never got around to it; but now is my chance, as my last note-book got burned — I found the blue edges of it in the fireplace, and told mama, and she scolded the maid; however that didn't help the note-book. So now I'm going to keep a diary in this one, only I'll never show it to any one."

Here a guilty giggle spread among the listeners.

"I'm really not a bit sorry the other book got burned, for it had some horrid notes in it about people in school. I wrote them last Saturday when I was feeling real mean because B. G. H. told R. S. that I c. l. g. a. l. (That is too awfully secret even to write in a diary.) And the worst of it is that one of the notes wasn't true at all, and I found out afterwards that two of the others weren't. The one that was a lie was the one about Helen Marks, and I feel ashamed of myself for writing it, even though nobody ever saw it or ever could see it now. I wrote it because I heard that she said something mean about me, and now I don't believe she said it at all. Anyhow, the fact is that Harry's crazy about her, and she doesn't care a cent for him."

A startled murmur swept over the assembly, and Helen Marks, conspicuously located, flushed a deep red, then accepted the situation as calmly as she could.

"Whew, this *is* interesting," remarked Wilson Lewis. "Go on!"

"I have found out that what I wrote about Wilhelmina Winship is all wrong, because the boy that told it to me confessed yesterday that he had just made the whole story up for fun. I should like to apologize to her for writing it, but of course I don't need to really, as she doesn't know I wrote it. But the note about Gertrude Hubbell was the worst, for it turns out that on Thursday between two and four she is engaged in performing a grand and noble work of charity. I guess it must have been just jealousy that made me write what I did about her. I should love to be generous and self-sacrificing the way she is, only I can't. Our old cat has six kittens. Mama wants Dick to drown them, but I have teased him not to, so he's going to put them in a box with airholes and bread and water, and set them afloat on the river — then maybe they will be picked up by some poor peasant and cared for like princes in fairy tales."

Arthur Groves paused, and a hum of excited comment sounded around him.

"My!" exclaimed Gertrude Hubbell, her homely face shining, "isn't she the dearest thing, and oughtn't we to be ashamed of reading her note-book!" There was a murmur of sheepish assent; still, expectant glances were turned to Arthur Groves. Only Evelyn Warner stood, a little to one side, disconsolate and almost in tears.

"There's just a little more," said Arthur, looking at the book:

"Friday morning, October 7th — that's to-day — My! I was going to write in this diary every day, and here I've skipped one already. That's beginning badly. But I'm so glad, glad, glad, I don't know what to do, because I've discovered that the note about Evelyn was wrong, too. I was awfully stupid, and ought to have known that the silly things I heard were just due to the envious and abominable nature of that horrid creature ——"

"Pshaw!" cried Arthur, "here are some initials I can't make out — they're all blurred over with ink.

"But no, I won't even put the initials down," the diary continued, "for I'm never going to write anything mean again. That's a New Year's resolution, even if it is made in October. Anyhow, I'm so glad about Evelyn I can't think, because she is certainly the nicest girl in the high school. The kittens have been launched on their secret journey, but I am having a hard time being benevolent, for now our Irish setter has four puppies. I really don't think it's considerate. Oh, but I'm happy about Evelyn!"

"And that's all," said Arthur impressively.

But his brief exaltation of station was gone, everybody being now thoroughly ashamed, and inclined to lay the blame for his or her immoral curiosity upon Arthur.

"You must put it right in an envelop, and send it home to her," said Gertrude Hubbell sternly.

"No, don't do that," broke in Ellery James. "Tuck it away in her session-room desk, and then help her find it Monday."

As for Evelyn Warner, she said nothing; but her brown eyes were radiant with happiness and contrition.

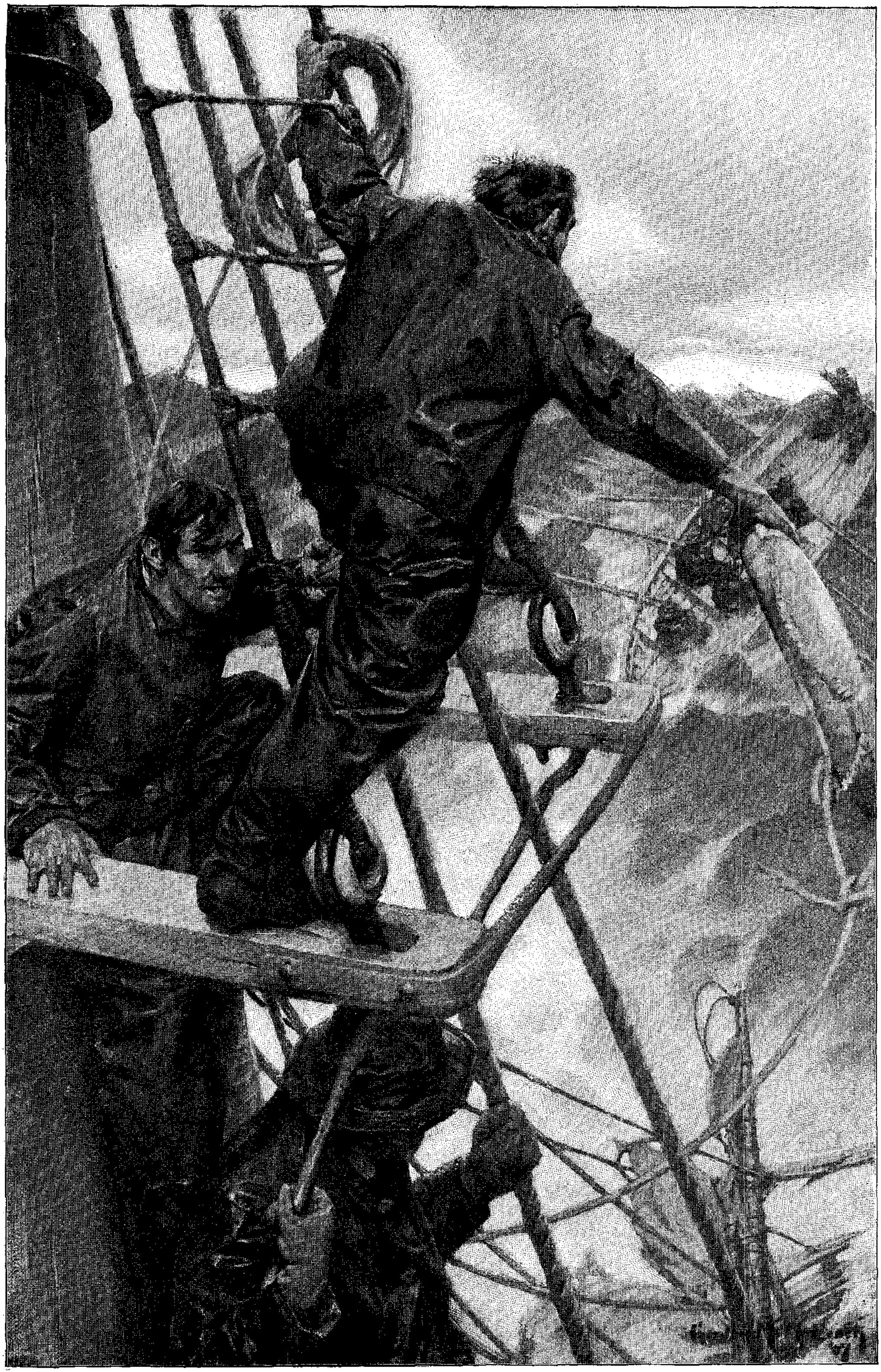
"Have you seen my blue hair-ribbon?" demanded Caroline, bursting into the library on the following afternoon.

"No, I haven't," returned The Older Brother. "Where are you going in such a hurry?—or no; excuse me for being redundant — Where are you going?"

Caroline dived under the couch, and presently emerged, triumphantly clutching the delinquent bit of finery.

"I'm going down to Evelyn Warner's," she said smiling. "I got a lovely note from her this morning asking me to come to dinner and spend the night, because she has done something horrid, and wants me to forgive her."

And Caroline departed on the run.



"SCOTTY TOSSED THE BUOY OVERBOARD"

SCOTTY

BY

COLIN McKAY

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON McCOUCH

THE brigantine, stripped to topsails, was running before a southerly gale, plunging exultantly through the racing surges, piling athwart her steering bows tumbling arches of crystal foam. The mate, an ancient sea-bear, bulky in oilskins, stood by the binnacle watching the heaving decks, the straining sails, with impassive countenance and steadfast old eyes. Presently he glanced astern where the heavens were banking up with bulging blue-black cloud-masses in titanic convulsions; then, shuffling athwart, he flung back the hood of the companion.

"Ho, captain, you'd better come up here."

A young man with an unwholesome and irritable aspect poked his head above the scuttle and looked around quizzically:

"What's the matter now?"

"Time to heave to, sir."

"Heave to — in this breeze!" snapped the skipper. "Get out! I cal'late to make Halifax to-day some time."

"You'll not do it, sir. It'll be blowing feather-white before long, and as thick as a feather-bed. The sooner you heave to, the better."

The captain's cadaverous countenance darkened with wrath, and his fishy eyes blinked furiously.

"I'm running this ship," he snarled in his nasal, nagging tones. "And I'm tired of hanging around out here. I've made Halifax in thick weather before this, and I can do it again."

"If you keep her going, you'll have her on a lee shore in a howling snowstorm, and maybe lose her, and all hands," responded the mate quietly.

"Oh, you're getting frightened of your precious life, are you?" snorted the skipper, baring his yellow fangs contemptuously. "And you're the man that sailed famous clippers — that made famous passages? You're an old fraud. . . . And you think you'll get this packet next trip, do you? Old Scotty, shrunken old Scotty, master of a ship! Not if I know it. You're too old and nervous to go to sea." And growling to himself, he dropped below, banging the scuttle behind him viciously.

The mate's old eyes blazed with murderous ferocity, and his vigorous old frame trembled violently with the vehemence of his rage. "I'll be the death of that fellow yet," he muttered savagely. "If he cheats me out of my last hope of obtaining another command, I'll ——" Slowly the grim, weather-bitten countenance cleared. "Ah, the fellow isn't worth getting mad at — a coasting skipper and a squarehead to boot. The owner won't listen to him."

Suddenly he turned about and glanced at the man at the wheel — a stalwart young fellow, with features set in a grimace of torture, hurling the spokes back and forth with frenzied effort.

"Steering hard, Young?"

The man answered explosively, in a sort of petulant fury, as though his temper had been strung to the bursting point by the strain of his relentless labor:

"She'll kill a man, sir. Why don't you take charge of her, and heave her to? The old man's drunk or crazy."

The mate blazed at him angrily, "Answer me civilly, and don't pass opinions"; then, turning away, he moved forward to the break of the poop and bawled out in a great deep-toned voice that boomed down the wind like the roll of a drum: "Lay aft here, Johnson, and lend a hand at the wheel."

The ship sped on, bounding with fierce, bodeful leaps over the roaring billows, plunging recklessly into the troughs. She reeled before it like a wild thing, kicking up her heels as though in defiance of the great gray-headed combers swarming after her like a pack of monstrous and ravening wolves. She tore on, quivering and groaning, and the old mate watched her with quiet eyes.

After a time the day darkened, and, borne upon the wings of the wind, a flurry of snow swept whirring over the sea. The captain came on deck and looked about him briskly.

"At the rate she's traveling now, we ought to sight land in a few hours," he shouted cheerily.

"We're more likely to pile on a shoal," answered the mate angrily. "We can't see two miles ahead now, and we won't be able to see anything soon. You'll put her ashore if you keep on, and, by God, if you do, I'll be the death of you."

The captain laughed with amused contempt. "Oh, don't excite yourself, Scotty," he growled irritably. "The weather is goin' to clear presently. That bank astern is the last of it; the glass is going up." Then, with a sudden outward thrust of his shaven chin, and a furious blinking of his beady eyes, he added vehemently, "And don't you threaten me, you old coot. If it wasn't for your gray head, I'd smash your face."

"Oh, don't let that stop you," retorted the mate truculently. "I tell you again, if you run her ashore — if you cheat me out of a command — I'll kill you."

Suddenly a snow squall swooped down, black and appalling, out of the boiling sky, and burst upon them. The ship, shuddering violently from the impact of it, seemed to spring forward like a race-horse at the prick of a spur. With a wild, scooping motion, she leaped from sea to sea, plunging her bows into the bastions of the fleeing surges till she filled her foredecks from rail to rail. Soon the hard-driven craft, heavy with the weight of water upon her, was crashing into it like a sledge-hammer, and deadening her way till she only evaded by a hair's-breadth the headlong swoop of the toppling combers charging after her. She burrowed into it till it seemed she would bang her brains out or wrack herself to pieces, but the captain held on — held on till a huge comber, overtaking the flying craft, flung its foaming crest viciously over the topsail, knocking his feet from under him and nearly sweeping him overboard. When he got up, he was unnerved — in a funk.

"Get the topsails off her, Scotty," he yelled excitedly.

"They'll blow off, as soon as we start the sheets," answered Scotty composedly. "And then she'll loose headway and be pooped for sure. You might as well bring her to now — the topsails'll go as soon as they shake."

"Get the topsails in, I say — and be quick about it."

The captain took the wheel, and the mate went forward with the men. But before they started a thing, both topsail yards carried away at the slings and went over the bows in pieces; and the fore-topsail, speared by a falling spar, flogged instantly into rags.

"Look out, boys. She'll heave to, now," the mate roared. And he sprang into the fore-rigging, followed by the men.

The stripped ship jarred wildly to port, and a sea, catching her under the counter, flung her broadside to it — hove her nearly on her beam-ends in the trough. Next moment a whooping gray-head pounced upon her, breaking right over the whole length of her, burying her completely under an avalanche of foam. As she emerged from the flood, she swung head to the gale and lifted to the succeeding seas bravely. She was swept clean — deck-houses wrecked, bulwarks torn, boats gone — and the captain missing from the wheel. The mate slid to the deck, bawling:

"Lay aft, boys, and get the trysail on her. Look alive, or she'll be falling off."

In a few minutes she had the trysail on her and lay with her head under her wing, breasting the seas buoyantly. The mate gazed into the smother to leeward at the disheveled crests of the tumbling surges — then he turned to the man who had taken the wheel.

"Well, I guess the captain went down quick. I never saw a sign of him after that sea piled over her."

"Yes, sir. S'pose he was stunned or killed. Brute of a sea. Thought the decks would be stove."

Old Scotty looked at the ship wallowing in the swell. He had a command again, given him by the sea, the good salt sea that he had loved so long, that had not forgotten him in his old age. Slowly his hard old face broke into a smile of grim satisfaction, and his sturdy old frame seemed to swell with pride. He was master of a ship again — not much of a ship — not much of a ship for "Old Stormy" of the *Petrel*, the master of the smartest clipper that flew the stars and bars in the epic days of the sailing ship — but still a ship. He would no longer have to bear the insolence and scorn of an ignorant and ill-natured squarehead — not for a while, anyway. "Serve the fool right, too," he muttered grimly. He was a vindictive old man.

After a while he went down into the after cabin, and, standing in water to his knees, began to work over a chart spread on the table. Presently he straightened up with a savage imprecation: "Curse the fool! We'll be ashore if it don't clear off soon." He looked around — and saw a haggard and bloody face peering at him dazedly from under the raised curtain of the captain's berth. Old Scotty had seen too many of the wonders of the deep, of the mysteries of life, not to be superstitious; but it was characteristic of him that he gave no sign of being startled — didn't even start back. In the dim and unsteady light he gazed unflinchingly at this amazing apparition — and became aware that it was the captain himself, and in the flesh, too. When that sea broke over her, the old man had, by some freak of the swirling waters, been hurled head foremost down the companion and left with just enough life and sense to crawl into his bunk.

"You here?" said Scotty at length. "I thought you were overboard."

"Well, I'm not," snapped the captain. "How long have I been down here?"

"Not very long. Are you hurt?"

"My head's spinning like a top — that's all," growled the captain savagely. "Send the steward here, and get out of my cabin. You can't take charge of my ship yet a while."

"I wish to God I'd taken charge of her four hours ago, and saved the sea the trouble of breaking your head," cried Scotty passionately. "She's nearer land than I thought. If you're so smart, you'd better come up, and take her in —"

"Breakers — breakers under our lee!" came the startling cry from the deck. "Jump up here, sir. We're going ashore."

Scotty sprang on deck, and the skipper, who had apparently been more frightened than hurt, followed at his heels. The ship was pitching heavily in a smother of snow, in a storm of spray; and all hands were gathered aft gazing into the gloom to leeward. Soon a big comber, rushing in, broke with an ominous roar hardly a cable's length to leeward into a mighty mass of seething foam.

"Get the foresail on her," roared Scotty.

But before they reached the break of the poop, she struck with a shock that threw all hands to their knees. Next moment she was caught up by a giant roller and hurled stern foremost upon the reef, bringing up with another terrific jolt. All hands scrambled into the main rigging.

The ship lay in a welter of broken water, with her stern high on the shoal and her bows buried in the seas, thumping, shuddering, worried cruelly by the frenzied wash of the waves. Every comber, as it came whooping in, broke roaring over her sunken bows and rushed in an avalanche of foam over her poop.

The captain was crying like a child. "Oh, Scotty, what can we do?" he cried despairingly.

"Don't you Scotty me, curse you," roared the mate furiously. "You've got us in a nice fix, haven't you, with your pigheaded foolishness? You may as well say your prayers if you know any — you'll never get out of her."

The captain stopped blubbering and watched the ponderous rollers crashing over the hull beneath him. A man began to curse him bitterly. "Shut up," roared Scotty angrily. "I can do all the cursing necessary." And in his big voice, vibrating with the virulence of his rage, he proceeded to curse the captain, violently, vindictively. But the captain, watching the breaking seas, didn't seem to hear.

In a little while the weather cleared very suddenly, and they saw where they were. On either hand ragged ranges of breakers stretched away for miles, but to leeward, scarcely a mile distant, lay the land — treeless, snow-clad slopes, dotted with dreary-looking fishing huts. As they gazed, the gale dropped abruptly — died out completely; and soon black figures appeared on the white hills, and a big boat pushed out of a little cove and came bouncing off toward them over the short, easy seas inside the ragged line of breakers. At length it arrived under the lee of the shoal, a hundred yards away, and a man in the stern sheets began to gesticulate wildly with both arms, as though inviting the shipwrecked mariners to swim through the rollers raging furiously over the shoal.

"They might as well have stopped ashore," growled the captain savagely. "They haven't any rocket apparatus — the fools! Do they expect us to swim through the surf?"

Old Scotty looked at the drawn face of the captain, the dejected figures of the men, and smiled sardonically. He hated the lot of them — those chaps that called themselves sailors and hadn't sense or spunk enough to save themselves. He wouldn't lift a little finger to save any man of them. And for himself he didn't care.

He had nothing to live for now — and memories of his redoubtable youth rose up suddenly and seemed to mock him. "Old Stormy" — he remembered how the rollicking clipper sailors used to sing of his sail-cracking exploits in their wild chanteys — "Old Stormy" had been a man of mark; a man who had sailed famous ships, who had made records on all the deep-water routes. But the man he was had been dead these many years. "Old Scotty," drunken "Old Scotty," as a degenerate generation of seamen called him, was only an old derelict adrift upon the sea — of no more account in the modern scheme of things than a fleck of foam upon a broken wave. If he — the man who as master of the *Stormy Petrel* wrested the blue ribbon of the seas from the famous English clipper *Star of the East* — went to an owner now with his hat in his hand, he could not get a ship; he would probably be laughed at — told that the man he claimed to be had been dead and buried years ago. Suddenly — and for the first time in his dissolute old age — he felt he had made a mess of life, and a malignant fury of resentment seized him — a desperate and murderous rage against the captain, the men, fate, life, and all the changed facts of life. As in a revealing flash of lightning, he saw the wreck of his life, and his lost soul, baffled and humiliated, became the prey of a mad impulse to give his passion reign — to fling himself upon the captain, upon the men, and end it all in an orgy of violence, in a frenzy of ferocity.

"What can we do, sir?" queried a man despairingly.

Old Scotty looked at him, noticed the appeal in his strained eyes, and suddenly, with a sharply drawn breath, recovered his grip upon himself. Surely he was going mad — what was he thinking about? If the captain didn't know his duty, he did, and he was mate — with some responsibility for the lives of the men. What was he thinking of? They had never harmed him. It was his duty to see them safely out of the ship. But the captain — the man whose foolhardy pigheadedness had robbed him of his last chance of a command — should not escape. No, not if he had to kill him with his own hands. And for himself he did not care.

"We'll have to send a line down to them boys," he said quietly.

In a moment he dropped to the deck, and, though the waves were over him every few seconds, managed to make his way aft, secure a life-buoy and log-line, and return to the rigging again. Presently he tossed the buoy overboard, with the line attached, and slowly but surely it was carried by the rollers across the shoal.

The boat picked it up, dropped an anchor, and signaled to haul back on the line. They hauled until they got a tailed block with an endless fall wove through it; and when it had been made fast, a breeches-buoy was pulled off to them.

But none of the men cared to go in it. They looked at the giant combers roaring over the shoal, and were filled with dismay. Now and then, as the great billow broke with thunderous tumult, they caught glimpses of rocks, jagged, black, very vicious-looking, in the seething foam. They protested frantically that they wouldn't go — that they would be drowned in the surf — dashed to pieces upon the rocks.

Scotty turned to the nearest man. "Here you, get into it," he ordered fiercely. "Get into it, and none of your nonsense. You can't stop here, and there's no time to lose. She'll break up, or slide off the reef presently."

Suddenly the man laughed. "Well, here goes," he shouted. And, his face shining with a sort of desperate recklessness, he clambered into the buoy. Next moment he was in the surf, and the men in the boat were hauling away with a will. They saw him at intervals, high on a curling crest — saw him once gravely turning a somersault in the air — and finally saw him being lifted into the boat, whether alive or dead they could not tell. But the buoy was promptly hauled off again, and another man got into it and started on the dangerous journey through the jaws of death.

As the men were being hauled through the surf, the ship began to break up — break in two under the terrific blows of the billows crashing upon her sunken bows. Ere long the foremast fell without warning, nearly jerking the mainmast out of her, nearly slathing the men out of the rigging into the raging maw of the sea. And at last, as the second mate was leaving, the decks suddenly burst amidships, and the foreward part of the hull disappeared under a welter of foam.

Old Scotty looked at the captain clinging to the swaying, shaking rigging, and his grim face assumed an expression of unrestrained and gloating ferocity. The captain should not escape. When the buoy came off again, he would go in it, but while in the surf he would cut the line behind him.

"Well, you Dutch fool, you'll not get out of her — you'll not escape," he said in slow, venomous tones.

The captain's face was as white as a sheet, but his expression was essentially composed, as though he were resigned to death.

"I'm afraid not," he answered quietly. "I'm afraid the mainmast will go before it comes my turn. And I dare say it serves me right," he added hastily, in his old nagging, spiteful tones. "But it's hard — hard to leave a wife and children. God knows what will become of them. They had only my earnings to depend on."

Scotty looked at him curiously. Presently the hard old face softened, and the ferocious glitter died out of his eyes. The Dutchman had his faults, but after all they were more of the head than the heart. And he had a wife and children.

"Captain, you'll go next," said Scotty dully.

The captain did not even look at him. "Oh, no — I'll wait my turn," he said wearily. "I'll pay the price of my folly, if need be."

Scotty watched the buoy skipping off towards them, and when it arrived he said again:

"Captain, you'll go next. Go to your wife and children. If I'm lost, it won't matter. There's nobody to miss me."

"No, no. I can't, man. I may be a fool,

but I've some self-respect. And if you ——"

Suddenly Scotty whipped out his sheath-knife, and, though at risk of being slathed into the sea, flourished it in the captain's face.

"Go, you fool, go, or I'll kill you," he cried in a fury. "Go to your wife and children before it's too late. If I don't get out of here, you can say you were hurt. Go, go — before I kill you."

The spar began to totter drunkenly, and the captain, bursting into tears, scrambled hastily into the buoy, and in a moment was sliding into the surf. Old Scotty, left alone in his rocking engine, laughed a strange, mocking laugh, as though in scorn of his weakness, as though in contempt of the relenting mood that made him forego his revenge. "And I'm a fool, too, I'm thinking," he muttered grimly, "throwing away my chance of life for a —— Dutchman. Ah, well, I've lived my life — I've had my fling" —— The mast suddenly seemed to spring up, the rigging parted, and spar and man plunged headlong into the sea. In a moment Scotty rose to the surface uninjured, and, all the combativeness of his indomitable old soul aroused by the shock of the icy waters, scrambled back upon the heaving spar and began to throw off his boots and clothes. Soon he noticed that the whip was jammed, and as the spar reared on a swell he saw that the captain was still in the surf. Instantly he flung himself into the water, caught hold of the hauling part, and, getting out his knife, cut the line behind him. As the whip gave to the strain upon it, he was jerked under, but he held on doggedly and was drawn into the surf, where the great combers picked him up and flung him, as though he were a ship, far forward, or buried him deep under a mass of foam, rolling him over and over like a water-wheel. Now and then he was dashed furiously upon the rocks, but he held on to the line desperately. At last the roaring combers flung him, as though in disdain of his gray hairs, into smoother water, and he was hauled, breathless and dazed, into the boat by amazed and excited men.

"Good Lord! It's old Neptune himself," exclaimed the big, brown-headed coxswain.

Old Scotty lay full length in the stern sheets, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Presently he gasped:

"All hands safe?"

"The captain's dead, six killed in the surf,' answered the second. "But the rest of us are alive enough, though broken up a bit. Guess we'll pull through — if we don't freeze to death before we get ashore."

Old Scotty, lying there too exhausted to move, groaned heavily. And so he had killed the captain after all — driven him to a dishonorable death.

"Ah, well," he muttered aloud, "the sea will have its way. But the captain was hurt before he left the wreck."

SUMMER'S CLOSE

BY

MADISON CAWEIN

The melancholy of the woods and plains
When summer nears its close; the drowsy, dim,
Unfathomed sadness of the mists that swim
About the valleys after night-long rains;
The humming garden, with its tawny chains
Of gourds and blossoms, ripened to the brim;
And then at eve the low moon's quiet rim,
And the slow sunset, whose one cloud remains,
Fill me with peace that is akin to tears:
Unutterable peace, that moves as in a dream
'Mid fancies sweeter than it knows or tells:
That sees and hears with other eyes and ears,
And walks with Memory beside a stream
That flows through fields of fadeless asphodels.

THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

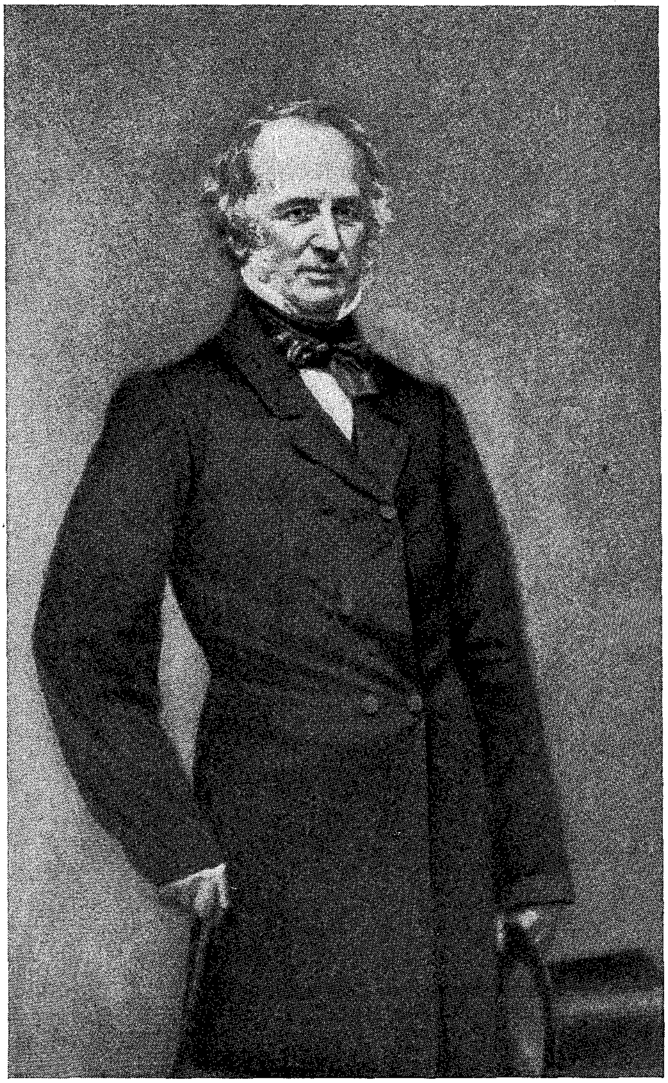
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Vanderbilt fortune, once the greatest financial power in the United States, probably amounts, at the present moment, to not far from $300,000,000. Of this, William Kissam Vanderbilt, who controls the majority of the family properties, holds in the neighborhood of $100,000,000, while twelve or fifteen descendants of the Commodore share among themselves the remaining $200,000,000. The development of this fortune is the most important chapter in the railroad history of the United States; its disintegration, under modern business conditions and American law and customs, sheds an important light upon many of the gravest social and economic problems affecting the Republic.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the whole remarkable career of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt is that he did his really important work and heaped up his enormous fortune after he was seventy years old. He was born in 1794, and almost all his energies, until the outbreak of the Civil War, had been absorbed in the management of his numerous steamboat and steamship lines. In the decade preceding 1860, however, a revolution in transportation had taken place in this country. Vanderbilt's half century of service as a steamboat man had witnessed a marvellous territorial and economic development in the United States. When he started in the steamboat business, the population of the United States was practically confined to the Atlantic seaboard; the great Northwest was still an uncultivated country; Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and Buffalo — these places gave few indications of their future commercial importance. New York City itself had a population of only 80,000; New York State consisted of a few small cities and towns scattered along both sides of the Hudson River.

By 1860, however, the country west of the Hudson, as far as the Mississippi River, and north of the Ohio, had begun to give sustenance to millions of prosperous and industrious Americans. It embraced then, as it does now, millions of acres which teemed with wheat, corn, oats, and other cereals, and which, with the territory to the westward, were ultimately to sustain, not only the American people, but a considerable part of Europe. The industrial capital of this extensive region was the city of Chicago; the larger part of the wheat, the corn, and the cattle of the Northwest had to reach this great distributing point before it could find its market place in the Atlantic States. Most of it went eastward by way of the Great Lakes and the Erie Canal; a considerable part also went southward by way of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. The tow boy and the Mississippi pilot occupied the position which the coastwise schooner captain had so creditably filled in Vanderbilt's early manhood; and that these functionaries would ever cease to shed a certain romantic glamor upon the somewhat sordid surroundings in which they lived had hardly occurred to the average American.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, however, when running his steamboats up and down the Hudson River, had felt keenly the competition of the railroad along its eastern shore. Later developments led him clearly to perceive, what most of his contemporaries saw only faintly, that transportation in this country would follow the line, not of the canal and the river, but of the steel rail. As soon as he had caught this glimpse of the future, Vanderbilt characteristically acted upon it. Fifty years before, foreseeing the possibilities of steam travel by water, he had sold his whole sailing fleet and purchased steamboats; acting just as promptly now, he sold all his water craft and began purchasing railroads. When Vanderbilt first manifested his interest in railroads, his friends regarded it as an aberration which was not surprising in a man of his age. When they learned that he was systematically selling his beautiful steamships, in nearly all cases at a financial sacrifice, and reinvesting the money in rusty iron rails and wheezy little locomotives, they declared that his prestige and his fortune were lost indeed.

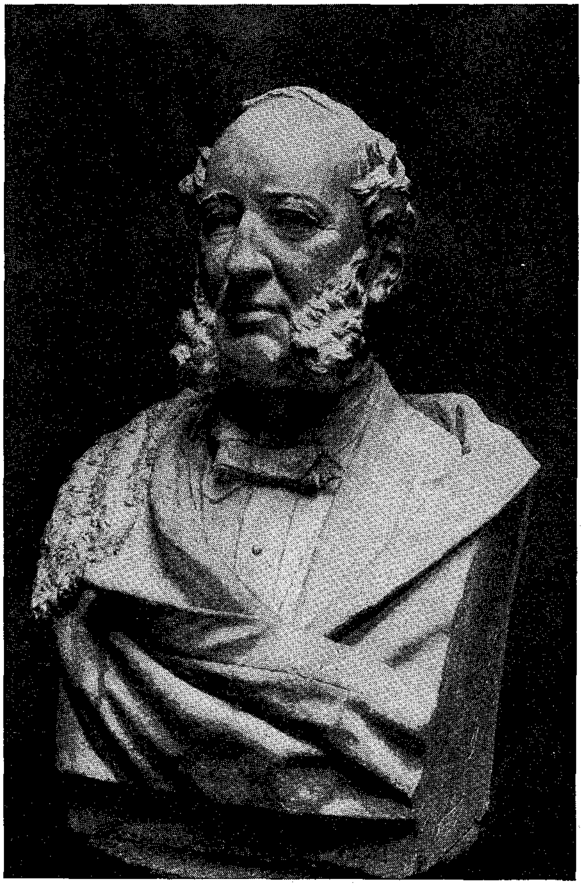


From a photograph by Brady in the collection of F. H. Meserve

COMMODORE VANDERBILT

WHOSE GREAT FORTUNE REPRESENTED THE PRICE PAID BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FOR THEIR FIRST EFFICIENT RAILROAD SERVICE

A few years before Commodore Vanderbilt would himself have said substantially the same thing. In 1857 a friend attempted to interest him in the Harlem Railroad, then suffering from one of its periodical embarrassments. "Bring me a steamboat," replied Vanderbilt, "and I can do something, but I won't have anything to do with your damned railroads." His words voiced the popular attitude, not only toward the Harlem, but toward practically every other railroad enterprise. In his annual message in 1854, President Franklin Pierce had commented on the demoralization of the railway business. Railroad speculation had, to a large extent, brought on the industrial panic of 1857, and that convulsion had left nearly all railroad properties in ragged condition. Their broken-down outward appearance, indeed, fitly clothed the financial rottenness that existed within. In 1853 the directors of the Michigan Southern Railroad had to borrow chairs from an adjoining office to hold their annual meeting, the sheriff having



From a bust by J. A. Ward, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT

WHO INCREASED THE FORTUNE LEFT HIM BY THE COMMODORE FROM $80,000,000 TO $200,000,000, BUT DIED FROM THE STRAIN OF TRYING TO HOLD TOGETHER HIS ENORMOUS PROPERTIES. IN 1879 HE SOLD HALF OF HIS MAJORITY OWNERSHIP IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL, A STEP WHICH MARKED THE BEGINNING OF THE DISINTEGRATION OF VANDERBILT POWER

walked off with their own. Almost all railway properties had large floating debts; when they paid dividends, which they did not infrequently, their managers usually drew upon their capital. The only section of the country that manifested any marked interest in railroads was Wall Street; here the "market leaders" kicked about their stocks in most hilarious fashion; and railroad directors regarded their positions chiefly as vantage grounds from which to speculate in their own shares.

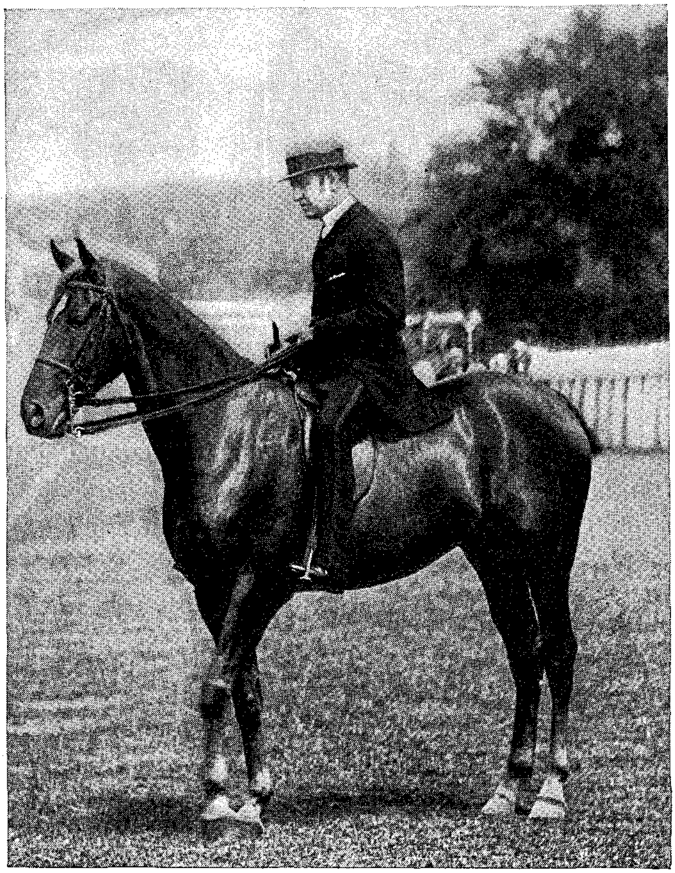
Vanderbilt Plans a Great Comprehensive Railroad Empire

Commodore Vanderbilt mapped out his railroad program on a most extensive scale. Not a single disconnected railroad here and there — this was not his ambition; he determined to obtain, what practically none of his contemporaries had dreamed of, a great continuous trunk line extending from New York to the West. To link New York with Chicago, to monopolize the highway along which Western freight and passengers would pass to the seaboard, to usurp the position then held by the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson River,— that was his conception. The materials for this great enterprise all lay at his feet.

In the forties and fifties certain enterprising capitalists had built seventeen independent railroad lines, which, if properly connected, provided a continuous highway from New York to Chicago. By 1861 several of these properties had already been linked together, and the number reduced to seven. The advantage of these roads was that, in the main, they duplicated the already well-established water route to the West. They furnished a railroad highway almost as straight and level as the Erie Canal itself. The Hudson River Railroad ran upon a water level grade from New York to Albany; the New York Central penetrated the smooth, unbroken Mohawk Valley from Albany to Buffalo; the several lines afterward solidified into the Lake Shore maintained a water level grade along the borders of Lake Erie. Thus, from New York to Chicago, there were no hills to climb, no mountains to pierce, few large rivers to bridge. Moreover, this route traversed a country that then, as now, contained one third of the population of the United States, and connected scores of thriving cities — Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Erie, Toledo, and Detroit — which had sprung up as a result of the building of the Erie Canal.

Under conditions as they existed then, this splendid highway was practically useless. The journey that now takes eighteen or twenty hours then consumed nearly fifty. Passengers to Chicago had to change trains at seven different places. At each town they rumbled from one station to another in a creaky omnibus, purchased separate tickets, and perhaps waited several hours in uncomfortable quarters for the next train. Their meals were not served in luxurious dining-cars; the passengers were fed, usually, in dirty little "eating cribs" that formed a part of certain important stations.

The transportation of freight was an even more serious matter. It was impossible to bill



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT II.

THE GRANDSON OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT, WHO CARRIED THE NEW YORK CENTRAL THROUGH TWO PANICS, BUT DIED, LIKE HIS FATHER, FROM THE WORK OF MEETING THE INCREASING COMPETITION OF POWERFUL RIVALS consignments through to Chicago; they could be sent only to the end of the particular line on which they started. Consequently, consignees had either to send a man with each load, or have half a dozen agents scattered along at the several stopping places. At the end of each line, freight had to be taken from the car and hauled across the city to the station of the next line and loaded aboard again. Because of these inconveniences, the railroads were scarcely used as highways to the West. Railroad statistics of fifty years ago show that freight transportation, which now brings in at least two thirds of all railroad earnings, was of comparatively little account. Vanderbilt's idea was to get control of these scattered roads, manage them as one continuous line, and, by reducing cost and increasing speed, take the business of transporting freight from the water routes, and thereby profit from the inevitable growth of the West.

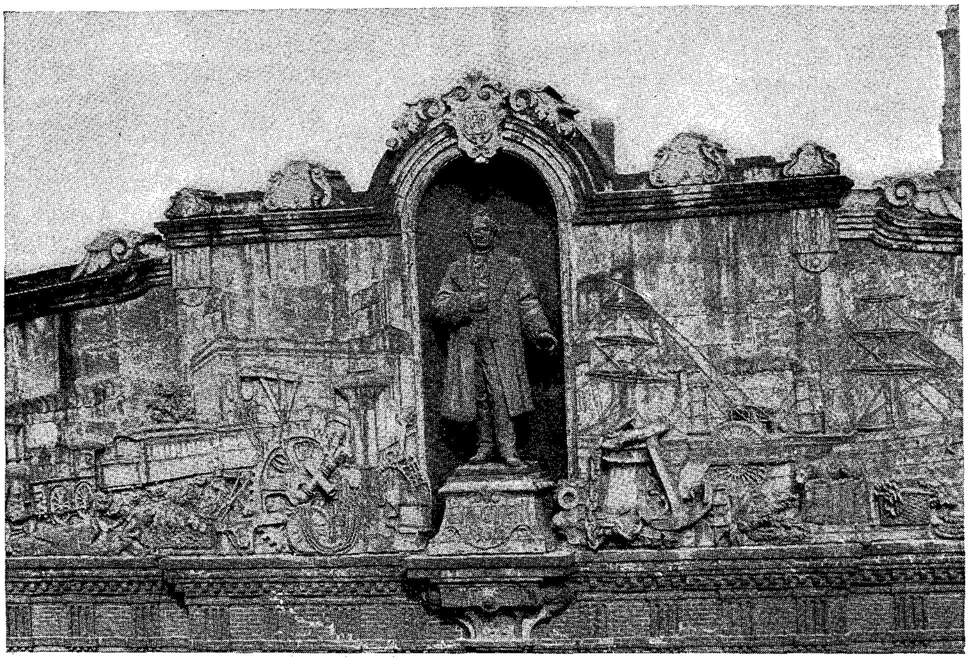
Nearly $100,000,000 Profits in Ten Years

Vanderbilt began the acquisition of these properties in 1863; by 1873 he had completed the work. In these ten years he had not only acquired more than three thousand miles of railway, reformed multitudinous abuses, and essentially created the modern railroad; he had also increased his personal fortune from $11,000,000 to $104,000,000.

The Commodore acquired possession of his great trunk railroad largely by exercising the brute power of his wealth. He boldly purchased in the open market properties of enormous potential value, which their holders were only too contented to sell. The Vanderbilt fortune is one of the results of two great financial crises — the hard times occasioned by the Civil War and by the panic of 1873. Practically every Vanderbilt railroad, with the exception of the New York Central, was in a state of virtual bankruptcy when the Commodore came into possession of it. When he began purchasing the Harlem road, its stock sold for eight cents on the dollar; shares in the Hudson River line, when Vanderbilt began picking them up, went begging at twenty. The panic of 1873 gave the Commodore what is now the most valuable of all the New York Central properties, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. The Commodore's son-in-law, Horace F. Clark, consolidated the roads between Buffalo and Chicago into this great line in 1869; he managed it so badly, however, that when the great crash came in 1873, it had a floating debt of $6,000,000 and an overdue payroll of $1,400,000. It had contracted a loan of $2,000,000 from the Union Trust Company in New York, the failure to pay which had forced the trust company into a receivership. When things had reached this pass, Vanderbilt stepped in, wrote his check for $6,000,000 to pay off the Lake Shore debt, and assumed personal responsibility for the Union Trust Company's loan. As his reward, he took the property himself, became its president, and, with Amasa Stone, started in on the work of resuscitation. All his purchasing operations the Commodore made less expensive by his continual manipulations of the stock market. At the time that he was purchasing the Harlem and Hudson River roads, he was constantly speculating in their shares; the several Harlem and Hudson River "corners" which he engineered furnished the most celebrated Wall Street episodes of the early sixties; in one he made from three to five million dollars' profit — enough to purchase the Harlem River line several times over. That he had other resources, however, Vanderbilt made clear when he started his campaign for the acquisition of the great New York Central line extending from Albany to Buffalo.

Several powerful millionaires and politicians controlled the New York Central Railroad; it regularly paid dividends, and, for a time, did a large and steadily increasing business. Several members of the old Albany regency — including Dean Richmond, Erastus Corning, and Peter Coggers — actively managed the property. Having purchased a large interest in the stock, Vanderbilt attempted, in 1866, to secure control, and met the first serious setback of his railroad career. In seizing the railroad from these powerful rivals, the Commodore now displayed all his characteristic audacity, resourcefulness, and defiance of public opinion. With the Hudson River Railroad he simply clubbed his way into the Central.

The Central had two avenues by which it could send its passengers and freight from Albany to New York — the Hudson River steamboats and Vanderbilt's Hudson River Railroad. In the winter time, however, the river was completely frozen over, and the Central was absolutely dependent on Vanderbilt's Hudson River line. The Commodore took advantage of this circumstance to cripple his adversary, decrease its earnings, depreciate its stock, and ultimately to seize the property. In the latter part of January, 1867, the Hudson River road notified the New York Central that it would no longer accept traffic from it. At Albany a new railroad bridge had recently been constructed; over this Hudson River trains passed, and, at Albany, interchanged passengers and freight with the New York Central. Sud-



STATUE OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT, ERECTED BY HIMSELF ON HIS HUDSON RIVER FREIGHT STATION IN ST. JOHN'S PARK

denly all Hudson River trains refused to cross this bridge, and established a new stopping place on the east side of the river.

The very day this order became effective, the thermometer dropped to zero, and one of the most terrible snow-storms of recent years set in. In this snow-storm, Western passengers on the New York Central had to walk across the river, dragging their baggage along with them, in order to make connections with the Hudson River trains to New York. When they reached the other side, the Hudson River trains had usually left; this also was part of the general scheme to make the break in connection complete. Meanwhile, Western freight began to accumulate at Albany; thousands of cattle, for which no provision could be made, suffered seriously from exposure and hunger. The inevitable then took place: all Western freight began to be shipped from Buffalo to New York by way of the Erie Railroad. The Central's earnings immediately decreased; its bankruptcy, under these conditions, could probably not be long postponed. Its stock, which, in the fall of 1866, had sold at $130 a share, declined, as a result of Vanderbilt's onslaught, to $95. As it went down, the Commodore purchased thousands of shares, and, in a few months, had $6,000,000 of its $23,000,000 capital in his own name. The more conservative Central stockholders now took up Vanderbilt's cause. They had tired of the old political crowd; Vanderbilt's management of the Harlem and the Hudson River had given him a great reputation as a railroad man. In the fall of 1867, therefore, a majority of the Central's stockholders formally offered Vanderbilt control of the road.

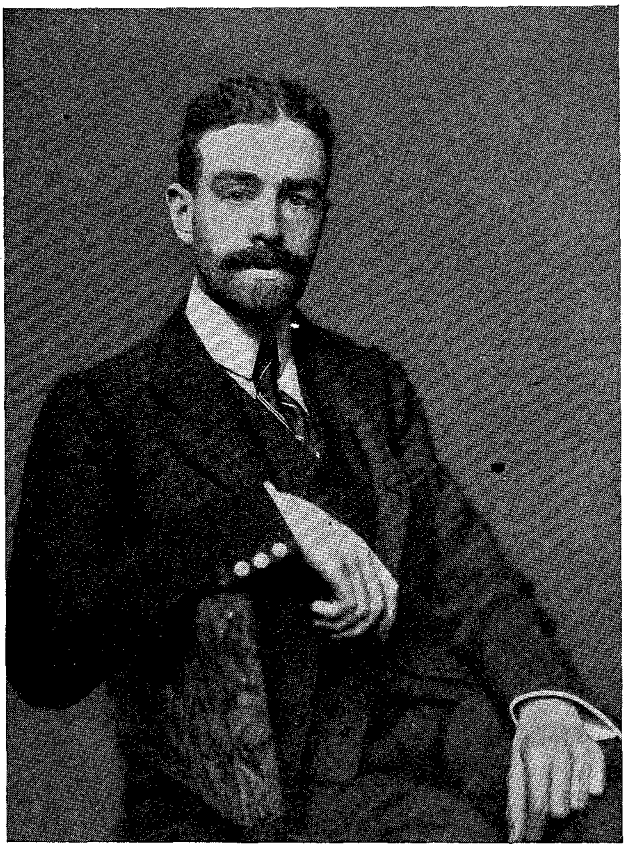
Vanderbilt Absolute Dictator of New York Central System

Thus, in ten years, Commodore Vanderbilt, at the age of eighty, had realized his ambition for a New York–Chicago line. He had introduced, also, a new conception of railroad ownership and control — the one-man idea. Hitherto a congeries of wrangling stockholders had managed these disorganized properties; Vanderbilt became the Caesar of the railroad situation. There have been other great American railroad autocrats — Gould, Huntington, Hill, and Harriman — but no one has held so absolute a position as the Commodore. Railroad ownership is now a complicated affair — a combination of bankers, important financiers with large minority interests, proxy holders, and the like. Hardly any American magnate can point to a great trunk property and say "That is mine." This is precisely what Cornelius Vanderbilt could do. No combination of stockholders could oust him from control, for he actually had a majority interest in his own name. When he died, he owned sixty per cent of the stock of the New York Central, a majority interest in the Harlem, the Lake Shore, and the Canada Southern, and many minority holdings in other roads.

He managed these properties, spent many millions in their reconstruction, and manipulated their securities with absolute independence of all minority stockholders. That the public had any legitimate concern with his railroads would have struck the Commodore as absurd. Once, upon the witness-stand, he repeatedly replied, "None of your business" to a regularly authorized inquisitor who was attempting to get certain first-hand information concerning the Central's affairs. Before he obtained control of the Central, its official reports were fairly complete; afterwards, they did not furnish the most rudimentary information. He had the utmost contempt for the law and its representatives; "Law!" he once roared, "what do I care about the law? Hain't I got the power?" Once, observing that a Central director had not voted for certain propositions which had been under consideration, he asked the reason why. "Don't you know, Commodore," his friend replied, "that each and every one of those transactions is absolutely forbidden by the statutes of the State of New York?" "My God! John," said Vanderbilt, "you don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes of the State of New York, do you?"

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE VANDERBILT RAILROAD INTERESTS. AS HIS FATHER SURRENDERED THE CONTROL OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL, WILLIAM K. HAS GIVEN UP THE CONTROL OF THE LAKE SHORE AND THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL. AT HIS DEATH, THE VANDERBILT FAMILY WILL PROBABLY CEASE TO BE A POWER IN AMERICAN RAILROAD FINANCE



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT III.

THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE FOURTH GENERATION WHO WAS QUALIFIED TO MANAGE THE FAMILY PROPERTY. HIS DISINHERITANCE HAS CONTRIBUTED TO THE ECLIPSE OF THE VANDERBILT POWER

Creation of a Great Trunk Road to Chicago

The Central's stockholders submitted to this despotism because they found it a most profitable one. From the *disjecta membra* which he had picked up on the New York Stock Exchange, Vanderbilt developed a smooth, rapidly running, and highly paying trunk line. From New York to his Chicago terminus, he remade the property, physically and financially. He doubled the capacity of the Hudson River division by widening the road-bed and laying a second track. From Albany to Buffalo he laid four tracks,— two exclusively for freight and two for passengers. These four tracks, upon which Vanderbilt spent $40,000,000, were long the wonder of the railroad world.

All along his line, the Commodore ripped up the old iron rails which had done service for many years and relaid them with steel. It is an interesting side-light upon the progress of American industry that Vanderbilt had to import these new steel rails from England. He replaced wooden bridges with steel and iron ones, and along the whole length of the line built new passenger and freight stations. He converted the old Harlem station into the terminus for the whole Vanderbilt system. At Forty-second Street Vanderbilt built the Grand Central station, then the country's largest railroad terminal. In Fourth Avenue, he sank the Harlem tracks and constructed the present tunnel — which, thirty years ago, was regarded as a great public improvement. In every department the Commodore introduced new efficiency and economies. When he came into possession of the Central, all its locomotives were covered with dazzling brass work; the Commodore found the polishing of these ornaments an expensive luxury and had them all painted black. He discovered among the employees, according to a contemporary account, "an army of suckers in the form of ticket and freight agents"; most of these he dismissed and the others he brought firmly into line.

As a result of all these changes, the earnings and traffic of the road greatly increased. The Central became the favorite passenger route from Chicago to New York; the grain, the cattle, the forest and the farm products of the far West began to move to the seaboard along the Central in enormous quantities. The old bankrupt roads became good dividend payers; their shares, from being the playthings of Wall Street, came to be looked upon as the country's most desirable investments. The Harlem Railroad, which had a large deficit when the Commodore took hold, in 1863, paid eight per cent dividends in 1866. The Hudson River, which had experienced all kinds of reverses before Vanderbilt took charge, paid its eight per cent in 1867. The New York Central also almost immediately went upon an eight per cent basis. The Lake Shore, which was $7,000,000 in debt when the Commodore rescued it from bankruptcy in 1873, had cleared up all its obligations and paid a dividend of three and one-half per cent in 1875. It is not surprising that the Commodore's fame as a railroad man reached everywhere. The New York *Tribune* declared that Vanderbilt had done more to restore confidence in railway management than any living man. Three times the English stockholders of the Erie road, outraged by the criminal maladministration of their property, begged Vanderbilt to assume its management.

Vanderbilt did not accomplish all these results without perpetrating gross abuses. There was not much in his management, or that of his descendants, that could be properly described as graft. Inside rings absorbing the profits of the stockholders, or engaging in private operations at their expense — such scandals, during Vanderbilt's management, were practically unknown. That the Commodore constantly speculated in the stock market and that he manipulated the management of his railroads as part of these speculations, is unquestionably true; inasmuch, however, as he never paid less than eight per cent dividends on the Central, his stockholders did not unduly suffer. There is one essential difference between the Gould and the Vanderbilt ideals of railway management. Gould sacrificed his own stockholders to make himself rich; Vanderbilt laid heavy tribute upon the public to make rich the owners of the Central properties. Under the Commodore's control, rebating flourished on a large scale. By granting rebates to the Standard Oil group in the earliest days, Vanderbilt helped to nurture that powerful monopoly which has since gained so strong a hold upon his own railroad system. He practised all those rate discriminations that, in recent years, have been outlawed by federal action. He bribed legislators and he corrupted courts.

The Midnight Stock Watering of the New York Central

With the exception of the Harlem River Road, Vanderbilt remorselessly watered every property he got. He signalized his control of the Hudson River by issuing $7,000,000's worth of new stock, at least one-half of which represented no actual value. A year after taking over the Central, he increased its capitalization by $23,000,000, practically every dollar of which represented inside profits for himself and his friends. Both a legislative and a stock-market scandal accompanied this inflation. Vanderbilt went about the matter with characteristic secrecy. Only two members of his board of directors, his son-in-law, Horace F. Clark, and Chester W. Chapin, had any inkling of his intentions. William H. Vanderbilt, his own son, afterwards declared that he had been kept in ignorance, and had even sold, at a great loss, large blocks of Central stock a few days before the operation went through. The Commodore even refused to have the requisite legal documents printed, for fear that the printers might reveal his plans. The three directors, Clark, Chapin, and Vanderbilt formally voted the consolidation, not at the Central's offices, but at Horace F. Clark's house. They met at midnight, and declared a stock dividend of eighty per cent on the outstanding issues of the New York Central Railroad.

On this occasion Vanderbilt must have voted profits ranging from $8,000,000 to $15,000,000 into his own pockets. His speculative winnings in Central stock at the same time must have been very large. A few days before passing this bonus issue, it was said, he had quietly picked up 130,000 shares of Central stock. The day before the deal became known, Central stock sold at $120 a share; the day after at $160; and Vanderbilt's purchase therefore represented more than $5,000,000 in profits. In November, 1869, Vanderbilt consolidated the two properties into one corporation — the present New York Central & Hudson River Railroad; and on this occasion he again increased their capitalization by nearly $23,000,000's worth of watered stock. In these years he thus poured nearly $60,000,000 of fictitious value into the Central Railroad — two-thirds its entire stock capitalization.

The payment of dividends upon these issues sadly taxed the Central's resources. Under this heavy weight, the property Vanderbilt had so brilliantly developed began to show signs of decay. Indeed, these stock inflations explain that parsimonious management which has for many years been associated with the Vanderbilt name. Vanderbilt had to raise annually nearly $7,000,000 for Central stockholders, of which nearly $5,000,000 represented dividends on fictitious issues. To get this money, enormously high freights were levied on local traffic, rolling stock was allowed to depreciate, stations fell into disrepair, and general dilapidation resulted. These stock inflations, however, largely explain the enormous increase of the Commodore's fortune in the last ten years of his life. His stock profits from the three transactions must have aggregated $25,000,000; and upon this he received eight per cent dividends for eight years. These items in themselves therefore account for nearly $40,000,000 of the $104,000,000 of which he died possessed.

With the Commodore's death, in January, 1877, the country lost one of its most original and distinguished characters. Physically, Vanderbilt was one of the most imposing figures in New York. In his old age, at seventy-three, he married his second wife, a beautiful Southern widow who had just turned her thirtieth year; and the appearance of the two, side by side, in one of the Commodore's smartest turnouts, driving recklessly behind a pair of the fastest trotters of the day, was a common sight in Central Park. Nor did Vanderbilt look incongruous in this brilliant setting. His tall, powerful frame was still erect, and, with his large defiant head, ruddy cheeks, sparkling, deep-set black eyes, and snowy white hair and whiskers, he looked every inch the Commodore. These public appearances lent a pleasanter and more sentimental aspect to Vanderbilt's life than his intimates always perceived. For in his manners he was usually harsh, unreasonable, and uncouth. He was totally without education, and could write hardly half a dozen lines without outraging the spelling book. His moods alternated from ungovernable rage to the most remorseful tenderness. In his last illness, he would throw the hot water bottle at the doctor and strike with his fists at the nurses one moment, and burst into tears and ask God to forgive him the next. He would call his doctors to their faces "old grannies," "blatherskites," and "stupid fools."

In his business career, Vanderbilt always courted the good opinion of the world; in spite of this he was secretive and unapproachable.

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT DRIVING HIS ENGLISH COACH FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON. THOUGH NOMINALLY THE HEAD OF THE ELDER BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, ALFRED G. IS NOT A DIRECTOR IN ANY OF THE GREAT VANDERBILT RAILROADS

He would never take suggestions directly — though he did not hesitate to appropriate good ideas when they came along unobtrusively. He always became sullen when any one asked him questions, and would abruptly close the conversation if interrupted. He had no inclination for "society," and lived for the last forty years of his life in an old-fashioned, plainly furnished house in Washington Square. Here he had no paintings or books, except the Bible and The Pilgrim's Progress, the latter of which he read constantly and usually carried on his travels. He loved his race horses, had a fondness for music, and would sit through long winter evenings listening while his young wife sang old ballads. He found much diversion in whist and five-point euchre, and every summer he convened a number of his favorite cronies at Saratoga and spent night after night over his favorite game.

The Commodore's Fondness for Spiritualists and Clairvoyants

Vanderbilt worked hard, though in an irregular and spasmodic way. When carrying on his hottest Wall Street operations, he would sometimes get up at five o'clock in the morning; in the main, however, he showed little of the plodding instinct. He had no taste for details; his mind saw things in their large aspects; he could map out great programs, but he usually relied upon others to carry them through. In his big transactions he seemed almost to act upon impulse and intuition; he never was able to explain the mental processes by which he arrived at certain important decisions, although the decisions were invariably sound. He seems almost to have had, as he himself frequently asserted, a clairvoyant faculty; he saw visions, and believed in dreams and in signs. The greatest practical genius of his time was a frequent attendant at spiritualistic séances; he cultivated the society of mediums, and in sickness he usually resorted to mental healers, mesmerists, and clairvoyant quacks of all kinds. Before making investments he visited spiritualists, and we have one circumstantial account of his summoning the wraith of Jim Fisk to advise him in his stock operations. He had also innumerable superstitions. He never mentioned the word "will," but always referred to his last testament as "that paper"; in his last illness he attempted to cure himself by placing salt cellars under his bedposts; and he worried much over a certain Biblical injunction concerning the difficulty of rich men in entering heaven. * "I see many roads," he said on his death-bed, "but I can't see where they end." However, he declared that he was willing to entrust himself to Providence, because "Providence is as square as a brick." In his last days, he manifested also much interest in religion. A few moments before he died, his family, at his request, gathered around his bed and sang "Nearer, My God, To Thee"— the Commodore himself joining in, in a hoarse, rattling voice. He called upon Dr. Deems, an old Moravian minister who had been his close friend for many years, to pray. "That was a good prayer," were the Commodore's last words.

Vanderbilt Erects a Monument to Himself

In his active days, however, Vanderbilt's most conspicuous characteristics were his selfishness, his vanity, and his ambition for his family. As distrustful as he was avaricious, he kept his safe, containing all his private papers, in his bedroom. Out of his great fortune, he left absolutely no public bequest; in his lifetime, his only two conspicuous public gifts were the Church of the Strangers in New York and the Vanderbilt University in Tennessee. According to his contemporaries, a subscription paper always aroused his wrath; to a minister who once attempted to interest him in a certain benevolent enterprise, he responded by giving him a ticket to the West Indies. Edward C. Worcester, his confidential man in the Central, used to tell a story of a Catholic priest who one day came to the Commodore and returned twenty dollars which one of his parishioners had stolen from the Central. Vanderbilt took the money and passed it on to its proper department. As the priest departed, he said to Worcester: "There's something in religion after all, ain't there!"

The Commodore's vanity led him into absurd excesses. He once proposed — and actually engaged an architect to prepare plans — to build an enormous monument in Central Park: something which should be higher than the Washington monument, and which should commemorate side by side the names of Washington and Vanderbilt. He celebrated his achievements in connection with the Lake Shore road by printing his own picture on the Lake Shore bonds. In 1867 he erected, at his own expense, or at that of his railroad, a large statue of himself on his new Hudson River freight station in St. John's Park. Artistically, it was a most gruesome affair; it was of heroic size, and represented in bronze the Commodore clad in his fur coat, surrounded by sailboats, railroad tracks, trains, and other appropriate emblems of his career. At its unveiling, bands discoursed martial music, Bishop Jones offered prayer, and A. Oakey Hall, the Tweed mayor of New York, delivered a fervid oration.

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* These personal details are derived from the sworn testimony of friends and relatives in the will contest which followed Vanderbilt's death.

Though ambitious to found a great American dynasty, the Commodore was on notoriously bad terms with nearly all his children. "I have eleven children," he once said to a friend, "and there ain't one of them that's worth a damn — except Bill." He apparently resented the fact that of his thirteen children ten had been girls. Some one once, in Vanderbilt's presence, praised the children of one of his daughters, Mrs. W. K. Thorn. "Oh, yes, they're nice children," he replied, "but they ain't Vanderbilts." His favorite child had been his youngest son, George Washington Vanderbilt, a graduate of West Point, who died at Nice in 1866 as a result of injuries received in the Civil War. His greatest embitterment came through his second son and namesake, Cornelius Jeremiah. The latter, who at eighteen separated from his father as the result of a violent quarrel, became an inveterate gambler and for years picked up a precarious living by his wits, reinforced by a moderate allowance from the Commodore. He fell into many scrapes, and was several times arrested on criminal charges, such as forgery and obtaining money under false pretenses. In all likelihood, Cornelius J. was not entirely responsible; he had always been subject to epileptic fits and had several times been shut up as insane. His mother, also, at one time had spent several months in a lunatic asylum, and one of the Commodore's daughters had been an imbecile from birth. In his disagreements with his father, young Cornelius found many sympathizers; Horace Greeley continually supplied him with money — when the great-hearted editor died, unpaid notes of Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, amounting to more than $80,000,* were found among his assets. In 1880 young Cornelius ended his wretched career by blowing out his brains in a New York hotel.

The Commodore's Apprehensions for his Property

The railroad system which he had built up was the passion of Vanderbilt's life. "I'm looney on the New York Central," he would say. His one ambition was to keep this property intact — to hold it as a great family possession that should make the name of Vanderbilt powerful for all time. He constantly brooded, nevertheless, over the possibility that it might fall into unworthy hands or get into the clutch of Wall Street. "Worcester," he would gloomily say to his confidential man, "I hope our people will be big enough to manage this thing after I am gone." "The Commodore told me," said one of his closest friends, Dr. Jared Linsly, in his testimony in the will contest which followed Vanderbilt's death, "that he had been spared to accomplish a great work that would last and remain. 'I have taken care,' he said, 'that it is secured in such a way that the stock cannot be put upon the market. Had I divided my property among my daughters, they would have turned Billy out of the presidency and put Torrance [one of the Commodore's sons-in-law] in, and next thing they would get to quarreling among themselves and then throw the stock on the market and in six months it would have been down to 40.'"

The Commodore's Efforts to Safeguard the Family Property

Had American laws permitted the entailment of his property, Vanderbilt would unquestionably have safeguarded its integrity in this way. To each of his nine daughters, he left only $500,000; to his epileptic son, Cornelius, a trust fund of $200,000; and to his four grandsons, Cornelius, William K., Frederick W., and George W., about $2,000,000 each. The residue, amounting to about $80,000,000, went to "Billy" — William Henry Vanderbilt. The Commodore so fortified his oldest son in the possession of the great railroad lines that it seemed impossible that he could ever be dislodged.

As has already been said, Cornelius Vanderbilt owned an actual majority interest in the New York Central and the Lake Shore lines. In their organization, these two railroads were separate properties. They were independent monarchies, with a common interest only in the fact that the same sovereign ruled them. In their management, however, they were run as one continuous railroad. This organization had an obvious strategic advantage for the Vanderbilt family. If, for example, they should lose their stock majority in the New York Central, they could still control it, because they owned a majority interest in the Lake Shore, which furnished the Central the larger part of its traffic. On the other hand, if they gave up their majority interest in the Lake Shore, they could still control that property by virtue of their holdings in the Central, which supplied the Lake Shore with a vast amount of business. The two roads, in other words, would lose most of their value if run as separate properties; as long as the Vanderbilts controlled one, they must necessarily control the other.

Difficulties of Holding a Railroad Property Intact

Hitherto, nearly all the greatest fortunes of modern times had existed in the form of land. Even in the United States, wealth accumulated in ordinary mercantile pursuits had finally found its way into real estate. John Jacob Astor and A. T. Stewart had invested the larger part of their earnings in this way; and in England and on the continent, great landed properties had remained in the same families for centuries. The problem of the average European millionaire, however, differed materially from that which now confronted Vanderbilt's heir. His property is usually so hedged about by legal restrictions that it cannot be sold or divided, but must be held as a compact whole, from generation to generation. William H. Vanderbilt, however, had the personal disposition of every penny of his fortune. The average landed proprietor can entrust the management of his estate to others; a great railroad system, however, requires constant personal supervision. To build houses, to collect rents — this calls for only moderate talent; to manage, year after year, six thousand miles of railroads, select the hundreds of important subordinates needed in the work, acquire a minute knowledge of continually changing business conditions, and meet successfully the competition that assails one on every hand — manifestly such work demands ability little short of genius. Again, a landed property does not get into the stock market and thus is not especially subject to attack. Ambitious rivals, on the other hand, constantly fix their eyes upon a flourishing railroad, and seek every possible means of crippling it for their own advantage.

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* William H. Vanderbilt afterward provided for the payment of this entire amount, with interest, to Mr. Greeley's daughters.

William Henry Vanderbilt, at the time of his father's death, had not much impressed the public with his ability or enterprise. In his earlier years, the Commodore had invariably expressed unfavorable opinions of him, and, with his usual bluntness, he would denounce "Billy" to his friends as a "blockhead," a "chucklehead," or a "beetlehead." He never made him an associate in any of his steamship enterprises; from the boy's earliest days he was left practically to shift for himself. William H. thus received only an elementary schooling, and started his business career as a bank clerk. In 1840 he married Maria Louisa Kissam, the daughter of a Brooklyn clergyman. At that time he was earning sixteen dollars a week, and, being too poor to furnish an establishment of his own, lived in a boarding house. The Commodore, though then a very rich man, paid little attention to the young couple. In 1842, with the disparaging remark, "Billy's good for nothing; I'll see if I can't make a farmer of him," he purchased seventy acres in Staten Island and installed his son in charge. Though William H. made a reasonable success of his farm, it was several years before he gained his father's good opinion. It is said that he cultivated the old man's favor in every way, took all his ill-natured remarks uncomplainingly, and made the Commodore's slightest whim his law. The turning point came one day in 1856. William H. himself once told the story on the witness-stand.* "I borrowed $6,000 from a neighbor," he said. "I first sent a man to see father about it. Father said, 'No, damn him, let him mortgage his farm.' Subsequently, about four months after that, my father took me riding with him one day and told me that I had mortgaged my farm and that I was a sucker. He said that a fellow that did not live within his means would not get any of his money, or something of that kind. . . . When I got down to the office at Bowling Green, he said, 'Will that man take his money?' He gave me a check for $6,000, and I went down and paid it." After this incident father and son began to draw closer together. The Staten Island Railroad having become bankrupt, the Commodore quietly had William H. Vanderbilt made receiver — in order to "try him out." In two years William H. had cleared the road of debt and reorganized it into a highly profitable enterprise. "There's something in the boy, after all," the Commodore gleefully told his friends. William was forty-two years old when his father made this discovery. The Commodore brought him from the Staten Island farm and made him vice-president of the Harlem road. He acquitted himself so well that in a few years he became his father's closest associate in the railroad business, and, in 1874, became president of the New York Central.

William Henry More Than Doubles the Vanderbilt Fortune

In the eight years from 1877 to 1885, during which William Henry Vanderbilt managed the family properties, he demonstrated, in certain directions, extraordinary talents. As evidence of this it is only necessary to consider that he more than doubled the fortune left him by his father; he inherited about $80,000,000 and bequeathed to his children nearly $200,000,000. The larger part of this increment was the product of stock speculation. In the manipulation of securities, almost invariably on the bull side, the second Vanderbilt has probably never had an equal. To one of his enormous resources, the game was a fairly safe one. He never speculated on margin — "I never sold a share short in my life," he once declared to an investigating committee; he merely took advantage of numerous opportunities to buy when prices were low, and patiently wait for the rise.

In spite of the increase in his personal fortune, his railroad properties, at the time of his death, were in far from the flourishing condition in which he had received them. The New York Central, which paid eight per cent dividends in 1877, paid only three and one-half per cent in 1885; the Lake Shore, which likewise paid eight per cent in 1877, paid nothing at all the year William Henry died. Moreover, Vanderbilt did not hand down to his sons that undisputed ascendancy in the New York Central which the Commodore had transmitted to him. By 1885 the Vanderbilt family had been forced out of its majority interest in the stock, and the J. Pierpont Morgan influence had already secured a firm foothold.

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* Testimony of W. H. Vanderbilt before the Surrogate of New York County, vol. 73, p. 6762.

It was certainly not lack of opportunities that accounted for this situation. William Henry Vanderbilt, on his accession in 1877, had practically the whole railroad world at his feet. Had he possessed sufficient ambition and courage, he could have become, in a few years, the Charles the Fifth of a great Western railroad empire. As his father had grasped the railroad hegemony of the northern territory east of the Mississippi, so William H. could have solidified under Vanderbilt control the country beyond. There lay the recently completed Union Pacific, the Rock Island, and numerous other Western lines, then rusty and unkempt, but full of unlimited possibilities of development. Vanderbilt, drawing from his railroad investments nearly $8,000,000 a year, was the only American with resources large enough to undertake so extensive a purchasing campaign. Moreover, he had the prestige of a great railroad name; and many stockholders would only too gladly have placed their properties under Vanderbilt control.

In the early days of his accession, William H. displayed some activity in this direction. He purchased 30,000 shares in the Union Pacific, became the largest individual stockholder in the Rock Island, and even made a half-hearted struggle to control the latter property. Ultimately, however, both systems slipped through his fingers. The one substantial product of his trans-Mississippi campaign was a practically dominant interest in the Chicago & Northwestern. Immediately after the Commodore's death, William H. plunged into a great stock market speculation, which had as its purpose the control of this property. Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon contested the field with him. It is a proof of Vanderbilt's great talents as a stock operator, that, in this struggle, which lasted nearly four years, he defeated disastrously his adversaries, and, in the final Wall Street battle, caught Gould "short" and relieved him of several millions. At about the same time William H. secured the Omaha and added this to the Northwestern system. At the time of his death he had an interest amounting to $20,000,000 in this great property, which today operates more than 7000 miles of track, earns $17,000,000 net a year, pays eight per cent dividends, and places under tribute such great States as Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, and Wyoming.

Attacks Made on the Central Railroads

Except in this Northwestern operation, Vanderbilt's policy was one of defence and not of aggression. It seemed as though an army of antagonists had waited only for the Commodore's death to pounce upon him from every side. His own brother and sisters led in the assault. Dissatisfied with their insignificant share in the Commodore's estate, they started a legal contest, immediately after his death, for a more equable distribution. They set up a plea that their father had been insane, and for many years subject to the undue influence of his oldest son. In their scramble for the Vanderbilt millions, the Commodore's daughters did not hesitate to drag before the public all his weaknesses; they even attacked most viciously his private morals. In meeting this situation, William Henry showed his dominant characteristic—a tendency to compromise. After the proceedings had dragged on for more than a year, William one evening jumped into a carriage, drove around to each sister's house, and handed to each a million dollars in securities. Immediately the will proceedings stopped, and there was a mutual exchange of apologies and a general love feast.

Outside of his family, numerous other enemies assailed Vanderbilt's patrimony. That fearful specter, Jay Gould, immediately attacked the Vanderbilt line from Buffalo to Chicago. From Chicago to Detroit it was paralleled by the Michigan Central Railway; from Detroit to Buffalo by the Canada Southern. In themselves these roads had not demonstrated much value, but in the hands of strong hostile interests they could seriously cripple the Central system. The Commodore, perceiving the danger, had secured practical control of the Canada Southern and had become a large stockholder in the Michigan Central. Immediately after his father's death, William Henry discovered that Jay Gould was attempting to capture this latter railroad. At the election of 1877, both Vanderbilt and Gould entered into a proxy contest to control it, much as E. H. Harriman and Stuyvesant Fish recently waged war for the Illinois Central. Both failed, and William H. then went into the open market and boldly purchased the property. Hardly had he thus disposed of Gould, however, when even more insidious antagonists appeared. In the early eighties money for railway undertakings was plentiful, and two groups of Wall Street speculators took advantage of the situation to start what were virtually blackmailing attacks upon the Central. One group began building the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad from Buffalo to Chicago; another the West Shore from New York to Buffalo. The first absolutely paralleled the Lake Shore; the second, skirting the west shore of the Hudson and running through the Mohawk Valley, paralleled the New York Central. The completion and successful operation of these roads meant bankruptcy to the New York Central. Their promoters had only one end in view in constructing them and that was to sell out to Vanderbilt.

The builders of the Buffalo-Chicago line — popularly called the Nickel Plate — succeeded in doing this. Vanderbilt paid a price ranging from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 for a controlling interest; but, when he took possession and looked into its finances, he discovered that, had he waited a few weeks longer, the Nickel Plate would have become bankrupt and he could then have obtained it on his own terms. Profiting from this lesson, Vanderbilt adopted other tactics with the West Shore. As soon as it started operations, Vanderbilt began mercilessly cutting rates on the New York Central. In this way he forced his rival into bankruptcy. In July, 1885, it was so reduced that it could not meet its weekly payroll, and Vanderbilt took the property for its debts. Short as these struggles had been, they had greatly weakened the Central system. By 1885 the two parasitic roads were eating up the larger part of the New York Central's substance. It was largely because of these burdens and the expensive warfare they entailed that the Lake Shore stopped paying dividends and that the New York Central dropped to three and one-half per cent.

Vanderbilt Forced to Sell a Large Interest in the Central

Long before the conclusion of these operations, however, Vanderbilt had wearied of his great undivided responsibility. In 1879 and 1880 the opposing forces hemmed him in on every side. The Pennsylvania entered into an alliance with the New Haven road and took a large amount of the business which had hitherto been Vanderbilt's exclusive portion. The Wabash railroad, pieced together almost overnight by Jay Gould and Cyrus Field, threatened to cut off a large part of the Central's business in the far western and southwestern States. This new power had important terminals at Chicago, Detroit, and Toledo, and in the East it crossed practically every trunk line to the Atlantic coast. Gould and Field were thus in a position to transfer the enormous freight they received from the West and Southwest to the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Baltimore & Ohio, or the Central. Already, at Toledo, the Central received annually 80,000 cars of Wabash freight. The Pennsylvania was making every effort to form a Wabash alliance and get this business. Vanderbilt's railroad policy had also made him exceedingly unpopular in New York State. The common cry was that he had sacrificed his own city to his family fortune and that he had entered into agreements with the rival trunk lines, by which a large amount of business was diverted from New York to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

How the Commodore would have met this situation may easily be imagined; it was precisely antagonisms like this that aroused his most brilliant efforts. William H. Vanderbilt, however, was not the Commodore. On November 20, 1879, there were 894,280 shares of Central stock outstanding; of these William Henry Vanderbilt owned not far from 550,000 shares. Their value, at the prices then prevailing, was in the neighborhood of $70,000,000. On that date the country learned that Vanderbilt had sold 250,000 shares of his stock for $30,000,000, and that, by this transaction, he had forever separated his family from the majority ownership of the New York Central. Naturally, the public was stunned at this abdication; a stock market panic resulted which was worse than anything known since 1873. Vanderbilt promptly invested the money derived from this sale in United States bonds, and thus shifted the responsibility for guarding this part of his fortune to the United States government.

This sale formed an entering wedge for outside parties which has since assumed large proportions. Until 1879 only directors representing the Vanderbilts had been admitted to the Central board. J. Pierpont Morgan had organized the syndicate that purchased William Henry's stock; and Mr. Morgan, representing these new stockholders, now took his seat as a director in all the Vanderbilt lines.* Mr. Morgan's influence in the properties has steadily grown, until he is today one of the three most influential men in control of this system. Afterward, William H. and his son Cornelius sold other large blocks; and the consequent scattering of these Vanderbilt shares made possible the large purchases in recent years by capitalists identified with the Standard Oil Company.

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* Cyrus Field became a director as a representative of the Wabash interests. The Wabash people secured about $5,000,000 of the stock; nearly all the rest went to England.

William H. Vanderbilt Divides the Vanderbilt Millions

Though Vanderbilt had thus partly shifted his burden, he still found little rest. Day by day he grew perceptibly older, and kept more and more to the beautiful house which he had built at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. One day in December, 1885, he sat in his library discussing railroad matters with Robert Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio. Suddenly Vanderbilt's speech became indistinct, the muscles about his mouth began to twitch, his face turned purple; in another moment he pitched headlong on the floor. Mr. Garrett hastily went to his assistance, but in a few minutes his great rival was dead. Thus, at sixty-four, eight years after the Commodore's death, William H. Vanderbilt succumbed to the strain of guarding the world's greatest fortune.

With his death, the scattering of the Vanderbilt millions began. William Henry's great love for his children led him to depart from the Commodore's plan of handing practically the whole property to one heir. To each of his eight children Vanderbilt left $10,000,000 — $5,000,000 in trust and $5,000,000 absolutely. He divided the remainder, amounting to about $120,000,000, between his two oldest sons, Cornelius and William Kissam. Each of these sons, however, received nearly as much as William H. had inherited from the Commodore.

These two sons of William Henry had few characteristics in common. Cornelius was dignified, methodical, conservative, routine; William K. inherited much of the dash and venturesomeness of the Commodore. Cornelius had the solidity of his father, William K. a measure of the brilliancy of his grandfather. Cornelius found his chief absorption in hard desk work; William K. was naturally indolent, worked only by fits and starts, and gave up much of his time to yachts, horses, and society. He also had an irresistible fondness and a decided talent for stock speculation. Cornelius was content to conserve the family property, William K. nourished dreams of conquest which would have done credit to the Commodore himself. The public frequently marvelled how two men so different in temperament and ideals got along together so harmoniously. William K., however, was so industriously engaged in having a good time, that, in the main, he was content to let his brother manage the Vanderbilt lines.

Cornelius had more practical railroad experience than any of the Vanderbilts. The Commodore had made him treasurer of the Harlem Railroad as a young man, and railroading was thus almost the only business he had ever known. It was fortunate for the family fortunes that he had had this expert training; for the eleven years of his administration, from 1885 to 1896, were a stressful period. When he took hold, the Central was suffering seriously from the effects of the West Shore war; the country had recently passed through a financial panic, and general railroad conditions were bad. Cornelius Vanderbilt had hardly rescued the Central from these calamities when another financial panic, that of 1893, demoralized business conditions. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that Cornelius Vanderbilt did not materially increase the family properties. As it was, the labor of piloting the Central system through these times and annually meeting dividends finally killed him, as similarly arduous duties had killed his father. He had a stroke of apoplexy in 1896 and died in 1899. In 1885, he had inherited in the neighborhood of $70,000,000; his estate in 1899 was officially appraised at $72,000,000. In fourteen years, that is, he had only slightly increased his fortune.

Conscientious and upright as was the third Cornelius Vanderbilt, he made one mistake in his will that has contributed further to the eclipse of the Vanderbilt power. His oldest living son, also named Cornelius, married in opposition to his father's wishes, and, as a punishment, was cut off with a trust fund of $1,000,000. By this act, Cornelius Vanderbilt virtually disinherited the only son he had who was qualified, by character and ability, to carry on his work. The fourth Cornelius, as a student at Yale, had evinced marked talent as an engineer, and had also shown much enthusiasm for railroad work. A few years after leaving college, he had invented a locomotive boiler which is now extensively used. By the division of his property, also, Cornelius further scattered the estate. To each of his five children, with the exception of his eldest son,* he left $7,500,000, and the remainder to his second son, Alfred Gwynne. The latter thus inherited a fortune amounting to about $45,000,000. Though thirty-one years old, Alfred is today not even a director in any of the New York Central lines. Not one of the three sons of the third Cornelius has even a nominal connection with any of the great railroad properties which for forty years have been associated with the Vanderbilt name. Moreover, their stock holdings are now comparatively small. When Commodore Vanderbilt died, in 1877, there was outstanding nearly $90,000,000 of New York Central stock; of this he personally held not far from $50,000,000. When his grandson Cornelius died, in 1899, there was $100,000,000 of stock outstanding, and of this he held personally only $2,000,000.

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* By a family arrangement, presumably in order to prevent a legal contest, the share of Cornelius was increased from $1,000,000 to $7,500,000.

While the Vanderbilts had thus been disposing of their stock, other more active financiers had been quietly buying it in. The change wrought in twenty-five years was practically illustrated when, after the death of the third Cornelius, his successor, as director in all the Vanderbilt lines, was not one of his three sons, but William Rockefeller. In 1903 a New York Central director who was then and is now regarded as the personal representative of the Vanderbilts in the Central properties, Mr. E. V. W. Rossiter, resigned and was succeeded by James Stillman, for many years identified with the Standard Oil interests. Meanwhile Alfred Vanderbilt limits his activities in transportation to driving fashionable coaches and automobiles. His brother, Cornelius, though an involuntary exile from the family properties, has large business interests in other directions. His marriage, for which he sacrificed so much, has proved a most happy and advantageous one; the wife of his brother Alfred, on the other hand, has recently obtained a divorce on the ground of his adultery. Reginald, another son, has made no mark; his one conspicuous appearance before the public was when he was summoned as a witness by District Attorney Jerome to tell what he knew of the inner workings of the gambling house kept by Richard Canfield. One of Corneilus' daughters, Gladys, recently married Count Lazlo Szechenyi, and now lives in Hungary. Thus the elder branch of the family, as a power in American railroads and finance, is extinct.

William Kissam Vanderbilt succeeded his brother Cornelius in 1896 as the active head of the family railroad interests. Under him the Vanderbilt fortunes temporarily revived, and at one time it seemed likely that the family's old prestige might return. William K. acquired the Big Four and the Lake Erie and Western, and thus obtained vantage points at Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. By leasing the Boston & Albany he secured valuable territory in New England. He aspired also to annex the Union Pacific to the Vanderbilt roads, and thus obtain a complete Vanderbilt trans-Atlantic line from New York to San Francisco. For the second time in thirty years, the Vanderbilts thus had the opportunity of realizing this dream, and for a second time they failed. New giants had arisen, against whose wealth and genius the resources of the Vanderbilts counted for little. Edward H. Harriman grasped the Union Pacific, rebuilt it, and even, by using its resources to buy a $14,000,000 block of New York Central stock, turned it as an engine of conquest against the Vanderbilts themselves. This failure marked the end of William K. Vanderbilt's ambitions. Able and energetic as he could be, his love of ease and pleasure finally got the upper hand. "Both my father and brother died of apoplexy; I do not propose to end that way"—is a remark which had been attributed to him. Whether he ever said it or not, he at least shapes his career in accordance with this sentiment. He is now fifty-nine years old and has, perhaps not unnaturally, given himself up to the enjoyment of his wealth. He spends a considerable part of his time in Europe, very much, according to railroad experts, to the detriment of the New York Central system. Tenacious and jealous of his power, he will not delegate the management of the properties to others; and, on the other hand, will not give them the personal attention which they require.

William K. Also Exchanges his Railroad Stocks for Bonds

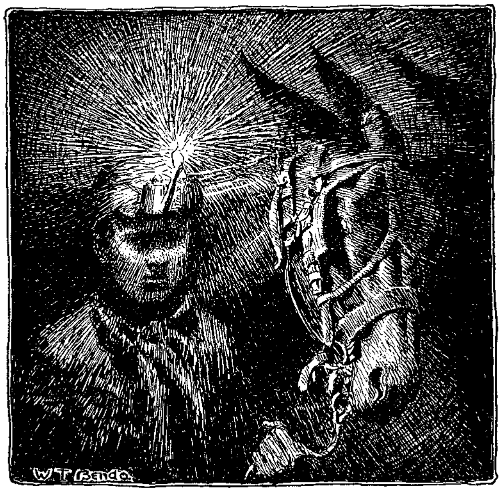
Like William Henry, William K. has also sought relief from responsibility by exchanging his railroad stocks for bonds. William Henry surrendered the family control of the New York Central; William K. has likewise surrendered the family control of the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central. In 1878 the Vanderbilt family held a very large, probably a controlling interest, in these two latter railroads, which represented practically the whole Vanderbilt system west of Buffalo. In that year the Vanderbilts handed over its stock to the New York Central Railroad, receiving in exchange New York Central collateral trust bonds. As a result of this operation, the stockholders of the Central corporation themselves became the actual owners of the 25,000 miles of railroad that make up the system. William K. Vanderbilt himself is worth probably not far from $100,000,000; at his death the property will go to his three children, William K., Jr., Harold S., and Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough. Neither of his two sons is a director in the New York Central. That with the death of William K. Vanderbilt even the nominal Vanderbilt control of this great railroad system will end, is now accepted as a matter of course. At present, J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. and the Standard Oil interests are the most powerful factors in the ownership of the property. In another generation, the Vanderbilt fortune will be still more widely scattered. Thus the hope expressed by the Commodore that "our people will be big enough to manage this thing after I am gone" has apparently failed of realization.

THAT THERE OLIVER

BY

CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T BENDA



"TAME as a kitten!" pronounced the assistant mine-boss, reaching a hand caressingly toward the black nose. "Nothing the matter with this mule."

"Then why would four drivers quit, rather'n take him out?" piped Mikol.

The strike was a week off now; in his heart the boy knew that he would take any work, any orders, rather than risk "the sack" in the last six days of mining. The uttermost dollar must be earned before Saturday night. Nevertheless, where Oliver was concerned, he would make a stand.

"He's a nice mule," continued the superintendent reflectively. "You boys all want a snap; that's what ails them drivers."

Oliver pulled an ugly jaw, cocked his ears till his bonnet lifted, and examined his admirer evilly.

"I'm scairt of him," Mikol averred. The lamp on his cap showed his childish face, grimy from the day's work, anxious, earnest, very weary. "An' I ain't no leader. Nippin's my job. I'm paid for nippin'."

"Scairt! What of? He's gentle as a kitten. You can ——"

Oliver swung his head with the quick sidewise blow of perfect practice, the blow that had killed a man in 3 Right a month ago. Luckily, the boss had room and dodged.

"That's nothin'. They all do that sometimes; you needn't tell me you're afraid o' that! Just duck: it's easy. I'll put you on with a nice crew; Ed Staples 'll be your runner, an' I'll get a good driver, an' two good mules ——"

"Look out he don't squeeze you, Henry! He's squintin' around at the rib. Get afront o' him."

"Henry" took the station recommended and continued his persuasion. The Red Ash vein is some six hundred feet below daylight manners: the men of the lamp, like reigning sovereigns of Europe, live upon a plane of Christian names ungarnished.

"You'll get paid for leadin' team, all right, when you do the work. I don't need a nipper on your branch, neither. You can take this job or get the sack. Just 's you like! There's plenty more boys waiting to work for this comp'ny. Oliver's a good lead-mule."

Oliver came forward four steps, bumping three empty cars behind him. The change brought his flank abreast of the boss. With lightning speed he swung half round and made play with his heels.

"He'll put in the kicks till he's tired," explained the prospective lead-boy. "I seen him kick down three ribs Friday. He'll keep on a-hitting that rib; he thinks he's got you there somewheres. — What'd I tell you?"

"Uh — they all do that. Just you drop down like you seen me then, an' you're all right. He's too fresh now, anyway. He'll have to work to-night; he'll get more peaceable when he's tired. You can manage him, all right. Just have to keep your eyes peeled and be quick. — Well, what'd you say? I want you to stay down to-night for a beginning."

"That's for Andy to tell me: it ain't your business."

"The driver-boss is home; he won't be in again to-night. I'm bossin' for him. So you can lay off now; it's half-past four; go home for supper an' come in by half-past six or seven. No, you needn't play off sleepy, Mike. Andy said you was to stay in; said you hadn't worked nights in over a week. We got to send out the coal. You can do it as good as any other boy. What you so lazy for?"

"Gimme double shift then, Henry? I won't 'less you do."

"Sure," spoke the assistant mine-boss. "On Number 7 Left I'll put you, because this mule knows the road like a —— "

The gentle Oliver made a terrific lunge and broke from the cars to which his traces were hooked. The method was his own, a specialty which had won him honorable retirement and a full manger by the month on end when the barn-boss and the drivers had their way. Oliver at large in the workings was as dangerous as a tiger in deep grass.

One clutch the boss made at the bridle. Oliver churned out an evil sound, mule-laughter of a sort, and charged. Mikol Rovianek dodged, danced aside, and climbed the gob, lying between the piled rock and the roof. Trembling a little, because he was thirteen, a nervous lad, and secretly in fear of Oliver, he looked over the edge into the roadway.

Lamp alight, the boss fled down the track; time was short, and instinctively he chose the straightaway. His boots were heavy, the road was rough, the chamber doors were all closed, the gob was packed to the roof and offered no shelter. He ran fast, but Oliver came on faster. Two laughing men, stepping from somewhere, tried to distract the angry beast in vain.

The road was one of the main gangways and as full of workmen as any portion of the mine. "Look out for Oliver!" went the warning cry. "Oliver's got away! Look out!" So men and boys, secure upon a shelf of the gob or hiding behind ribs with lamps extinguished, chuckled to see the mine-boss run.

Mikol yawned contemptuously and lowered himself from point to point down the face of the gob. He was very weary. He thought of the mile-long stretch of 7 Left and reckoned the probable number of trips his crew would make. And rest was so far away!

He took his dinner-can from the little bunk beside the air-door and started for the shaft. Before he had made a third of the distance, a miner overtook him. Mikol greeted the newcomer with noncomittal reserve, as of man to man; the two went on together.

"You go out?" inquired the elder, in the Lithuanian tongue. Father and son used their native speech or English indifferently, as the words came uppermost.

"Naw. Not if you'll take my pail out an' get ma to put me up some supper. Henry says I got to work night shift, an' I'm tired. It's too far, our house is. I'll get all the walkin' I want."

"You goin' to lead?"

"Sure. I asked Henry would he pay me double shift, too, an' he said he would. I'm tired. I ain't dyin' for work, an' 7 Left is an awful hard job, mostly. But he said I'd get the sack if I didn't."

Rovianek the elder walked on, meditating. Mikol was his eldest son and favorite child; he felt a thrust of pride and pity mingled as the boy stumbled along beside him, keeping the pace. He was a good lad, this Mikolas, keen and hardy, though of late he had been thinner and often tired. It was a pity to work him days and nights too. But the strike! That was a week off now: afterwards Mikol could rest all of April if he liked.

"You don't want to get the sack," he said finally. "I guess we might need the money."

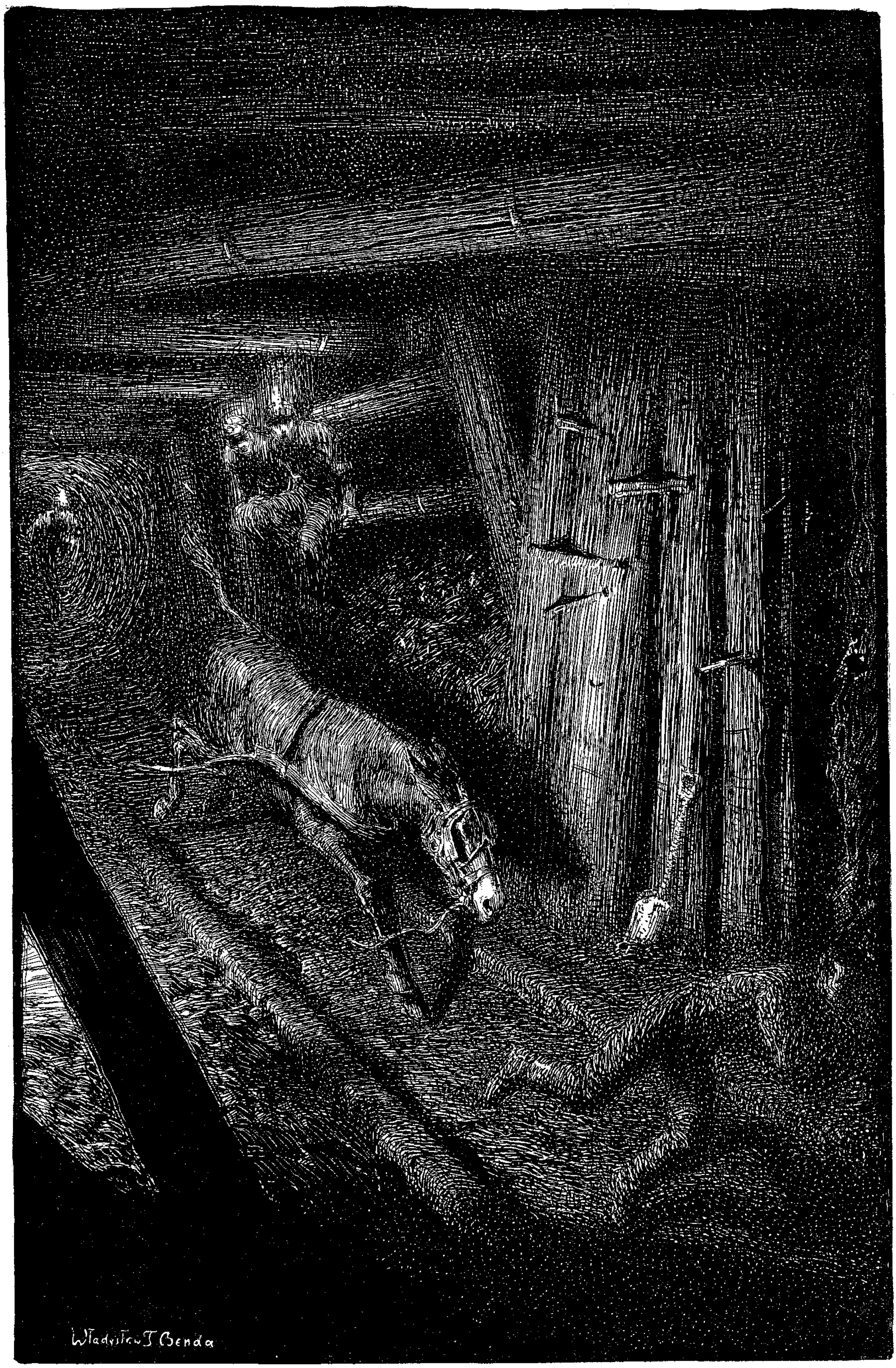
"With them four kids at home? Well, I should say. Anyhow, I ain't worked nights for a week now, so I guess I ain't so tired's I think I am."

"I am coming in again myself," spoke the man, instinctively dropping into his native tongue as he overtook two Welshmen, a miner and a timberman, discoursing in arpeggios upon some matter of their own. "Steve Kurshek is away to-night, and I am to slip in and cut his coal. He is supposed to work night shift. He will pay me; and the boss asks no questions, this week, so long as the coal goes up the shaft."

"You bet you!" the boy affirmed. "That's all they care, now."

The main or coal shaft, lay some eighty yards to the eastward of the air-shaft where men were hoisted during the day. Rovianek turned where a narrow way, well bratticed and shut off by canvas doors, led to the passenger-hoist; he paused and spoke to the boy.

"You go up in the foot-shanty and rest, where it is warm. Hooley will let you come in and sleep till half-past six. You need not come out to the foot for your can, either, for I shall be on 7 Left myself to-night,— the farthest chamber,— and I will bring it for you when I come."


Wladyslaw T. Benda

"LAMP ALIGHT, THE BOSS FLED DOWN THE TRACK"

Mikol nodded, each motion of his head marked by a wavering of his lamp flame. "Yes, good. I am cold to-night; it will seem pleasant to get in out of the wind, though steam-pipes under your back are good enough most times. And tell my mother I want the coffee strong, with lots of sugar."

The main intake of the ventilating system was at the coal-shaft; here icicles hung from the pipes and timbers the winter long. The foot-shanty, a little timbered box, was warm. It had benches, telephone, a bracket lamp, a shelf or two, hooks in the wall, and a small heating stove now at a pink glow.

Hooley, the footman, was good-natured. Mikol's accommodation was a matter of course. The boy's last conscious vision, as he snuggled on a bench with an extra coat about him, was of the minute-hand of Hooley's clock pointing past the VI on its face to the five sticks of dynamite Hooley had found Saturday on a loaded car. The room was warm, stuffy, dimly lighted, and smelt of oil, powder smoke, tobacco. Mikol dozed happily.

The waking was different. Oliver was in the foot-shanty,—Oliver, the horrible man-killing mule! He had entered by kicking in one side, the timbers falling slantwise under his attack. The dynamite was there, and the clock and the pink-hot stove, and a row of dinner cans, and half a dozen coats on pegs.

Oliver was tearing the coats, one by one, chewing them lest a wearer be inside. His trace chains jangled; his ears cocked wickedly above the leather bonnet. Mikol was to come next, for Oliver eyed him in his corner.

In an access of deviltry the creature kicked out at random, not ceasing at all his work upon the coats. His heels missed the clock-shelf, but took the lamp full and fair.

Mikol dodged, ducked, slipped away, and stood in the fresh icy darkness of the gangway unhurt. His cry brought Hooley, who was chatting with a pump runner near by. The shanty was a wreck, the stove overturned and scattering coals. Some ribbing in the gangway was kicked out and had to be replaced. Part of the dynamite was on the ground, part on the shelf, but nobody was the worse for it. In the end, the mule was caught and turned over to his exhausted crew.

Mikol stood beside Hooley as the footman dropped his fans for the descending cage. The lad was shivering in the bitter March air; his heavy eyes closed of themselves as he stood; his whole figure was eloquent of misery.

"He's killed a driver an' a trackman, that there Oliver."

Hooley nodded.

"I got to lead him to-night, Henry says. I wisht I could go home. Oliver's my lead-mule. Nobody can't do a thing with him."

"Crazed he is," returned the footman. "They ain't got any business to have such a mule loose in a mine at all. He was a good one when he was green, but they hoisted him up the shaft to Marcy vein in a sling, three hundred feet; an' he went crazy ever since. You look out for him, Snaps, or he'll have you crippled."

"The comp'ny don't care. 'Work him or kill him,' says the mine-boss; an' Henry says so too. The coal's what they want. I'd never choose Oliver, me own self."

"Well, don't be 'fraid of him. He's twicet as likely to get ye if he sees ye're scairt. An' if he corners ye, throw yer lamp up on the gob. He'll go for the light every time, an' ye can dodge. Still, he's a bad one, that Oliver, I do say."

"Oh, he'll get me, I wouldn't wonder. I was kinda sick Sunday an' las' night, an' I didn't sleep good; I'm so awful dopey now that I'd snore standing if I was let stay still on the one spot. But Henry tried to sack me, so I had to take the job. I'll be glad o' the strike, 'most. I can get a rest."

"You got an hour yet,—hour 'n' a half by the clock. Go up by the pipes, over side o' the big pumps, an' lie down an' finish yer nap. Where's yer supper?"

"My father's goin' to fetch it in. But he don't know I've got Oliver. I didn't say nothin' for fear he'd let it out an' scare ma. Time enough if I *get* hurt. Well, so long."

A weary time Oliver gave his night crew for the first five hours. Of his worst tricks not one was spared them; but still they sent out the coal. About twelve o'clock he became milder, more tractable than usual. He bit nobody, started when the halter was pulled, and stopped whenever he was allowed to.

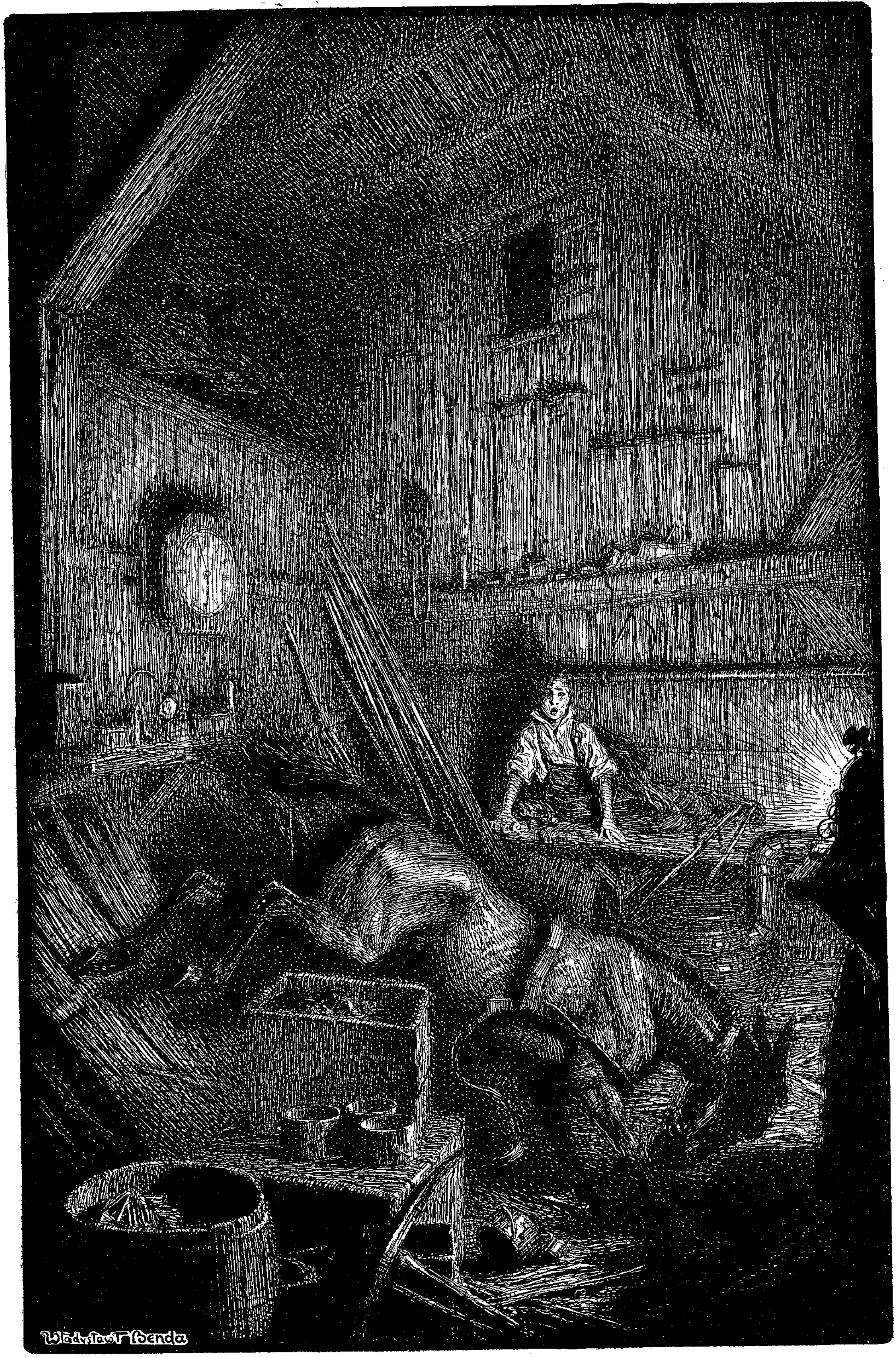
"I guess we teached him a thing or two!" exulted Ed, the runner.

The driver squatted down upon the bumper after an admonitory cut at the breech-mule to speed the team down grade. He too had worked a full day, and every hundred yards that one could ride was so much effort saved. He called over his shoulder ——

"You can't learn that mule nothin'. I'm glad I ain't got Snaps' job."

"He's sleepin' while he walks, part the time; an' we only done fourteen trips so far."

"There's two loaded cars ready in the next place for us; we'll take 'em out this trip.—


Wladyslaw T Benda

"OLIVER, THE HORRIBLE MAN-KILLING MULE, WAS IN THE FOOT-SHANTY"

Hey, Snaps! Stop for Markley's,— just by the next door."

The mule teams are driven without reins. The lead-boy guides the first mule by a halter rope; the other two, and sometimes the leader as well, derive their impulse from the driver's braided whip with its wire "stinger."

Mikol called back no reply. He had trudged fourteen miles since half-past six, and miles as yet unnumbered lay before him; he did not feel like talking. The light trips back from the shaft gave him a chance to ride and rest. The outward journeys were all work, all watchfulness against Oliver, all struggle against sleep. He halted the team and slipped to open the door.

Tom, the driver, got down from his bumper and stooped to unfasten the first mule's stretcher.

"Markley's chamber is too awful long to shove the cars yerself. You got to take one mule in to pull 'em."

"Not Oliver, though!" The runner was most earnest. "Take the second, if you got to."

The driver shrugged. "It's more bother hooking on again," he objected.

"That ain't no trouble. I'm a greenhorn on this branch, all right, but I got acquaintance with one mule good and plenty. Unhitch him, there, quick; I got aholt his bridle."

Daisy, the second mule, a feeble veteran in the service of the Pringle Company, understood most clearly that unhitching from loaded cars at a chamber door meant extra pulling and hauling. So, with the weak-kneed artifice of age, she fell down upon the track, turned half over so as to lie comfortably in harness, and kicked with great pretence of fright.

"Down again!" Tom grunted. "Disgustin'."

"'Tis the age she is," the runner explained. "She might be eleven years old, an' eight of it in the mine. An' they've used her up, besides, because she was knowed to be a good mule. That's always the way."

"Ought to been sold for hide an' hoofs long ago.— No, Snaps, you never mind; leave her lie there. She's that weak she can't get up alone. We'll take Oliver round an' hook him on the hind end of the trip to keep him. The breechy-mule can go in for Sol's cars. That's the way of it!"

Oliver nipped at the runner and contrived to give old Daisy a kick on the hock as he was led past in the ditch. The breech-mule shivered and drew as far aside as the trace chains would allow, for the demon that dwelt in Oliver had long since cowed him.

"We'll hustle 'em out," spoke the driver encouragingly. He swung the breech-mule's head about and led him into the chamber. Oliver, plunging wickedly, was already moored, facing inward from the shaft; Daisy, prone upon the track, wagged an ear and occasionally blew out her breath in a mournful "Whoo-ow."

"Stay with the trip, Snaps," Ed advised. "Set up high on the coal so's yer light'll show, else somebody could easy run right into you. Dave Carduok's on this branch, an' he's an awful careless driver even when he's awake. He's worked about forty hours now, steady, an' he wouldn't take notice if the whole pumps was in his road."

Obediently, Mikol climbed up on the car. Tom's braided whip lay upon the blocks of coal, and he thrust it for safe-keeping inside the bib of his overalls.

His feet dangled limply, the sharp lumps cutting him at the knees with a pang that became a cramp. He was very cold; the chill of sleeplessness grew worse with the constant wind of the fans. He dozed. . . .

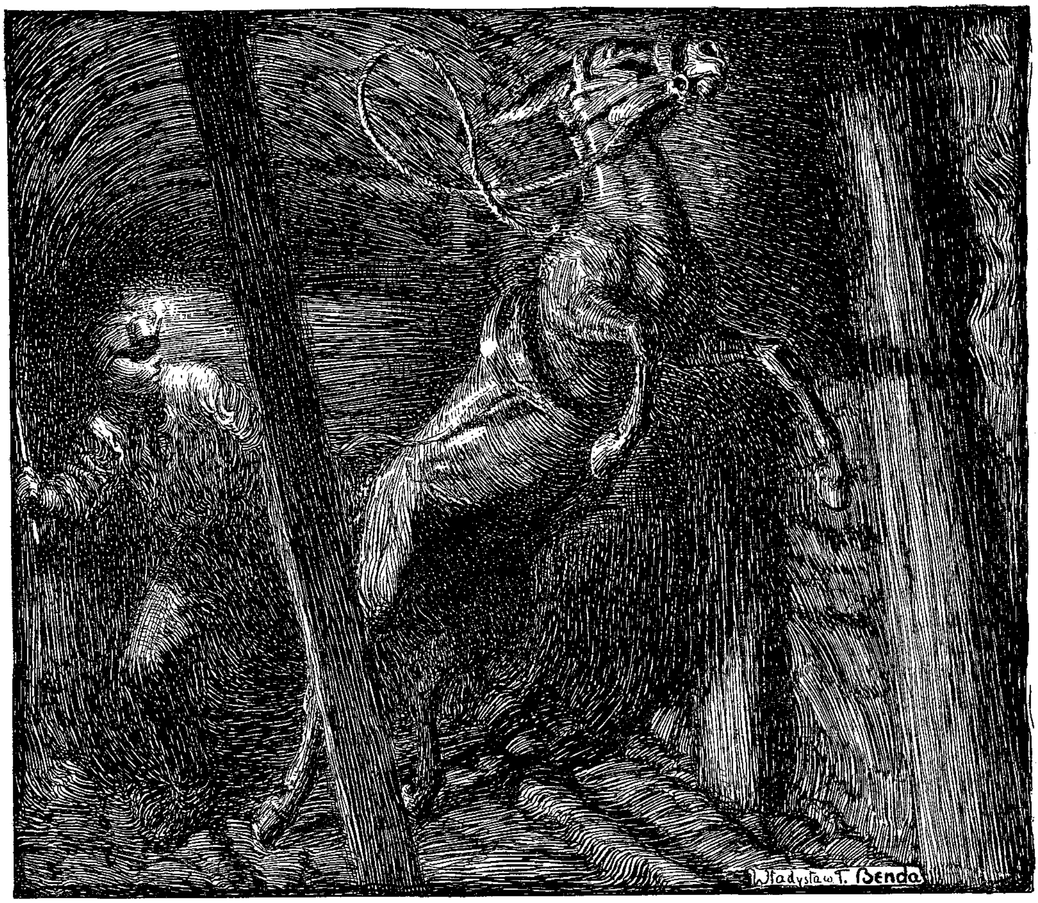
The Strike was a big black Thing with wings; it was coming nearer and nearer. It tore down upon him screaming and beat him upon the head with its sharp wing-joints, like an ugly gander. The pain was a numb pain. If he could only blow out his light! Then he could dodge and get past the Winged Thing, and slip up to the shaft and go home. Home! Home, where there was a good clean feather-bed to lie on, and hot coffee, and bubbly pancakes always on the stove! . . . But for fear the Strike Creature might follow him, and so find the way and get the children, he must — There, the Black Thing was tormenting Oliver, now! Didn't It know what kind of a mule he was and when he really meant business toward strangers? . . .

Ah! Now, of course, Oliver had begun to run away . . . Quite to be expected! . . .

What a noise it made! All the doors were open,— every door, because Ed Staples never thought to close them. The train was headed away from the shaft, away from home! . . . And what noises! Oliver reared and plunged and bolted again; the trace-chains held, and the Strike Beast was left behind at the first corner. . . .

Now the mine roof overhead was getting lower, lower, at every rod they went, because there was a layer of thick black Sleep floating up against it. Mikol fought the stupor with all his strength; somehow he must stay awake and keep alive and earn money for the four kids at home.

Oliver hauled the loaded cars as if they had been empty; nothing checked him; his plung-



"OLIVER SAW THE LAD AS HE RAN, AND WITH A LAST SUPREME EFFORT BROKE THE TRACE"

ing gallop covered the distance. The rattle, the continued jolting, added to the imagined dangers of his dreams, roused the boy at last.

The mile-long gangway known as 7 Left ended in a blank wall of coal; chambers had been located only along one side, and seven of the thirty-six-foot spaces at the extreme end had not been mined as yet. The last block, however, was lawfully and duly held under contract, and here Steve Kurshek cut his coal.

No door had been built in the opening from the gangway, and the main track turned in at an angle. Very little material had been blasted out, so that the chamber was cross-shaped in its present form, the main body running some eight feet beyond the first cross-cut. Tools, powder, and other property were stored in the head of the gangway itself, to protect them from blasts fired up at the face.

Mikol, riding along behind mad Oliver, looked suddenly from the darkness of the passage into the dimness of his own mind and saw a picture ——

His father, kneeling beside the track at the chamber mouth, had Steve's chest open. A handful of dynamite sticks lay beside him on the floor. He was cutting one into short lengths with his pocket-knife; coal, being softer than rock, needs less charge, and Rovianek remembered that dynamite cost Steve eleven cents a stick. The miner's lamp flared and guttered on his cap as he searched in the box for an extra squib or two; a handful lay already on a dry bit of ledge, with the fulminate caps beside them. The rusty can of manure in which the explosive was kept warm through the winter months stood in a safe nook, and its pungent smell hung upon the air current.

— And the picture thus held by memory was but a few minutes old.

With a pang of terror, Mikol saw that Oliver had already come into the unmined stretch; the road was only a few yards longer, at the best. Possibly the frantic mule would swerve. Possibly he would dash straight on. The dynamite and caps had been on the track so short a time ago! Were they there now?

Rovianek was alone in that part of the mine, and doing a laborer's work as well as a miner's; he would naturally discount the risk and leave the stores as they lay. And though dynamite alone may not resent being run over and trampled, dynamite with caps leaves one no reasonable doubts.

For himself, the boy in these last seconds felt no rebellion, no particular fear: he was very, very tired, and somehow too small and young and sleepy to combat on equal terms with fate and mules and high explosives. The issue seemed so certain.— But then, his father! Where was his father?

"Four kids," said Mikol in his boyish heart. "*Not the both of us!*"

He threw himself over upon the bumper, holding to the car side with his left hand. With his right he drew the long whip from his overalls and smote and smote upon the mule's back.

Mad Oliver checked himself and rose upon his hind legs, screaming. The whip he would not bear! No one had laid lash to him since he had killed that driver for a first offence, months back. His fury surged tenfold, but not as before without an object. He would have the boy!

A bad bit of roof had necessitated heavy cross-ties athwart the gangway, leaving a scant six feet of vertical space. The mule reared and lunged, but could not do his best because his bonnet came with a warning thud against the timbers. He kicked, he dodged, he bucked and plunged sidewise. Still the trace-chains held, the stretcher held, and the coupling hook. Still little Mikol kept his place on the bumper and rained those hateful blows!

Yard by yard they jerked on down the track. Steve's open chest was abreast of the first car.

Possibly Oliver had dynamite underfoot even at this instant. Mikol had no time to lean aside and see. He flailed away, laying insult upon insult as the mule's flanks offered: he was fighting the battle of those four kids in bed at home.

By some chance, nothing happened. Steve's chest was passed. The wooden rails led up into the chamber itself.

"I wonder where is my father?" asked Mikol of the echoing darkness. "I don't see no light."

The first car lost the track at the second joint of the rails. It stuck and bumped, but Oliver's frenzy prevailed over the dead weight of the train at first. Up into the chamber they went. The boy still plied Tom's whip.

Rovianek the elder had finished tamping two charges. Believing himself alone in that part of the mine, he had neglected to call a warning before lighting the squibs.* Then, with a roar and jangle and clatter, his son and Oliver swept into the chamber.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Fire!"

Little Mikol saw the lamp in the cross-cut, heard the warning, and understood. The alcove-like shelter was three yards ahead, and there at the left glimmered his father's light. He leaped from the car and sprang for the recess. Oliver saw the lad as he ran, and with a last supreme effort broke the trace. He was free, free to kill! The mule wheeled.

Then the blasts went off, a second or so between the two reports.

"Was you usin' a fuse, or squibs?" queried Mikol.

His father's arm was about him, and the big man's shoulders, braced as they were against the coal, heaved and trembled. Mikol felt strangely wide-awake and restful. His father still spoke agitated nothings, cries and ejaculations, under his breath.

"Squibs, of course."

"Then you hadn't no business to run out after me. I'd slide in, I guess. The coal might 'a' hit you. We wouldn't have no business to let the both of us get killed."

"The mule was after you. You did not see that. If the shot had come any later——" He shivered.

"I hope he's dead, then."

"I think the rock took him: he did not come on that one step more."

Side by side they went out into the chamber. The fallen coal and rock lay in a heap up by the face, with fragments scattered widely. Oliver was directly opposite their shelter, pitched forward upon his knees, his head crushed in.

"That's one good job, anyway," spoke the lead-boy, surveying his enemy. "He won't kill me now. The boys'll be glad he's out the way, I guess. So'll the barn-boss an' the driver-boss."

They stood in uneasy silence. Finally the man found something to say.

"I guess maybe you don't tell your ma nothing about this here mule, Mikol? She would cry."

"Sure not. Why would I? Anyhow, I'm gettin' double shift to-night because o' him. An' there ain't no other one in the barn, an' that Daisy-mule's no good; I wouldn't wonder if I get a rest now till quittin' time."

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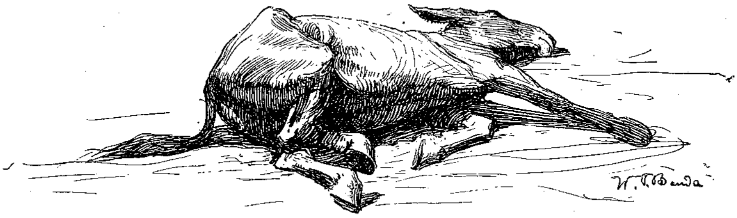
* Much used instead of fuses, as being quicker and cheaper. The squib has about the size and appearance of a cigarette. After lighting it, the user has time to run twenty to thirty feet before the charge explodes.

"I do not like to see you work so hard when you are young," Rovianek began, an awkward tenderness in tone and look.

Mikol understood; he smiled back bravely.

"Oh, 'tain't nothin'. Month from now, I'll be tired o' resting, most likely. 'Tain't but this week only. An' we might want that two-sixteen I made to-night off that there Oliver, before the strike's over.—I'm all right. He waked me up fine.—Well, I'll chase meself back an' tell the runner. So long!"



THE BUGLE CALL

BY

S. H. KEMPER

THE black night stoops to the haggard land,
    And the winds are shrill;
Leafless and stark the thin trees stand
    On the sullen hill.
—Oh, blue of June, oh, my love's young breast!—
    Far blown and sweet,
There's a bugle call down the dying West
    Where the storm-clouds meet.
The swift night rides and must overtake,
    The winds are abroad,
And my heart is spent and ready to break
    On the lonely road.
—Oh, fire-lit faces! Oh, shelter and rest!—
    Far, faintly blown,
There's a bugle call down the dying West,
    And I go alone.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

BY

ALBERT KINROSS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

I

CAPEL came on board the "Golden Fleece" at Athens. It is an old and comfortable five-thousand-tonner, once a mail-boat, but now the property of a London syndicate, which fills it at advertised intervals with thoughtful tourists; sending them down the Mediterranean in winter, and across the North Sea, or up the Baltic, in summer.

Capel had chosen this leisurely way for his homecoming. The "cruise" would break his slow return to England, giving him an added week, a larger space for meditation; and he had time enough. Five years — a few days more would make no difference after five years! As he sat on deck, late in the afternoon, he took her letter from his case — he had done the same thing half an hour ago. He knew the page by heart, had read it twenty times before, would read it twenty times again, as he was reading it now:

"DEAR MAURICE," she said, "there must be some way out of our horrible mistake. I don't know where you are living, but, if you have any pity in you, come home and make me a free woman. I will do anything I can to help you. I admit the fault was mine, and I regret it.

"Yours,
MABEL."

The note had gone to his solicitors at first, had followed him to Greece, from Athens to the Islands; and then, one stormy afternoon at Delos, a boatman had placed it in his hands. Three months and seven days had passed since she had posted it in London. "Am returning," he had wired back to her from Athens. "She wants to marry again," he now repeated for the twentieth time, as he refolded the small sheet and placed it carefully away in its frayed envelop. A bugler came on deck and sounded the first dinner call. Capel went below and changed his dress.

Almost five years were gone since he had sat at table in the old, familiar way, in starch and broadcloth, with graceful women and a fixed menu. This evening he bowed gravely as he took his place; already in England, by the decorous face of things. An archeological parson, ardent, Hellenic, was on his left; an auburn-haired, freckled girl sat on his right. The long table to which he had been guided was ringed with smaller tables. There must have been close upon two hundred passengers in the big saloon. It was a vast change from the Islands and the solitary meals of those five years.

A red-faced, shock-headed man, who had his name, presented Capel to neighbors right and left. He must feel at home here, it seemed agreed. He talked the usual commonplaces of such a meeting: Athens was hot — they had passed Salamis that afternoon — yes, he knew it well. And the Islands, part of the itinerary of the "cruise" whose opening stages he had missed, he had visited some of them. Yes, he spoke modern Greek — it was not so difficult if one had a smattering of the old. . . . He listened to the calm, cool voice that said these things, recognizing it for his own and rather interested. He had not heard himself aloud — not to any such decorous extent — since 1900. Thought in English, yes; but the spoken word — He had grown calmer and cooler since that language was the every-day. Facing him sat a dark and shimmering girl who had been stung by a mosquito, and who wore some iridescent Eastern covering that hid the injured cheek. She had been included in the shock-headed man's introductions, but, so far, Capel had not caught her name.

Instruction and pleasure seemed evenly mingled on this journey, for, at nine o'clock, the archeological parson was to lecture on their next anchorage and its excursions. To this end the quarter-deck had been transformed into a suitable hall, with long rows of seats and an awning that hid the stars and the far landmarks. Capel joined the audience that lolled in the deck-chairs. The parson and a limelight man, with slides and a lantern, were ready for them. It was very novel, very interesting, very improving. The parson threw his views and his photographs upon the screen and said ardent, instructive things about the scenes and places represented. Capel listened, and old England, the barbaric, the beloved, drew nearer here than in the big saloon. He knew his Greece; but it was not at all like this. To him, Greece was rather more than a dead impulse, covered by its twenty odd centuries. To him, Greece was alive, as in her greatest day. Why not? You may overturn temples; Persian and Slav and Roman may destroy and subjugate; but the soul of things evanished will endure. Twenty odd centuries had only slain the body. He shaped these thoughts indifferently, as he listened to this enthusiastic parson. After all, why should these people know? They had come out of England, fresh, alive; they were returning there hopefully, with stories of this cruise, to go on living; while he — he had the dead for company, the irremediable past. The last five years — and the future, would that not be dead as well?

Away in the stern, safely concealed behind a deck-house full of machinery, he found the auburn-haired, freckled girl, and the dark and shimmering young person who had been stung by a mosquito. Capel had sought this quiet spot for a last cigarette, before going down to his berth. The dark and shimmering young person was, apparently, bent on the same errand. Hers was already lighted.

"I don't disturb you?" said Capel, striking a second match.

"Nothing ever disturbs us," returned the dark, young person.

"Really?" said Capel. So bold a statement rather came as a surprise. He took it literally and sat with them till it was time to say good-night.

II

The two girls were traveling companions — "thieves set to catch thieves," as Miss Stair, the freckled one, put it next morning, when Capel sat with them again over a cigarette. Neither, it appeared, took her office very seriously. It was a social observance, they carefully explained, and, like many other new things, had been borrowed from America.

They had anchored at Nauplia, a port from which one has easy access to the excursions expounded by last night's lecturer. Already the first boat-load of tourists was making for the shore. Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenae were to be visited before sundown; a huge undertaking, it seemed to Capel, who had several times found his solitary way to those old monuments; spending a week here, another there, letting time fill him, and torture him, and lead him. He had a vivid memory of all three places.

This morning he landed with the rest, rather from lack of purpose than for any interest he had in revisiting these antique sites and excavations; even those two great tombs, built into a hillside and guarding the mystery of some forgotten line of kings.

It was a broiling day, blue and perfect; the right April weather of such southern lands. Capel's mood was to look once more on Greece; on her bare hillsides, her far mountains, the green level of her plains; to catch once more the rapture of her skies and her blue waters; ah, living — living to-day as in the splendid past! And then . . . perhaps he might never see the vision of her loveliness again! Who knew? The future was life's longest mystery with him.

He had drifted again into the society of his two friends, and with them was now a fair young man, whom Capel remembered to have seen on board the ship. After Tiryns and Argos, the four had lunched together at the inn-garden below Mycenae. Capel took charge of the party, and, his knowledge of the language aiding, they fared far better than the rest. He left them as they made ready for the last ascent.

"I shall take a walk while you explore," he said; "there are heaps of things to see if one has time."

He wandered off alone, up a gray hillside, with no one to cross the charm of all that solitude. Away below him were the fragments of Mycenae, dotted and gay with the two hundred tourists. Far and insignificant they seemed, and active like bright ants. He had reached a place, high and steep and mountainous, before he rested. The tourists had all vanished. Now he overlooked the sea, where the "Golden Fleece" had dwindled to a small, black boat, riding at anchor in the Nauplian Bay; nearer was the town, with the vague menace of its Venetian fortress; but, crowding out these trivial incursions, was the great plain that rolled in from the coast-line to the spurs of the bare hills where he was perched. Argos rose from its bosom like an island — a strong place, steep and armed; far away was prehistoric Tiryns; and here beneath him, Mycenae, where Agamemnon and the Argive kings had ruled. The great plain rolled outward to the glittering sea. How dead and empty was the present; how splendid and alive the ancient past! . . . Strange ships cast their anchors in that far-off bay, crowding it, curled hulk behind curled hulk, colored and silken and flaming, as painted sail and painted vessel took the sun. From their bowels came forth armies that massed on the far edge of the plain: thousands and thousands of warriors, waiting the signal to advance: to advance against Tiryns, against Argos, against Mycenae, over that illimitable plain. The sunlight caught the dyes and radiance of their banners, of shimmering garments, the purple and the gold; the embossed trappings, the burnished armor; it flashed amid the spearheads and the thunderous brass. Nearer, unhastening, fearless, irresistible, moved the invader: Tiryns was arming, was arming Argos, was arming Mycenae: nearer and nearer drew all the color and animation of that splendid pageant. War was a sport in those far days when men could come to grips. The great plain was spread before him and alive with a mirage of its glorious past. He came away from there, a dim longing, an exultant reverie, the light of battle and knowledge and visionary dreams filling him with a transient ecstasy.

Coming down the hillside warily, he returned to the gay tavern, with its remnant of conveyances. On the road, ahead of him, was a scarlet parasol, and a slight figure marching lonely like himself — the dark girl from the ship, for he recognized the parasol. Should he overtake her and spoil the vision that still filled him? He slackened his pace and let her reach the inn alone.

That evening at Nauplia he found himself with her again. They had walked down from the station, and she had told him to stop at the first place where they sold picture-cards or postage-stamps. It was a public holiday, and all the shops were shut except a chemist's. Capel accosted the elegant young gentleman in charge and questioned him. From the doorway all three proceeded to a writing-table within. Everything was in order. The chemist produced cards, had postage-stamps, chairs in abundance, ink, and a passable pen. Capel found himself writing addresses at the dark young person's dictation. Her people, so it seemed, were at home in Cumberland, in a house that stood some miles from anywhere. A faint curiosity possessed him as he put addresses on these picture post-cards.

"Your name's Fermoy?" he asked — it was the one that had occurred most frequently.

"Yes; what's yours?"

"Capel — Maurice Capel," he answered, and resumed his writing.

"What's that word?" she asked, looking at the strange characters he had drawn in the corners.

"That's 'England' in Greek."

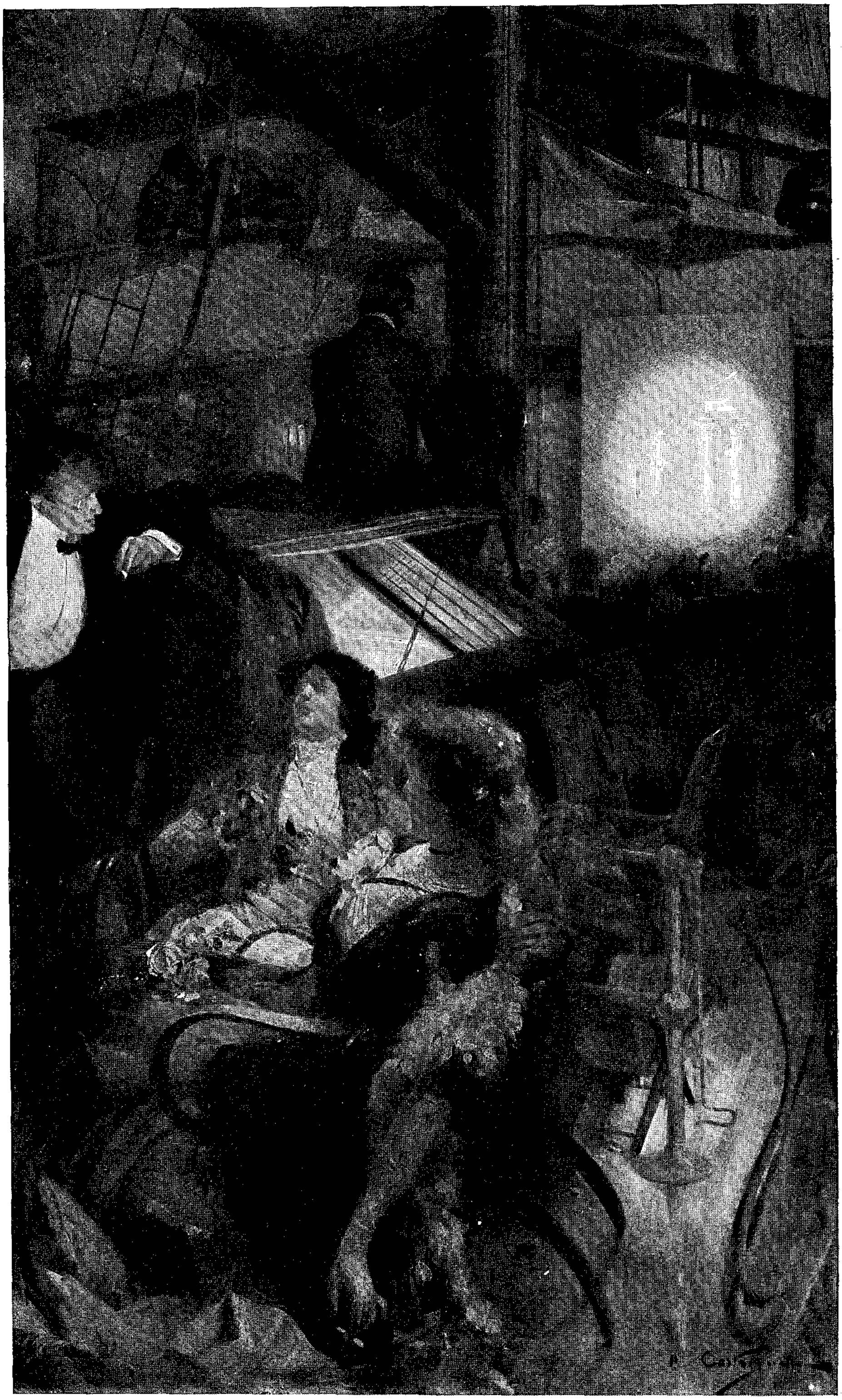
"They'll like that," said Rose Fermoy gravely; "it makes it seem so real."

III

She cared then a trifle for reality? What would she say if she heard the real, ungilded truth about *him?* It was the first time in all his exile that Capel had linked the two romantic pronouns personally; even in some such half-fugitive question as this one, which now came to him idly, as their boat made the passage from the shore. . . . Married, yet single, free, and yet bound, he had so far avoided every approach to such an argument. The few possible women that he had met, he had passed almost stonily: they meant nothing to him, nor he to them. Here, on this steam-yacht, there were new conditions; it was like a tiny island, over-populous, and filled with scarce avoidable companionships. He had not taken count of this; nor did he even now, deeming himself, from long custom, invulnerable and lost to human things. If he had been asked about himself, he might have confessed that this habit of aloofness had grown with him to be his nature, making him almost of another species — so far had it removed him from the kindly race of men.

The second day of their call at Nauplia was to be spent in a visit to the ancient theatre of Epidaurus. Capel had no mind for that long journey and its hurried flittings over classic ground. He hardened his heart, while boat-load after boat-load of his fellow-passengers went holidaying, eager to fill the strings of hired conveyances that lined the shore. . . . The "Golden Fleece" was a golden ark of peace when they were gone.

Safe in his old place behind the steering-engine, he unfolded and read the letter that had called him home; returned it once more to its envelop, the cracked, the soiled. . . . He had never loved this woman who made so seeming piteous an appeal. She had been hard enough before; hard enough before, when she wanted him and the imagined advantage of a name, socially important, and opening to a class beyond her own. He had believed a little in the point of honor then; believed that there was something to be said for holding to an engagement that time had probed and left all jarring and awry. He was paying dearly for an alluring moment — three dances, sat out in the soft-



"AWAY IN THE STERN, SAFELY CONCEALED BEHIND A DECK-HOUSE FULL OF MACHINERY, HE FOUND THEM" ness of a June garden, to be exact — and next day she had held him to his word. He had kept it — as best he could. But the rest — a loveless marriage — he could not bring himself to that. All his manhood had cried out against the baseness of this last surrender; and he had fled, leaving her to wear the name she had so coveted, had played for, had won. He had left her upon their wedding-day. There had been an ice-cold scene between them. He had said his say and gone. People, no doubt, had called him mad; it was always the simplest explanation of things, true in nature, though inimical to "civilization" and the social state. She would not let him break this ill-advised engagement; and perhaps she had a right to this; but marriage — a house built on such sands, the forced treacheries of the after years — he could not stoop so low as that!

For the thousandth time, for some time beyond compute, he reviewed the paradox of his position and its hopelessness. What did she want of him now? He had given her all he would; all she had any right to claim, even to the half of his income. Perhaps her lawyers had found some way around. . . . These were idle thoughts to fill a perfect day. He would go ashore and bask in its forgetfulness.

On the way to the cabin he came across Rose Fermoy, who recognized him with a smile and half a gesture, as of invitation. He accepted a convenient deck-chair and asked her why she had not joined the rest and gone to Epidaurus.

She was not doing penance for past sins, she said. Mycenae, Tiryns, and Argos sufficed for all her present needs. Till they had settled to a definite shape, she would not look at another stone.

"Then come ashore and have lunch," he suggested. "I'm going to — at some Greek place. They treat you like a guest if you're civil and can talk to them."

She was delighted with the proposal. . . . "No archeology — no ruins — no nothing — just lunch!" she interpreted it; "I'm coming."

When she joined him at the gangway, she found he had engaged a native boatman, who was to take them for a preliminary sail.

"It'll give us an appetite," he explained; and she was willing.

And so, after making the circuit of the bay, they stepped on shore.

He found the best hotel in the place, and there they made a peculiar repast off dishes she tried hard to recognize.

"This *is* real," she repeated, happily attacking the unknown.

Again he caught himself wondering at her passion for reality.

"You've lived in Greece?" she asked him, as they took their coffee.

"Five years."

"Doing what?"

"Digging, digging — digging about in the past."

"And the future?"

"Doesn't come within the scope of archeology."

He told her a little of the Islands and the rough life that he and his fellow-excavators had led there.

"Were there ever moments — moments that thrilled you?" She put it to him, a light in her dark eyes.

He met them; and they were genuinely afire; no facile enthusiasm in their honest depths.

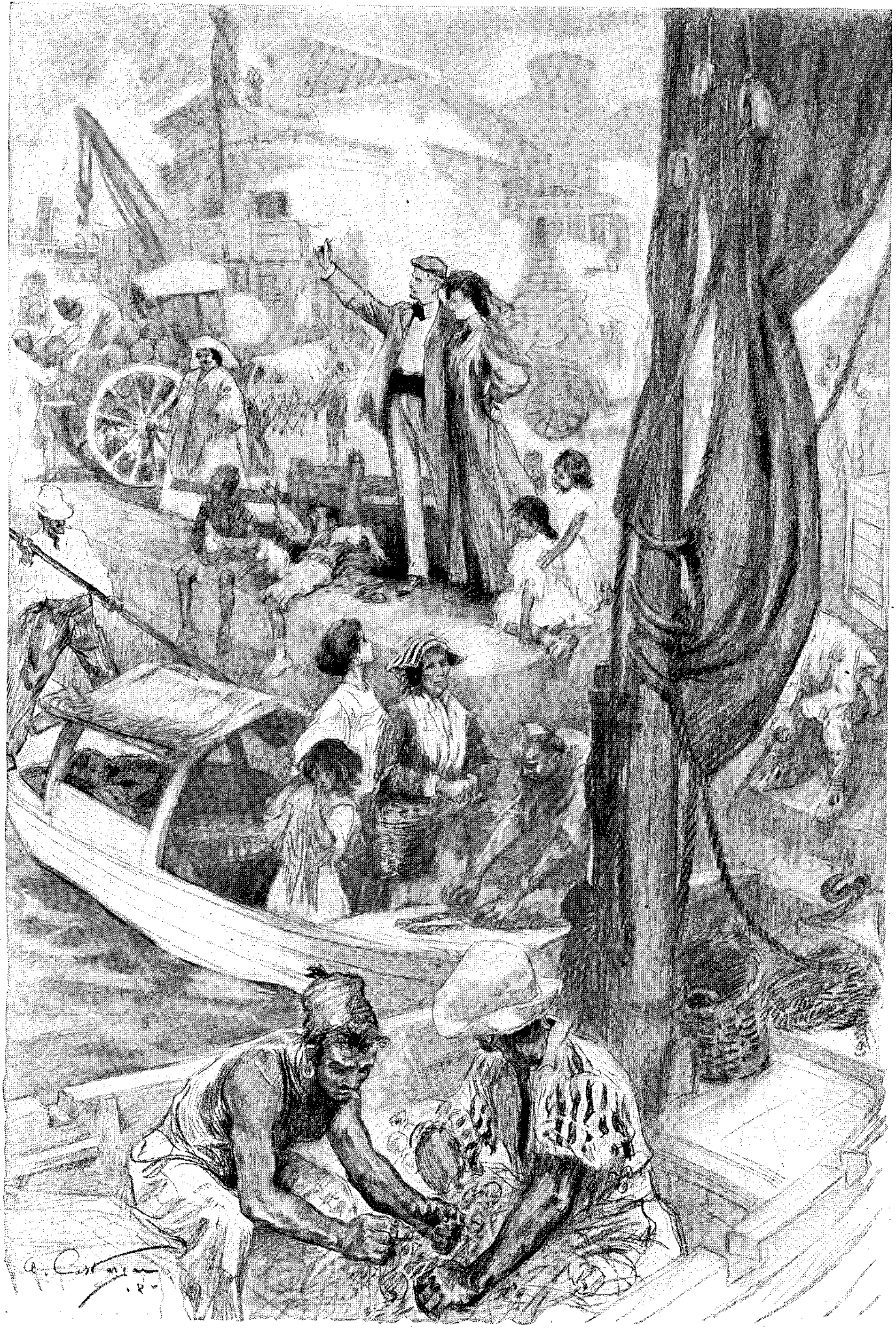
"Last year at Delos," he answered slowly, "we found an Apollo. It was wonderful to come across him — these things are so alive."

"And women — you never found a woman?"

"Never," he said; and, finishing his scrutiny of her face, "Never till now," he added, under his breath.

She pressed him about the finding of the Apollo.

"You want to hear about him? . . . It *was* wonderful," he added, after a pause. . . . "Brugère, Homolle, Laporte, Paulsen, and I were on the island, and our workmen. Delos belongs to the French school; but they had admitted Paulsen, who is a Dane; while I — I usually do as I like. . . . All the summer we had been working, with nothing but chips of pottery, one curious piece of mosaic, and a quantity of stones — street after street of houses — to show for it. My men and I were down at a temple near the harbor one evening. It was there that the Apollo first came to light. We had found the floor of the temple, and the bases of its pillars, and some remnant of an altar. We'd all but finished our day's work — sunrise to sunset it often was — when one of the men, digging away near the foundation, discovered a marble knee. He called out when he came to it, and threw his spade aside. By the time I reached him, he had uncovered the whole round of it with his hands and a clasp-knife. . . . You may not have troubled your head about the human knee, marble or otherwise; but, really, it is very beautiful. There's so much delicate machinery, so cunning an arrangement of bone and skin and cartilage; so much knowledge and so much workmanship are required for their proper presentation — and this one, as I stooped over it, was without a flaw. Those of Michelangelo, on the Medicean tombs at Florence, are, perhaps, the most perfect in the world. This one, I thought, was no less


A. Castaigne

"THE 'GOLDEN FLEECE' WAS UNDER STEAM AND SLOWLY MOVING OUT TO THE DEEP WATERS" masterly. I stopped work for that day and went to look for my companions. . . . Paulsen was in the museum, sticking labels on bits of earthenware; the three Frenchmen had gone down to their huts. I told them my story, and they came back with me. The workman, who was the real discoverer, still stood on guard. . . . 'Let us finish,' said the Frenchmen. 'We'll dine first,' I said; for I was hungry. 'After that we'll go on; all night, if you like.'"

"There was a full moon, silvering already, and west of us the sun had set, leaving its glow on all the Islands and the wine-dark sea. You yourself have watched the drama of such evenings: they belong to Homer and the epic bards. In the town across the water, there were already a few lights. The near island, Rheneia, lay in shadow, all sinister and dark. It is uninhabited, except for the ghosts of the dead Delians — it was their place of dying and of burial, if you remember. . . . Not a cloud, and a full moon that would stay till after midnight.

"We dined, eating our tinned food and preserves with the zest of heroes; we smoked a few cigarettes; and then the five of us and our faithful workman made ready. . . . It was a lovely scene, rare, romantic: this island, full of mystic ruins, marbles and gray stones, climbing the hill which leads to its furthermost point; the sea about us, other islands across the glass-like waters, the lights of Tinos; above them all, the full moon that alone made this adventure possible. We five men had stripped to the waist; for we had work to do.

"Mostly, we used our hands. Spyros, our man, did the rough digging; but even he was tender. From the knee, we descended little by little — the whole leg and foot were perfect. Spyros, at his end, had found the face; the nose, and even the ears, were undamaged. The rest was easy. . . . Three, four hours' hard work; and then the moon left us — time flies in these good moments; but, before it went, it had shown us this white Apollo, straight from head to foot, with even the fingers curving on the broken hands — they had parted at the wrist, but they were there. . . . The figure was large, yet not too large. Eight foot and something was its height. It lay there like a perfect body in its tomb. . . . The moon went down and all was darkness. The lights had disappeared at Tinos; there was a faint murmur from the sea. The stars stood overhead, creating monstrous outlines, blacks that were less black than other blacks. . . . Brugère gave the word: 'We will continue,' he said, 'with lanterns. Why not?' . . . Half-naked, perspiring though we were, we raced to the huts in that darkness, and came back with lamps, with lanterns, with candles — I remember Homolle brought out a bicycle-lamp that had reached there somehow — with everything we could find that would give light. Our Apollo was safe. . . . And now for the final stroke. We would sink a pole into the earth, a strong support; and, against this, our figure would rest, would stand upright, so that we could see him face to face. This was agreed. In that strange light we chose a pole from the building materials we'd imported for our museum, dug a place for it, and sank it in the ground. Ropes we had in plenty; but, best of all, we were six strong men, all eager, all enthusiasts, and all excited with the joy of a supreme moment, the like of which might never enter in our lives again. It was the first that had been seen of the Delian Apollo. Now, you can buy his photograph at every shop. . . . I suppose your newspapers have said things about it; but, to us, it was an act of true creation" . . . and Capel paused, reaching out again to the joy and the dominance of that august surprise.

Miss Fermoy said, "Go on."

Capel obeyed:

"In that strange light we erected our new god upon the island; lifted him at last from the lost tomb where he had slept two thousand years, and set him in the air and into day again. We turned his glorious face toward the east. With a deft intent. The sun would rise from there, drowning our candles, and our lanterns, and our oil-lamps. . . . And so it happened. The day-break and the dawn came golden from the east. Our white Apollo, who had looked so fair and undefiled by moonlight, and even when our lanterns had traced out the pure lines of his body, stood erect and met the sun. The dust was in his short, crisp curls; he was a trifle soiled, and stained, and tainted with the earth — but so were we! And then, all six of us rushed shouting to the sea, threw off what few clothes we wore, and swam about like fishes. . . . That was last year — only last year."

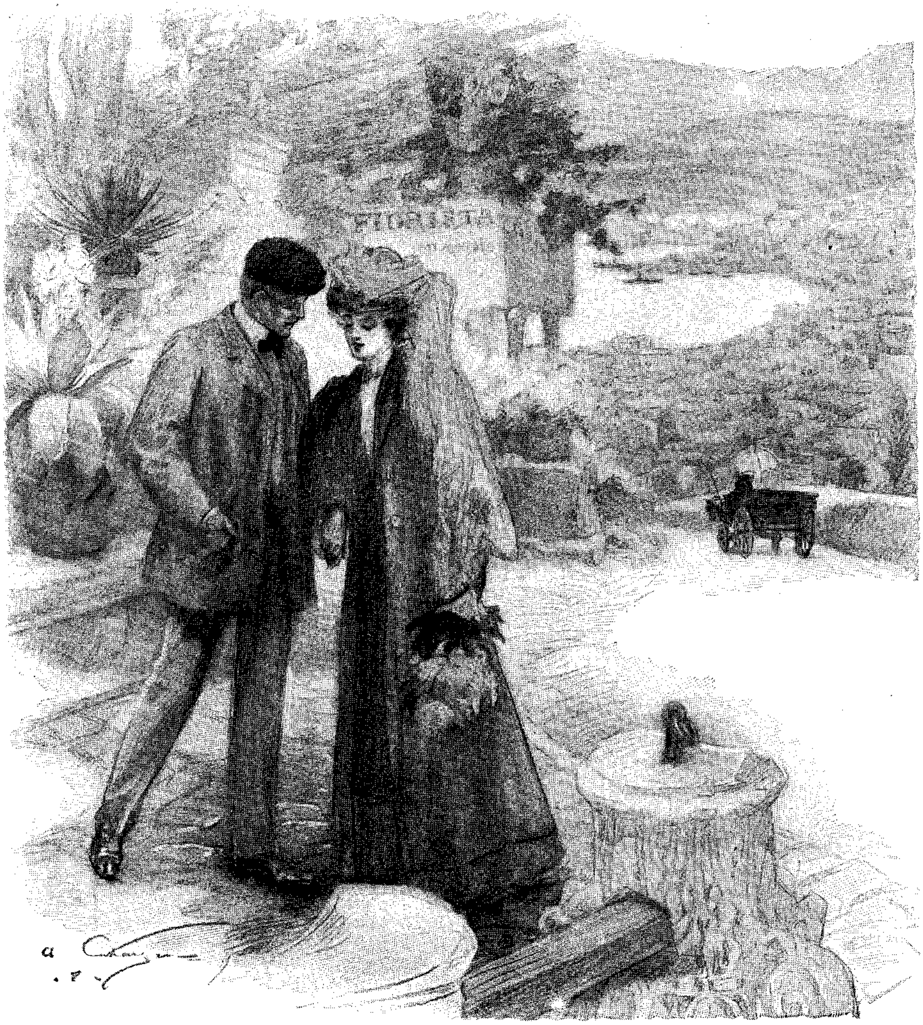
Miss Fermoy looked up. . . . His story was, evidently, at an end.

"Have you paid?" she asked.

"I will," said Capel.

"Here's my share"; she had handed him a piece of gold. "The change can wait," she added; "and now we'll walk."

Of that afternoon, Capel retained but a radiant, sun-drenched memory; beatific, half opaque, formless yet divined, like the more golden paintings of his favorite Turner. . . . They



"THEY DISMISSED THEIR DRIVER AND WENT ON, HAND IN HAND"

tramped along the dusty road that leads to Tiryns; they rested under the shadow of that vast, cyclopean ruin. The size of its huge stones explained a thousand myths: Titans had quarried them, and cut them, and laid them — of that there could be no doubt.

The wild thyme grew here, scented, filling the air with its soft odor; the lizards rustled in the sunlight.

"What has become of Miss Stair?" he asked her, as they made the stiff ascent.

"Gone to Epidaurus with the others."

"It was wise of her," he said; and the girl at his side wondered, and, perhaps, agreed.

Below Tiryns stands a *cafénia,* a wayside tavern, where one may take refreshment in a secluded garden.

The man who looked after them brought Miss Fermoy a huge handful of roses. They drank some sweet red wine; they ate *loukoumi* and little cakes. On the road again, a native carrier offered them a lift. He had a load of wine barrels, and, among these, they sat blissfully, watching Tiryns disappear, and Nauplia and the "Golden Fleece" come closer.

"It has been wonderful"; they were at the ship's side again. "Ever so much more wonderful," she said, "than broiling at Epidaurus."

IV

Their next halting place was Katakolo; whence they would make the excursion to Olympia. After that, Greece would vanish, and the colder lands approach. This morning, Capel and Rose Fermoy went ashore with the rest; with Miss Stair and the fair young man who had lunched with them at Mycenae; with the whole two hundred.

This morning they had started out together as though some understanding linked them, whether by accident or by design neither took the trouble to ascertain — it seemed the most natural thing in all the world. Ashore, they walked together, fractional, obscure, part and parcel of the flocked two hundred.

Special trains were in waiting to receive them; a toy engine and toy carriages that made the journey from Katakolo to Pyrgos, and a full-sized affair that ran from Pyrgos to the station of Olympia. Village and station lie below a hill and are shut out. Over that ascent, you discover a pink and white museum, a pink and white hotel, shaped like Greek temples; and, afterwards, you face round to where, deep in the bed of a wide and shallow valley, spreads the gray remnant of a ruined city.

Capel had looked down from there alone, lived there alone, through a past autumn. To-day he found that place alight with spring. He let Miss Stair and the fair young man go sight-seeing with the rest. There would be a meal at one o'clock, and they would come together again, all four of them, at the hotel. "What are *we* going to do?" he asked of Miss Fermoy when this had been agreed.

She looked at him questioningly. "I never care," she said, "as long as I am happy."

"You're happy now?"

"Quite," was her answer. "I could sit down in the grass, and just be — just be — well, happy."

He could, too, it seemed.

They had a plaid with them, an old, dark shawl, threadbare, venerable, but yet so precious that he had with difficulty induced her to part from it. He gathered that it belonged to somebody at home, where it was cherished.

He spread it for her now, and it seemed a link, intimate and vital, that gained him an half admission to the pleasant places whence she was sprung — closed to him, always closed to such as he. . . . His wistful eyes were turned to her clear profile. . . . She might open; she herself might loosen bars and bolts and fling the gateways wide; but behind her and about her, now, there were those others; other measures, other watchwords, other voices in command. He saw her then, remote, far from him, absorbed and divided by a vague atmosphere, that might, in the event, prove hostile. And with that he touched her hand lightly, in passing, reassuring himself; making, at least, that hour, that moment, for his own.

He had spread the shawl for her, and there they sat: behind them, the pink and white museum and hotel, shaped like Greek temples; in front, a tiny stream, crossing rich meadows; and at the end, flanked by the brilliant verdure of the Hill of Kronos, silent, untenanted, the gray ruin of the sacred city. Midway and solitary, between their eminence and the low ground beyond, its contours clear in that transparent air, stood a judas-tree in flower, purple all over, from topmost branch to the dark trunk of it. It stood there proudly, voluptuously, almost wickedly, like a torch of purple flame mocking the golden noon. . . . Mycenae and the Argive plain had been cold places of bare stone beside this place, whose April splendors shone among these wooded heights, these green, enameled fields and sun-kissed waters. A distant river, the Alpheios, a line of torquoise set in a golden bed, closed this fair prospect. From the museum behind them, in tiny groups, trickled their fellow-voyagers, going down to the ruins and inscriptions of the valley.

Perhaps an hour passed, and, perhaps, less — time was no moment on this April day — before they rose and stood upright. The last of the tourists had gone down the slope to the gray city.

V

In the museum of Olympia lives the Hermes of Praxiteles. It has a chamber, dedicate, apart. The other figures, archaic, following an easier convention, have their story, but this rare piece of marble is transfigured by some great awakening, some first, supreme adventure of the human soul. The Hermes is all youth; it has the fragrance of an eternal spring, the wistful sunshine, the exquisite grace of the opening year, the tenderness of faces turned for the first time toward the mystery of love. . . . The profile of this statue, seen in the light that entered from the April fields outside, was the embodiment of the young season. An artist had dreamed of spring and held his dream within the lines his hands had carved.

Capel had led Rose Fermoy through the central hall, past the two rows of figures from the house where Phidias had erected his Zeus; he had led her straight from the sunlight into this cool place, this further shrine. "If you are wise," he had said, "you won't trouble about the rest to-day." . . . And she was wise — or foolish: she could not say which.

Their luncheon ended, she went off alone to seek an answer. Alone, she wandered up the leafy hill of Kronos, Titan and sage; whose wisdom made no stir, whispered neither approval nor reproach, gave nor withheld . . . Or foolish? . . . In all her three and twenty years she had lived untroubled, amazon, and free of heart; a vessel, true and staunch, whose careless flag bore the proud motto, "No Surrender!" Men had come her way, and she had looked them frankly in the face with those clear eyes of hers. To-day . . .

She came down the Hill of Kronos. She had decided that she would ask no further questions.

Capel, left to himself, had stayed behind at the hotel. Idly, from his vantage ground, he traversed the landscape. He looked up to the Kronion and saw a patch of red — he recognized the scarlet parasol that had gone before him on the road below Mycenae. . . . It moved there like a flag and like a signal, ascending higher and ever higher. He lost it, and, when he found it again, she was descending. Should he go out to meet her? She must come by the bridge that crossed the tiny rivulet below. He would wait till she neared it, and then set out.

Meanwhile, he took a letter from an inside pocket, read it, re-read it, folded it, put it in its envelop, and returned it once more to its resting-place. This ceremony over, he went slowly down the hill, thinking — thinking — thinking.

VI

Away from Olympia runs a tiny stream, its channel deep between two scented banks, jeweled with the season's flowers. Here the world is shut out, the ruin of the old city, the to and fro of museum and hotel. Here one might meet a dryad, come lightfooted from the shade and boscage of the Hill of Kronos. Here, indeed, some such entirely appropriate person had arrived to take her ease. She chose a shadowed spot, with a good place for her head, and laid aside her parasol. Two wild ducks chattered and gabbled in some unseen nook, where they had made their nest. She went down to look for them, and the chattering ceased. She came back to her place in the shadow, and the chattering began anew. A peasant boy, leading a mule hung with tin vessels, moved drumming to the stream. He filled his tins with water and drummed away again. Afar, in the world outside, droned the piping of a native musician. There followed the deep silence of the afternoon. Rose put her face to the earth and heard no sound. Above, between bank and bank, the sun blazed in the blue heavens. . . .

Capel, making for the bridge, had seen her disappear, had searched for her, had found her. Pan-like, he had been spying from his unsuspected place amid the reeds. Now he came out of hiding and advanced over the broken ground. Quietly, he sank into the long grass at her side. She was sleeping, dreamlessly, and like a child. . . . He watched her, and the stir of her, and the lines of her; the dark hair and the olive skin; the heave of the small round bosom, the velvet throat, the fall of the soft skirt that draped her. He watched there, suspended, lost in some lyric rapture of the senses, caught up in some April flood that looked nor backward nor ahead. The present filled him. There might be trouble in store; behind him was a waste of bitter years; but to-day, a forbidden hour uplifted him and made him man. . . . He smoothed out one fold of the drapery that was astray. Now she lay perfect; like the Hermes, like the vision of promise and of beauty that had mastered the strong hands of him whose work they had swayed to in the cool museum: they — divided — apart — yet near; touched by a divine emotion that had made them one. They had suffered this joy together, this sweet, soft pain. A glory had laid hold of them that April hour; a musical throbbing, as of ascendant larks facing the sun, had filled their breasts. He knew it: how and why he knew it, he could not say. Perhaps she, sleeping there, would tell him — some day; some far, far day in some unhoped for, unhorizoned life. He stooped over her face and read it. . . . Her eyes opened, and he worshiped it. . . . "Not now," the whisper ran within him; "Not now!" He forced himself away and turned his head. . .

Upright, erect again, risen to their feet — they found the world. It laughed at them — radiant, as though conscious of bright coverings, its phoenix gift, its April renewal — and they laughed back; heartwhole, asking nothing from the gods but life!

It was Capel's last day in Greece; and yet, the first: the first he had known with spring, and joy, and his forsaken youth, all plucking at his heartstrings — the very first! . . . And then he recalled how, long ago, in far-off dreams, this land had always seemed like that; filled with forgetfulness, and beauty, and dim monuments of the first race that vanquished barbarism, and made their life a ritual and an art.

VII

Late on the next night the "Golden Fleece" anchored before Syracuse. She had reached the outer world at last, where must come parting, and the trend of normal ways. Rose and Grace Stair were leaving her here. Their program was arranged. They would see something of Sicily and then continue northward, stopping at Naples, at Rome, at Florence. Capel's direction was to Marseilles; thence straight to London and the cloud that drew him home. The rest of this journey he would meet alone, aloof and self-absorbed, as when he had set out. Across the waters shone the lights of the unseen city. He and Miss Fermoy had watched them nearing, and each had felt the dim finality, the oncoming severance, of that approach. Now, Rose had gone below, where Miss Stair, her auburn locks unbound, was waiting in a fever of suspense.

"You're going to see him again?" she asked at once.

Rose met her eyes; and gathered what was meant.

"Perhaps, in the morning," she answered quietly.

"And later?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, he's not like that!" Miss Stair was sure.

Rose spoke quite calmly: "I think we're both — 'like that' — both he and I."

"Strong-minded?"

"Grace, dear old Grace, I must pack and put my things away — there are so many things to put away," she ended, turning to the hooks and pegs on her side of the cabin. Miss Stair, reclining in an upper berth, looked hard at her, as she moved steadfastly, intent upon her task.

"Nice men are wasted on you, Rose," she said at last; and then, "I could have done with him quite comfortably," she added laughing; "I don't suppose you ever thought of that!"

VIII

Capel stood at the gangway head, saying good-by to her. Below, the ship's launch was in waiting, piled with trunks and boxes, with parcels and the lesser things of such a flitting. It waited, as a cab waits at a door. He could read her name on one flat box — "R. Fermoy," in travel-stained white against the travel-stained brown.

"If you're ever in the north, you must come and see us," were her last words.

He had approached the conventional reply, but there was a wretchedness in his voice, in his whole bearing, that bled through the disguise, making the effort plain, passing his self-control. He stood there with a wound, open, unhealing, but for her. . . . Here was no farewell, rather an amputation, unanesthetized; a lopping off of some new faculty, some radiant blossoming, freshly begun — here ended!

Beside the two girls, at least half a dozen other tourists were volleying parting messages or waving from the launch.

Capel watched their upturned faces, so sick at heart he had not strength to move from there and blot this vision out. It was over, he told himself, finished, and done with,— and still he kept to his post at the ship's side. The start of the small propeller aroused him. The launch first fussed, then found herself — and they were off. In that same instant he knew that his one chance of happiness — his one chance of happiness in all the world — was going from him, was gliding away from him, over those blue waters to that white and glittering town. And he was letting it go! . . . Last night, this severance, unfaced, unrealized, its full cruelty lost in the teeming bounty of the present, the vouchsafed, had seemed necessary, inevitable: but now, without her, there was neither life nor living! . . . And still he clung to his place at the ship's side. . . . The launch had reached a landing-stage. Rose had stepped out. He followed her — a dab of brown — until she and her party and their luggage had disappeared. And then the spell that held him cleared, lifted, and set him free.

Capel sought out the ship's purser.

"I've had enough of this," he said.

The purser hardly seemed surprised.

"Will you take my check?" said Capel.

"How much?" said the purser.

"Thirty."

"Make it fifty. I'll see you in my office."

Capel arrived there with a kit-bag and a check blank.

The purser wrote in the fifty pounds — all but the signature.

Capel added that.

"Better have gold," said the purser.

"I've got a pocketful."

"The more the merrier — here's half and half."

Capel raked in the money, the notes with one hand, the sovereigns with the other. "Good of you to trust me," he said.

"That's all right"; and then the purser added, "Young lady's an heiress."

"Which young lady?"

"Miss Stair."

"Is she?" said Capel.

"You didn't know?— all the better," and the purser chuckled.

"Keep my other things for me at Marseilles; I'll write or wire — the steward knows all about them."

The purser chuckled again.

"Wish you luck."

The launch had come back from the shore, to find a new fare hurrying down the gangway.

The officer in charge hesitated.

Beside it bobbed a native boat full of musicians. They were giving the "Golden Fleece" a concert in return for stray coppers.

"This'll do," said Capel.

The officer in charge made way.

"*Aqui*," cried Capel, "*Cinque lire — presto!*"

They understood him.

"*Deici*," said they.

"All right." He didn't care.

"*All-o-ri*," echoed the leader. They sang and strummed to him till he touched land.

IX

It was early morning, and Syracuse had barely brushed the sleep out of its eyes. Capel had found a terrace and a promenade facing seawards; in these a gap that led into the town. Two or three hotels were on the way, none of them very impressive, but easy enough to come across. At one he heard that some English ladies had left their luggage, and then gone out to see the sights. "Show me this luggage," he said. It was practically at his feet, and there, foremost and thrice-blessed, reposed that old flat box, with its "R. Fermoy" in travel-stained white against the travel-stained brown. He thanked the hall-porter and left.

Outside was the sunlit square and the cathedral. What was there to see here, except this massive pile?

He entered and was besieged by boys with picture post-cards. They had no shame, no reverence; it was a public place, like an exchange or market. He answered them curtly and looked down the central aisle. Three of the departed tourists were rummaging there. He moved out of range, to a side chapel, and there she knelt in brown, unmistakably she for whom he sought. He waited.

There was a footfall at his side. It was Miss Stair, sunny and freckled and altogether alert. She smiled faintly, as though she had expected him. Then she tiptoed away.

Rose had done. There were the marks of tears on her face. It told him everything, as his told her. They had confessed in that swift recognition, without reserve, all weapons laid aside, as is befitting under such a roof. Their love lay open to the world.

"You knew that I would come?" he said.

"I have just prayed for it," she answered simply, "now or later — as long as you did come ——"

Miss Stair had rejoined them.

He walked between the two girls on a tiny round of exploration, and, with them, he stepped out into the sunlight, where they paused to notice how Pagan columns and Christian fabric made this temple.

"Catholic," he said, "Roman and Catholic — the most human place of all the places where men pray!"

X

Opposite the cathedral is a café, whose vaulted rooms, as is the way with rooms Italian, are frescoed romantically and, perhaps, cheaply, with designs of flowers and fruit. Hither these three repaired, and it was here that Capel introduced them to the joys of vermouth and seltzers, and sent the waiter across the street for a pocketful of those aromatic cigars named after the patriot-hero, Marco Minghetti. Here, too, it was that that semi-divine personage, Miss Stair, explained that she had letters to write, and, also, her diary to bring in order. She had been most terribly remiss with it. Would they excuse her if she spent a few hours in her room? They made no difficulty, even escorted her as far as the hotel. Then they marched on, seawards, to the harbor, where the "Golden Fleece" was under steam and slowly moving out to the deep waters. They watched her, side by side, shoulder to shoulder; that old black hulk, deliberate and ungainly, whereon they had spent such strange, sweet hours; that good staunch ship, wonder-filled and magical, where all one's dreams came true! . . . . She vanished; only the dwindling smoke of her remained, melting, vanishing, too, between the water and the ardent blue beyond.

From the terrace where they stood, the whole bay was spread before them, and the green of a level country running far inland. Capel's eyes rested on the spot where the green was greenest, the sparse trees most clustered, the plain most rising from the flat. "We'll go there," he said.

He found a cabman, a sly old fellow, greedy, wrinkled, and obtuse; a cunning ogre, who, obviously, preyed upon tourists, and to whose original baseness much traffic with the honeymooner had added a sinister and incurable misanthropy. Rose and her lover hated him, but they had no immediate alternative.

"We want to drive in that direction—" Capel indicated it — "for one hour. Then you can drop us and go home. How much?"

"To the monuments?"

Capel laughed: "One hour — and there!"

They made their bargain and set out; over the limestone of this dusty place, skirting the harbor, then away from it, inland, till they came to a good country road bordered with trees. Down this they went for several miles, passing fields and farmhouses.

"And the monuments?" inquired the driver, pointing to something distant with his whip. Their indifference annoyed him. All his other tourists — even the honeymooners — had visited "the monuments"; and, apparently, nothing else.

Capel had laughed again. . . . . No monuments for him! The past — he was done with it; with all its phantoms, with the cold dust of it, and its dim mockery of life, that he had taken to himself, hugged to himself, scorning the present. With all that glamor, that folly, that mirage of impuissant dreams, wherewith, these last five years, he had deluded himself, he was ended. No monuments for him! . . . The past was dead and done; more dead and done than those long years of exile — part of it, and now descended to the grave and death as surely as the years of Greece and Rome! . . . For him, the present, that might soon be past — equal and one with it, but *his*. His very own! Made by him, for him, recreated — as God creates each year. The men of old had had their day. Now had come his; equally splendid, equally epic, equally alive — for him! . . . "No monuments," he had cried; "we build our own!"

There had been no further interruptions.

At the hour, they had reached the opening of a lane, whose low stone walls gave to a lemon grove, bright with ripening fruit and lingering blossom. Here they dismissed their driver and went on, hand in hand.

XI

The day was over, and Rose had said good-night to everybody. In her room at the hotel there was a writing-table, with ink and paper and a pen. She had just sat down to them.

"Darling Mother," she wrote, "I am very tired, very happy, but, oh, so very tired. Now you will guess that it is only you (and, perhaps, he,) who could induce me to write even a page. I have already told you about him. We were nothing to one another till this morning, or we did not know that we were everything. It was only after we had said good-by that we really knew. Last night, in our cabin, Grace spoke to me about him, and I pretended to answer. But, in my heart, I was speaking like this: Supposing, I said, two people, stumbling through the dark had found the gates of heaven and looked in; two people, still on earth, reaching there, intruding there, before their time — common trespassers. That's what I called them last night. What ought they to do? I asked. And then I argued: They've had more than they'd any right to. They would shut their eyes, they would turn their back on the good place, and keep that memory intact, inviolate, forever afterwards. That's what he and I are going to do, I argued last night. To-day I answer: They would go on and enter.

"He and I have gone on and entered. There will be no turning back for us. Last night I had to argue the other way. Now, I know that he loves me, and I do not argue. Now, I am sure.

"I am too tired to explain any more; my head is simply used up and will hardly go on. But you know me better than anybody knows me, mother darling, except him. I say, 'except him,' and he must know me better than anybody because he trusted me so much. He put all his pride, and all his sorrow, and all his hopes before me, and I could have trampled them underfoot, or laughed at them, which is worse than trampling. He did not say anything. He showed me a letter. It has made him come home where he will be divorced. It sounds hard of me, and awful of me, to say that. He is going straight home, where he will see you. Do not scold me till then. When you have seen him, as you think of me, you will understand.

"I am too tired to write another word. Do not answer this letter till you have seen him. Love is so new to me that I hardly dared say what I have said. But, then, I loved you first."

Rose signed this and put it in an envelop, which she addressed. Down-stairs she found the hall porter and bought a stamp.

"I want this to go at once," she said, "*subito!*"

The man smiled on the *signorina*, and promised that it should.

Rose watched him call a servant who went off with it.

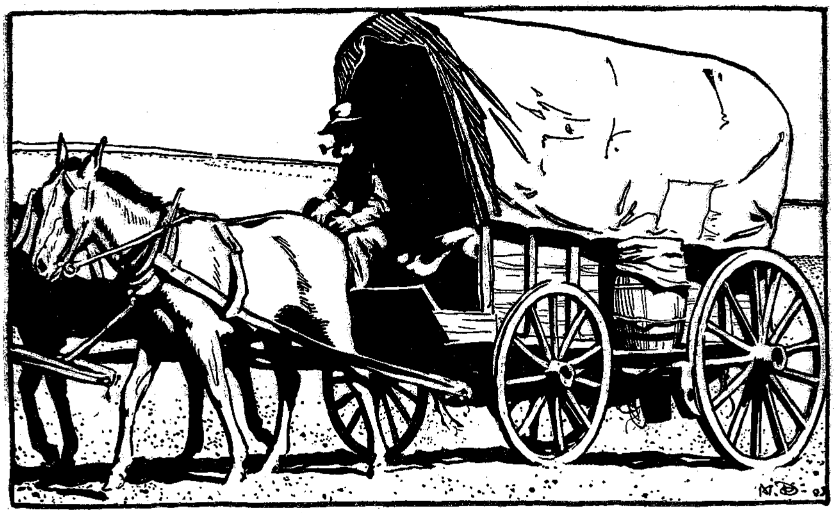
On the way to her room she found that she had something of importance to communicate.

Grace Stair had bolted her door and was fast asleep, but Rose knocked and made so great a din that, at last, she was admitted.

"What do you want?" said Grace.

"Nice men aren't wasted on me, and *you* couldn't have done with him quite comfortably. That's all."

Rose did not wait for a reply, but pattered down the corridor, wondering what in heaven or earth had made her shout a something so absurd.



LOVING'S BEND

A REMINISCENCE OF THE TEXAS RANCHMEN

BY

EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

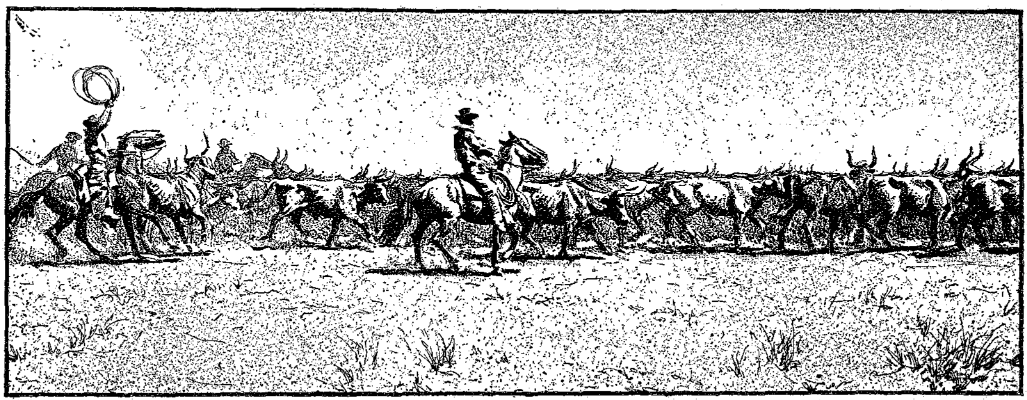
FROM San Antonio to Fort Griffin, Joe Loving's was a name to conjure with in the middle 60's. His tragic story is still told around the camp-fires on the plains.

Loving was one of the thriftiest of the pioneer cow-hunters, and was the first of them to realize that he must push north to find a market for his cattle. The Indian agencies and mining camps of northern New Mexico and Colorado and the Mormon settlements of Utah offered the best opportunities to Texas cattle men in those days, but the problem of reaching them seemed almost hopeless of solution. Directly northward the country swarmed with hostile Indians, and no one knew the conditions as to water and grass, two prime considerations in moving herds. To be sure, the old overland mail road to El Paso, Chihuahua, and Los Angeles led out west from the head of the Concho to the Pecos, and once on the Pecos a practicable route to market should be possible. But the trouble was to reach the Pecos across the ninety intervening miles of waterless plateau called the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain — the plain christened by the early Spanish explorers who, looking out across its vast stretches, could see no landmark, and left behind them driven stakes to guide their return.

It seemed a desperate undertaking to enter upon this ninety mile "dry drive," in which two-thirds of one's cattle were likely to perish for want of water.

Joe Loving was the first man to make the venture, and he succeeded — crossed the plain, fought his way up the Pecos, reached a good market, and returned home in the autumn, bringing a load of gold and stories of hungry markets in the north that promised fortunes for Texas ranchmen. This was in 1866. It was the beginning of the great "Texas trail drive," which in the next twenty years poured six million cattle into the plains and mountains of the Northwest.

At this time Fort Sumner, situated on the Pecos about four hundred miles above Horsehead Crossing, was a large government post, and the agency of the peaceful tribes of Navajo Indians. On his drive in the summer of 1867, Loving made a contract for the delivery of two herds of cattle at this post the following season. His partner in the contract was Charles Good-



"THE HERD WAS THROWN ON THE TRAIL AND DRIVEN

night, afterward the proprietor, for many years, of the Palo Duro ranch in the Pan-Handle.

Beginning their round-up early in March, Loving and Goodnight reached the head of the Concho by the end of the month with two herds, each numbering about two thousand head. Loving was in charge of one herd and Goodnight of the other.

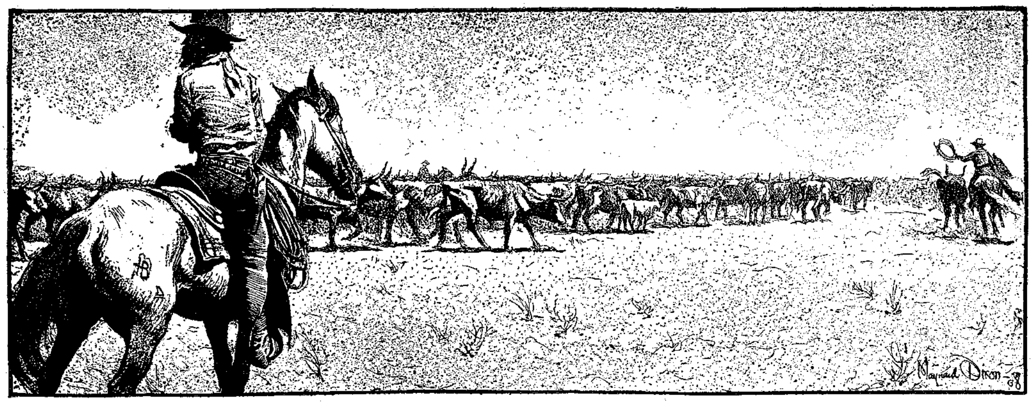
Each outfit was composed of eight picked cow-boys, a "horse-wrangler," and a cook. The cook drove a team of six small Spanish mules hitched to a mess wagon. In the wagon were carried provisions (principally bacon and jerked beef, flour, beans, and coffee), the men's blankets and "war sacks," and the simple cooking equipment. Beneath the wagon was swung a "rawhide," a dried, untanned, unscraped cow's hide, fastened by its four corners beneath the wagon bed. This rawhide served a double purpose, first as a carryall for odds and ends, and secondly in furnishing repair material for saddles and wagons. In it were carried pots and kettles, extra horseshoes, farrier's tools, and fire-wood — for often long journeys had to be made across country which did not furnish enough fuel to boil a pot of coffee. On either side of the wagon were lashed the two great water barrels.

In driving a herd over a known trail, where water and grass are abundant, an experienced trail boss conforms the movement of his herd as nearly as possible to the habit of wild cattle on the range. At dawn the herd rises from the bed ground and is "drifted" or grazed, without pushing, in the desired direction. By nine or ten o'clock the cattle have eaten their fill and are then "strung out on the trail" to water. They step out smartly, two men at either side "pointing" the leaders, and "swing" riders along the sides pushing in the flanks, until the herd stretches out for a mile or more, a narrow, bright, parti-colored ribbon of moving color winding over the dark green of hill and plain. In this way they easily march from six to nine miles by noon.

When they reach water, they are scattered along the stream, drink their fill, and lie down. Dinner is then eaten, and the boys not on herd doze in the shade of the wagon, until, a little after two o'clock, the herd rises of its own accord and moves away, guided by the riders. Rather less distance is made in the afternoon. At twilight the herd is rounded up into a close, compact, circular mass and "bedded down" for the night, the first relief of the night guard riding slowly round, singing softly and turning back stragglers. If properly grazed, the herd is at rest in less than half an hour.

But when a ninety-mile dry drive across the Staked Plain is to be undertaken, all this easy system is changed; in order to make the journey at all, the cattle must be kept moving as long as they can stand. Therefore, when Loving and Goodnight reached the head of the Concho, two days' rest was taken to recuperate the "drags" or weaker cattle. Then, late one afternoon, after the cattle had been well grazed and watered and the water barrels and kegs filled, the herd was thrown on the trail and driven away to the west, without rest or halt, throughout the night. This continued for three nights and four days, stops being made only in the heat of the day. By night of the second day every drop of water had been drunk, and thereafter, with tongues parched and swollen by the clouds of dust, men, horses, and cattle pushed madly ahead.

At a distance of fifteen miles from the Pecos, the whole appearance of the cattle suddenly changes; heads are eagerly raised, eyes brighten, and the leaders step briskly forward and break into a trot. Cow hunters say they smell the water. Perhaps they do, or perhaps it is the last desperate struggle for existence. At any



"AWAY TO THE WEST WITHOUT REST OR HALT"

rate, the tide is resistless. Four men gallop in the lead, to control and handle them, as far as possible, when they reach the stream. Behind, the weaker cattle follow at the best pace they can. In this way, over the last stage, a single herd is strung out for a length of four or five miles.

The Pecos was reached, the herds were watered, and Loving's and Goodnight's outfits lay at rest at Horsehead Crossing for three days to recuperate. Then the drive up the wide, level valley of the Pecos was begun, through thickets of *tornilla* and *mesquite,* horses and cattle grazing belly-deep in the tall, juicy *zacaton.*

The perils of the Llano Estacado were behind them, but they were now in the Comanche country and in hourly danger of ambush. They found a lot of Indian "sign" — their trails and camps — but the "sign" was ten days or two weeks old, which left ground for hope that the war parties might be out on raids in the east or south. After traveling four days up the Pecos without encountering any fresh "sign," they concluded that the Indians were off on some foray, and it was decided that Loving might safely proceed ahead of the herds to make arrangements at Fort Sumner for their delivery.

In Loving's outfit were two brothers, Jim and Bill Scott, who were his most experienced and trusted men. He chose Jim Scott for his companion, and at dark they started on the dash to Fort Sumner.

Their plan was to ride by night and lie in concealment during the day. Dawn of the third day found them riding through a level country about fifteen miles below the present town of Carlsbad, without cover of any sort to serve for their concealment through the day. They therefore decided to push on to the hills above the mouth of Dark Cañon.

This was a mistake. Had they ridden a mile or two to the west of the trail and dismounted before daylight, they probably would not have been discovered. Other riders were out that morning, riders with eyes keen as a hawk's, eyes that never rested for a moment, eyes set in heads as cunning as foxes and cruel as wolves. A war party of Comanches was on the move with scouts, far ahead, creeping along just beneath the edge of the plain, alert for quarry. And they soon found it.

On came Loving and Jim, unsuspecting; they reached the bend in the river, and just as Jim, pointing to the low, round hill a quarter of a mile to the west, remarked: "Thar'd be a blame good place to stan' off a bunch o' Injuns," they were startled by the sound of thundering hoofs. Racing up from the valley and out upon them, barely four hundred yards away, came a band of fifty Comanches, crouching low and plying quirt and heel to urge the horses to the utmost speed. Their own animals were worn out, and Loving and Jim realized that escape by running was hopeless. Cover must be sought where a stand could be made, so they whirled about and made for the hill Jim had already commented upon.

Their pace was slow at the best. The Indians were gaining at every jump and had opened fire. Before half the distance to the hill was covered, a bullet broke Loving's thigh and killed his mule. As the mule pitched over, he fell, fortunately, on the bank of a "buffalo wallow," a circular depression in the prairie made by buffalo wallowing in a muddy pool during the rains.

Instantly Jim sprang to the ground and gave his bridle to Loving, who lay helpless under his mount. In another second he was sending a stream of lead from his Henry rifle in the direction of the redskins. Two Comanches fell, and the charge was checked temporarily.

As the Indians drew back out of range, Jim pulled Loving from beneath his fallen mule, and, with his neck handkerchief, made a tourniquet for Loving's wounded leg, after placing him in as easy a position as possible within the shelter of the wallow, and behind the fallen carcass of his mule. Jim led his own horse to the opposite bank of the wallow, drew his bowie knife, and cut the poor beast's throat; they were in for a fight to the death, and, outnumbered twenty to one, must have breastworks. As the horse fell and Jim dropped down behind him, Loving called out cheerily:

"Reckon we're all right now, Jim, and can down half o' them before they get us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the Indians began a second charge. On they came at top speed until within range, when, with that wonderful dexterity no other race has quite equalled, each pushed his bent right knee into the slack of his hair-rope girth, seized bridle and horse's mane in the left hand, curled his left heel tightly into the horse's flank, and dropped down on the right side of his mount, leaving only a hand and foot in view from the left. Then, breaking the line of their charge, the whole band began to race round Loving's entrenchment in single file, firing beneath their horses' necks and gradually drawing nearer as they circled.

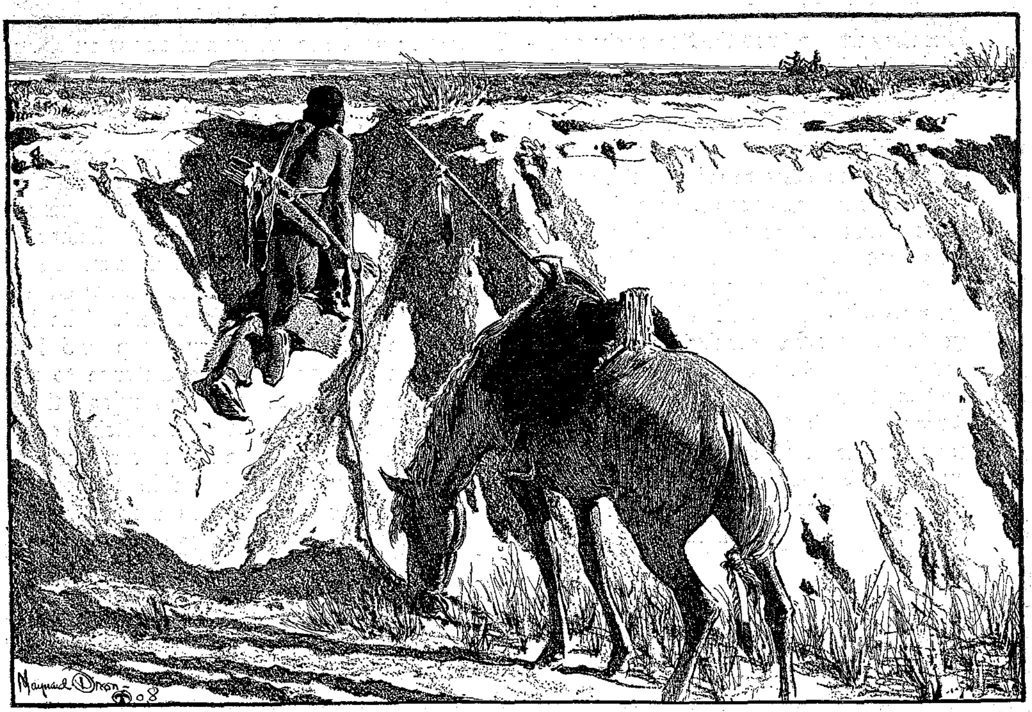
Loving and Jim wasted no lead. Lying low behind their breastworks until the enemy were well within range, they opened a fire that knocked over six horses and wounded three Indians. The fire was too hot for the Comanches, and they again withdrew. Twice again that day the Indians tried the same tactics with no better result.

At last, late in the afternoon, they resorted to the desperate measure of a direct charge, hoping to ride over and shoot down the white men. Up they came at a run, five or six abreast, the front rank firing as they ran. But the fire from the buffalo wallow was so deadly that the savage column broke and retreated.

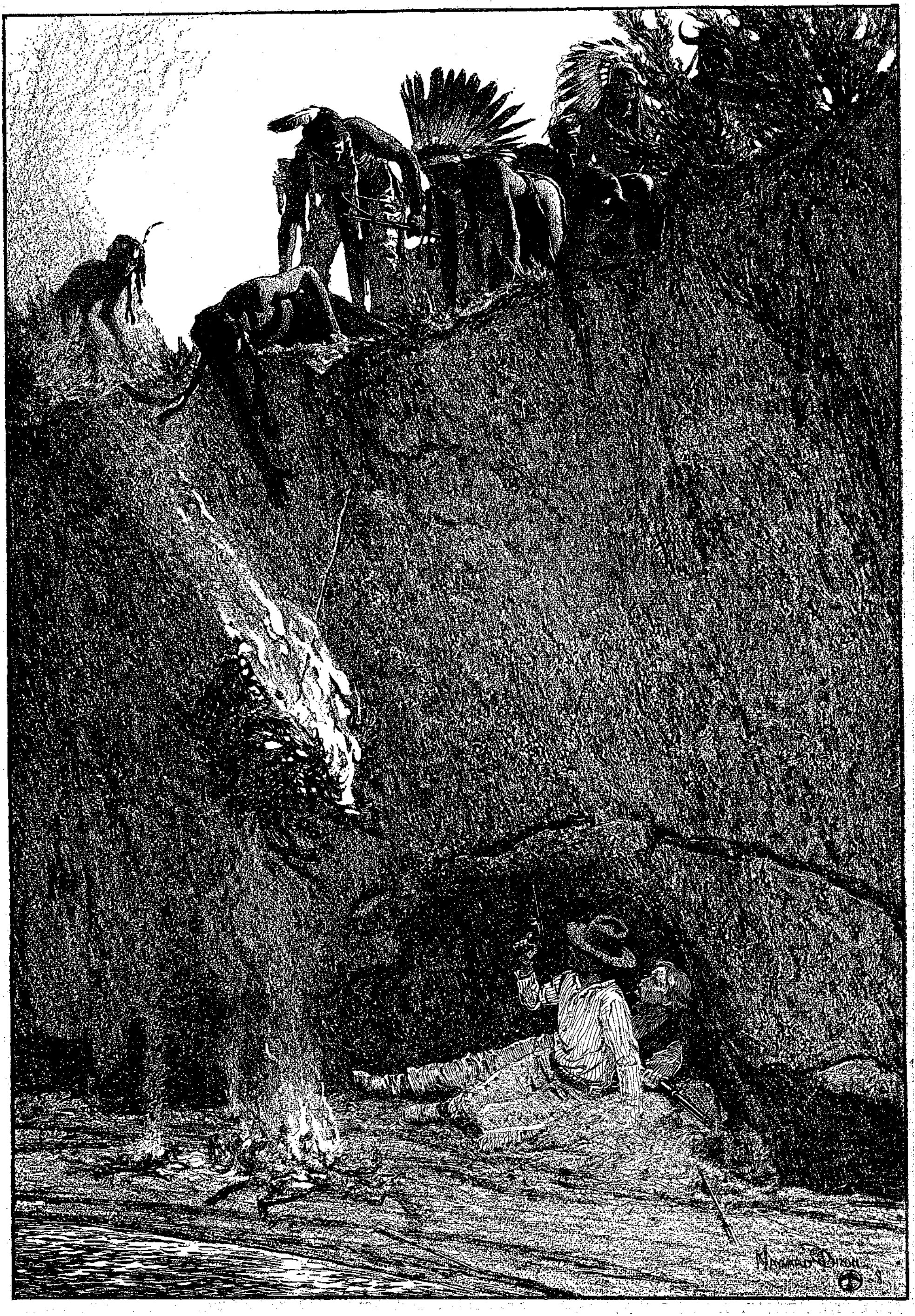
Night shut down. Loving and Jim ate the few biscuits they had cooked and some raw bacon. Their thirst was so great that it was agreed they must have water at any cost. They knew the Indians were unlikely to attempt another attack before dawn and decided to try to reach the stream shortly after midnight.

Although the stream was scarcely more than fifteen hundred yards away, it was a terrible journey for Loving. Compelled to crawl noiselessly to avoid alarming the enemy, Jim could give him little assistance. But going slowly, dragging his shattered leg behind him without a murmur, Loving followed Jim, and they reached the river safely and drank.

It was now necessary to find new cover. For long distances the banks of the Pecos are nearly perpendicular, and from ten to twenty feet high. At flood the swift current cuts deep holes and



"OTHER RIDERS WERE OUT THAT MORNING"


Maynard Dixon

"THE INDIANS TRIED EVERY DEVICE OF THEIR SAVAGE CUNNING TO DISLODGE LOVING AND HIS COMPANION" recesses in these banks. Crawling along the margin of the stream, Jim found a recess wide enough to hold them both and deep enough to afford good shelter from a fire from the opposite shore. Above them the bank rose straight for twenty feet. Thus they could only be attacked by fire from the other side of the river. And, although the stream was only thirty yards wide, the opposite bank afforded no shelter for the enemy.

In the gray dawn the Indians crept in on the abandoned entrenchment and sprang inside the breastworks with upraised weapons — only to find them deserted. But the trail left by Loving's dragging leg was plain, and they followed it to the river, where, coming unexpectedly in range of the new defences, two of their number were killed outright.

Throughout the day the Indians tried every device of their savage cunning to dislodge Loving and his companion, but without avail. They found the opposite bank too exposed and dangerous for attack from that direction, and burning brush dropped from above failed to lodge before the recess. The position seemed impregnable, so they surrounded the spot, resolved to starve the white men out.

Loving was losing strength from his wound, and they had no food but a little raw bacon. It was therefore agreed that Jim should try to reach Goodnight, sixty miles back down the trail, and bring aid. It was a forlorn hope, but the only one. Jim was reluctant to leave, but Loving urged it as their one chance.

As soon as it was dark, Jim removed all but his underclothes, hung his boots around his neck, slid softly into the river, and floated and swam down stream for more than a quarter of a mile. Then he crept out on the bank.

On the way he had lost his boots, but still he struck out bravely for the trail, through cactus and over stones. He traveled all night, rested a few hours in the morning, resumed his tramp in the afternoon, and continued it well through the second night. Near morning, famished, and with feet raw and bleeding, Jim lay down in a rocky recess two or three hundred yards from the trail and went to sleep.

It chanced that the two outfits were camped a mile farther down the trail. At dawn they broke camp, and both passed Jim without discovering him. Then a strange thing happened. Three or four horses had strayed away from the "horse-wrangler" during the night, and Jim's brother, Bill, was left behind to hunt them. Circling for their trail, he came upon the figure of a man, apparently dead. It was his brother Jim. Coffee and a little food revived him so that he could mount Bill's horse and overtake the outfits. Goodnight ordered six men to shift saddles to their strongest horses, left the outfits to get on as best they might, and started to his partner's relief.

Loving had a close call the day after Jim left. The Comanches had other plans to carry out, or perhaps they were impatient. At any event, they crossed the river and raced up and down the bluff firing beneath their horses' necks. It was a miracle that Loving was not hit, but, lying low and watching his chance, he returned such a destructive fire that the Comanches were forced to retire. The afternoon passed without a further attack. As a matter of fact, the Comanches had given up the siege as too dear a bargain.

When night came, Loving grew alarmed; Jim might be taken and killed. He *must* escape through the Indians and try to reach the trail at the crossing in the big bend four miles north. Here his own outfits might reach him in time. He started early in the night, dragged himself painfully up the bluff, and reached the plain. He might have lain down by the trail near by, but supposing the Comanches still about, he set himself the task of reaching the big bend.

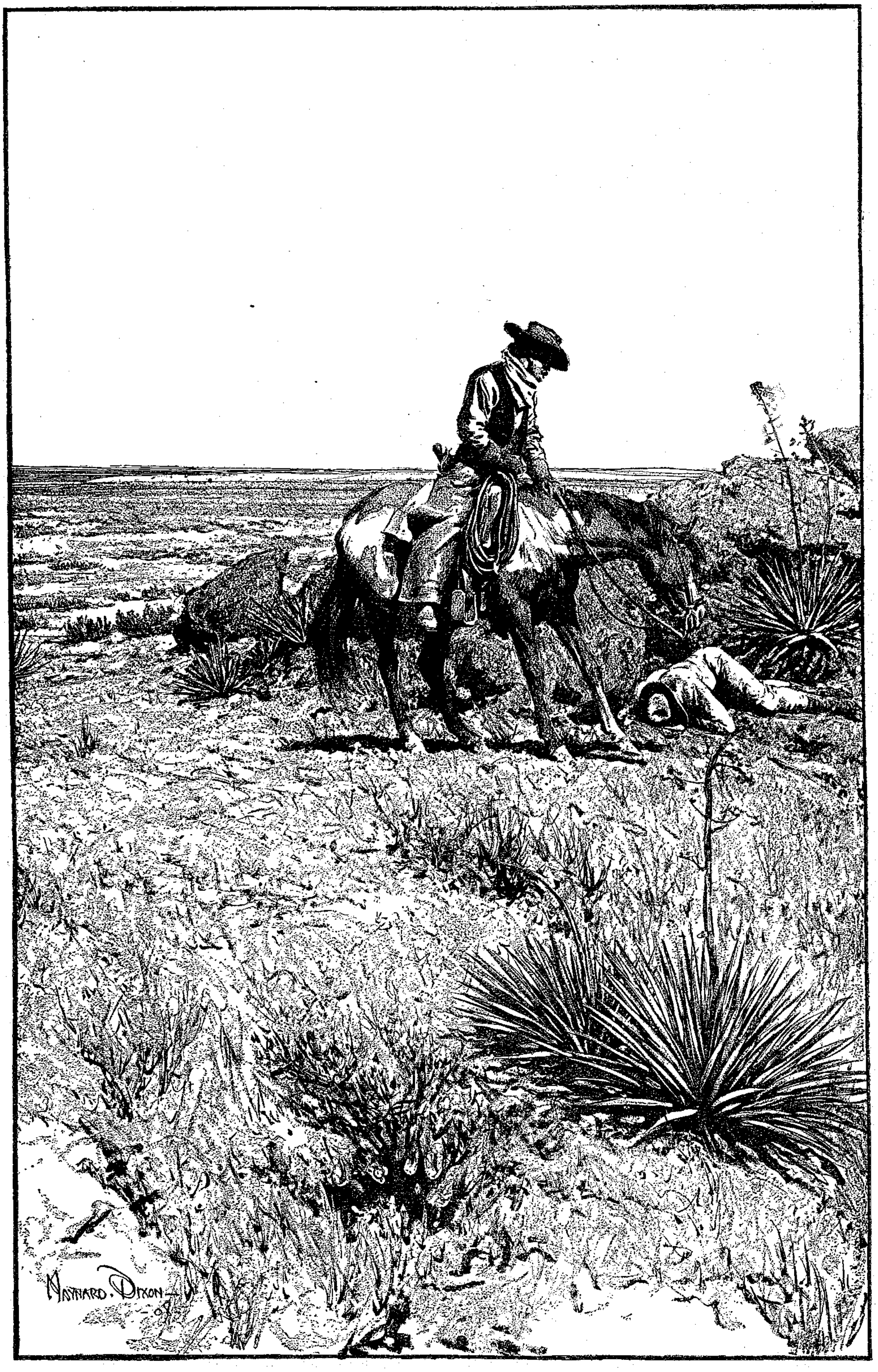
Starving, weak from loss of blood, his shattered thigh compelling him to crawl — words cannot describe the horror of this journey. But he won. Late the next afternoon, the afternoon of the day Goodnight started to his relief, Loving reached the crossing and then swooned.

Ever since, this spot, which is half a mile below the town of Carlsbad, has been known as Loving's Bend.

At dusk that evening a large party of Mexican freighters pitched their camp near by. While some of the men were unharnessing the teams, others went out to fetch firewood. In the darkness one Mexican thought he saw a big *mesquite* root, seized it, and gave a tug. It was Loving's leg.

Food and stimulants revived the injured cowboy, and the next day brought Goodnight and his men. Goodnight hired a party of the Mexicans to take one of their *carretas* and convey Loving through to Fort Sumner. A rude hammock was improvised and slung beneath the canvas cover of the *carreta*, and, placed within it, Loving was made as comfortable as possible. After a nine days' forced march, made chiefly by night, they reached the Post.

Although Loving was holding up well, the heat and lack of proper care were telling badly on his wound, and it was apparent that nothing but amputation of the leg would save him. The medical officer of the post was out with a scouting cavalry detail, and only a hospital steward was available for the operation. Goodnight was


MAYNARD DIXON
-08

"HE CAME UPON THE FIGURE OF A MAN, APPARENTLY DEAD" afraid to trust the case to this man's inexperience. It seemed to him that the only thing to do was to send a rider through to Las Vegas, the nearest point where a surgeon could be found. The distance was one hundred and thirty miles, and the road was infested with hostile Navajos. Goodnight could find no one at the Fort bold enough to take the chances. He raised his offer to one thousand dollars, but no one responded. To go himself was impossible; their contract must be fulfilled.

But at last the man for the job appeared. He was Scott Moore, a contractor who furnished wood and hay to the post.

"Charlie," he said to Goodnight, "why in the world didn't you send for me before? I've got a young Kentucky saddle-mare here that's the fastest thing on the Pecos. I'll be in Vegas by sun-up to-morrow morning, and I'll be back here sometime to-morrow night with a doctor. Pay? Pay be damned."

At nightfall Scott started, and half an hour after sunrise he rode into the plaza of Las Vegas and routed the doctor out of bed. The doctor was no coward, but it took all Scott's eloquence to induce him to consent to a daylight journey to Sumner, for he knew its dangers. Scarcely a week passed without news of some massacre. But Scott was a man who usually got what he went after, and before seven o'clock he and the doctor were on their way back to the post.

Shortly after noon they approached the head of the Arroyo de los Enteros, down which the trail descended to the lower levels of the great Pecos Valley. Enteros Cañon is about three miles long, rarely more than two hundred yards wide, its sides rocky, precipitous, and heavily timbered; the wagon trail which wound through was exposed at every point to a perfect ambuscade. It was the most dreaded stretch of the Vegas-Sumner road. Just before reaching the head of the cañon, the road wound around a high butte. As they turned the hill and came out upon the immediate head of the cañon, the doctor, seizing Scott's arm, cried:

"Good God, Scott, look!"

And it was time. There on either hand, to the right and left, tied by their lariats to drooping piñon boughs, stood fifty or sixty Navajo ponies, bridled and saddled, and dripping with sweat. Apparently it was an ambush laid for them, and they were already surrounded. Overcome with terror, the doctor cried: "Turn, Scott! for heaven's sake! It's our only chance — to pull for Vegas."

But Scott had been reflecting.

"Doc, you're wrong; dead wrong," he replied calmly. "We're safe as if we were in Fort Union. If they were laying for us, we'd be dead now. No, they are after bigger game. They've sighted a big freight outfit coming up from the Pecos, and are laying for that in the cañon. We can slide through without seeing a buck or hearing a shot. We'll go right on down Enteros, old boy."

And down they went into what seemed the very jaws of death.

But Scott was right; the Navajos were indeed laying for other and bigger game. The two men got safely through the cañon, and two miles out on the plain met a train of eight freight teams traveling toward Vegas. They gave the freighters warning, but it was no use. The leaders of the party thought themselves strong enough to repel any attack, and drove on into the cañon. None of them came out.

Before midnight Scott and the doctor reached Sumner.

Scott Moore had covered two hundred and sixty miles in less than thirty hours and had kept his word, but poor Joe Loving died from the shock of the operation.

Now Scott Moore himself is dead and gone, but the story of his heroic ride lives.

THE DOMINO OF BEHRING BEACH

BY

HELEN GREEN

TAYLOR'S wife showed a package to the postal clerk.

"Forty dollars in dust," she said doubtfully; "how'll I git it out to my folks so's it won't be stole, or lost?"

"Register," replied the clerk. "Gimme it, an' I'll swab some sealin' wax, thisaway, on the ends, see? You ain't put your address — wait, I'll fix her up — there. How's the boss? You don't look like you felt good."

"All right," said she politely; "thanks. Goo' day."

The clerk looked after her. "She's up against it," he sighed.

Winter was very near. It was two of the afternoon, and almost dark. The luminous boreal crown, myriad rayed, hung cloudily in the polar sky. The wind from inland Alaska brought to the dwellers in Nome a guarantee of swift-coming snows. The last boat for the outside was anchored beyond the danger limit, and small craft busily went to and fro from the beach, although little but gold and men and mail could the Behring shore send to the south.

Mrs. Taylor pulled her coat collar closer about her neck, and stopped on the narrow board walk above the spongy tundra.

"The 'Portland's' goin' home," she thought. "She'll be bringin' in a different load in June, but she can't do much fur me. My wants are right here in this camp, an' they ain't no use hopin' I'll git 'em. I wonder where that scalawag's foolin' 'way his time this minnit?"

She had gone on, and paused again before the "Red Front" bar. A hefty man emerged. He was one of the immediate entourage of a lavishly complexioned, bottle-blonde lady, whose squirrel fur coat lovingly pursued the curves of her ample form. She spoke in a noisy, commanding voice, and when she addressed the odorous train, they stopped their gabbling and listened with deference.

"What's to stop me takin' the 'Portland'?" she demanded. "I got a poke o' dust that'd jar one them big spoutin' whales, in a fair collision, an' I suttenly am tired of this camp. Nome's elegant fur chechacos, an' bunk promoters, an' barkeeps, an' check charmers — them kind'd oughta stick, but bein' free, white, an' twenty-one, I guess I'll mush."

Apparently her candid words had accurately described the various callings of the gentlemen who came so eagerly at her nod. They snickered, and jeered at each other.

"Stick fur the big show, sister," bantered a lanky youth. "Remember, the worst's allus before you, in the no'th."

"Welcome, little stranger," she shouted vivaciously. "Howdy? I see it's the Two-by-Six Kid! Ain't you the fella who lost a finger grabbin' for another party's stack o' reds in Swiftwater Bill's?"

The Two-by-Six Kid bowed his head, and hid his four-fingered hand rapidly. The charge was true.

"Kid went to Frisco from Dawson," yelled the hefty man loudly, "an' them stone sidewalks hurt his feet so, he had to duck into a store an' beg for excelsior to put in his mukluks."

Mrs. Taylor's abrupt appearance before him stopped the voicing of an opinion which was at least fully formed.

"Joe Taylor, you better git to your own shack!" she said excitedly. Her hand gripped the front of his mackinaw coat.

"Gee, what's the use hollerin'?" he entreated. "Can't you be nice?"

The amplitudinous lady laughed.

"Yes, he better go on home to momma," she mocked. "Oh, them men! Ain't they the limit? An' him pretendin' to me he never had a wife, an' all the time he's lyin'."

"Trollop!" Mrs. Taylor's sibilant voice shot the insult at this dance-hall coquette.

Taylor hereupon behaved in the usual manner of humankind, when caught. He was much offended, and decided not to stretch supine upon the altar of humiliation.

"I'll come home when I got a mind ter!" he announced. "Leggo me."

Mrs. Taylor obeyed.

She temporarily retired the hand of which he shook himself free, because it was her right, and she was a woman who depended greatly upon her left. In that, she carried a large sample of gold-bearing quartz from a warmer clime, presented an hour earlier by an expert from Johannesburg, who had observed that it might look well upon the parlor mantel. With this weapon, she set to work upon Taylor's rubicund features. She remodeled them until he fell exhaustedly from the walk, and endeavored to crowd under it, whence his lamentations issued, bringing comfort to his capable helpmeet, and laughter to the crowd grouped by the "Red Front."

"Git out o' my way, you bunch of malamoots!" said the conqueror.

She pushed a sturdy way through them, and, as she passed the chemically beautified blonde, laughed in her turn.

"He's a married man all right," said she, with the intonation which the blonde had used. "Take it from me, he is."

The Two-by-Six Kid addressed the impressed party.

"That's a doggone active woman," said he thoughtfully. "If I was Taylor, I'd tear fur Unalaska an' the open sea. But then, I'm anemic, an' I couldn't stand rough handlin'."

"Let's go back an' set down," suggested the blonde.

She was subdued, and so were the rest.

Eagerly they retreated within the "Red Front," and circled about a table.

"This is on me," said she; "it's the first coin I ever spent on a lot o' hulkin' males in my life, an' prob'bly'll be the last, but I got a reason."

The guests amusedly accepted her hospitality.

"Gimme some hooch," she said. "What's yours?"

"Same here," they agreed.

The alert waiter hurriedly brought a trayful of glasses filled with something dark brown in hue.

"It's a wonder," said the hostess petulantly, "that Svendstorm wouldn't import a bar'l of reg'lar, U.S.A. booze. A party gets so weary of this homemade stuff."

"It's Placer Pearl brand," urged the waiter pleasantly; "he brung it last trip from Seattle."

"Hyalmer Svendstorm," said she emphatically, "is a lyin' yella pup what herded reindeer in Lapland, an' licked up hooch made out of fermented, canned tuhmattos an' terbacco, till he wouldn't savvy white man's licker if it was throwed at him. This was made right here."

The waiter was versatile, and all for peace.

"I believe you," said he, "he's a hound. But you know how it is; if you work for one them guys, you got to cap their game."

She was placated, and gratified the menial by bestowing a silver dollar upon him. The guests raised their glasses, because she had hoisted hers and was speaking.

"Here's to females like me an' that dame," said she; "drink hearty! We got it on you people four ways from the jack!"

They drank, snickering at her wit.

"See what the folks'll have, Bill," requested one man.

"I hope," she observed, and quite evidently her mind was upon the recent scene, "that she changes his face all around again. It won't hurt none of you to meet your boss."

"Here's luck," ventured the gentleman purchasing at the moment.

Morosely, she nodded.

"I wouldn't hook up with the best guy livin'," said she passionately. "Are you listenin'? The single life fur mine."

The Two-by-Six Kid laughed.

"Aw, Taylor's wife's crazy stuck on him," said he. "She'll be carryin' on an' bellerin' to-night, sorry for doin' that."

"I just bet she won't," declared the champion of her sex. "No, sir! Remember what I tell you; she's more'n a match for him!"

Joe Taylor tenderly laved his pulpy face, while Mrs. Taylor made supper in their cabin. As she entered, she removed a .38 from her coat. This she "broke," carefully removing the loads, which she placed upon a table.

Taylor, sluicing his cuts, observed her. He felt easier when she had done this, but his relief was but fleeting, for she reached down, took a second revolver — a .44 — from another pocket, looked at it, and put it back.

"Like to have a drink before you eat?" she asked.

"Nu-no, dearie," he replied.

Mrs. Taylor laughed.

Taylor shuddered. Was she about to turn that gun upon him? Her manner was vocal. It was a time when she had best be dealt with very gently.

"I — you — come at me before I had a chanct to explain," he faltered. "I never seen that gal before. She's nothin' to me."

She laughed again. A great sizzling was going on upon the sheet-iron stove, and she gave all her attention to the food. When it was ready, they ate silently, then sat about the stove.

"Mighty near freeze-up," ventured Taylor.

"Is it?" she responded.

"Lindaberg's goin' to fetch his wife in," he pursued.

"Well, Lorda'mighty pity the woman," said Mrs. Taylor. "I guess she'll wish she never seen Alaska."

"He's got plenty money," he said.

At each word, he regarded her fearfully, for her attitude was frightening.

"Are you goin' out?" she demanded abruptly.

"Not if you'd ruther I don't," he answered humbly.

Mrs. Taylor said he could suit himself, whereat Taylor arose hastily, drew a heavy sweater over his head, pulled his felt hat from a nail, and departed.

He did not return for three days.

She went to the beach with the rest of Nome, to see the "Portland" steam off to a land where hammer and saw-built house had not but just replaced the igloo.

The expert from South Africa stood waiting until the last boat-load was ready. He was going, and glad of it.

"Ah, winter's the time when I have fun," said he gaily. "I'll be in New York. Spent the last there, at a show every night, and all that. Then a run across, and back here at the break-up. Maybe I'll have my missus with me when I come."

"You married, too?" Mrs. Taylor eyed him curiously. "Ain't she lonesome?"

"She's working," said he, "in the show business, you know. Made the biggest hit in vaudeville last year, at the *Folies* in Paris. She's called 'The Girl with the Green Domino,' wears a mask wherever she goes, and dresses all in green. No one, not even her maid or servants, ever sees her face. It just set 'em crazy, that's all. She's a wonderful dancer, but at that, the mask was her success. She's thought to be a Russian, or something foreign. Seldom speaks at all, and then in French."

The large blonde had appeared. Some men were with her. They stopped near by. Mrs. Taylor's features stiffened, as the other bowed impudently.

"But folks who know her, they'd recognize her?" she pursued.

"A mask makes all the difference," said he. "Just think — I didn't know her. I — Gee, they're going! Goodby, good luck. See you in June. Don't get froze in!"

He rushed for the boat and climbed in. Mrs. Taylor waved as if to a dear friend, and he waved back, and shouted.

He was away toward the outside, to the girl in the green domino — Arctic blasts were not for him, nor the drear monotony of eight months' existence in a spot where one was doomed to huddle close in a clapboarded hole stinking of ancient fryings of bacon.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "The 'Portland's' moving! She's going, and I'm left behind. I wish I was dead! I wisht I was dead. Why ain't I?"

Through the deep beach sand she kicked her way up hill to the shack.

The tragic mood fell from her at the first tear, and pity for her forlorn state grew less. She turned to look for the big woman, but the latter was gone.

Four days afterward, Taylor again visited his own domicile. Entering, she found him, red-eyed and odoriferous, sitting on the bed's edge.

The greeting he apparently expected was leaden, or, at the least, volcanically conversational. Mrs. Taylor gave him a chatty welcome.

She did not inquire into the cause of his absence. If he said anything, she responded cheerfully. Once she smiled at him radiantly, with her eyes steadily beating into his.

Being unskilled in mind-reading, his dull brain decided that she must be contented, or she would not smile, but snarl.

Then all was well.

Later, he threaded a new walrus lace into his mukluk. She assisted by holding the lamp.

Taylor became almost hysterically lively. When he had freshened himself sartorially, he gaily announced that he reckoned he'd drop downtown.

"So long," said his wife affably. "Drop in any time you're round this way, and gimme the news of the camp."

She kept the door open against the wind, and listened as his skin-clad feet padded along the boards. Then she shut the door, put away the dishes, and took up a piece of sewing.

It was a winter night. Windows were nailed tight, and Nome fought the cold with might and main.

Taylor was in front of the bar of "The Elk" when the dancing floor was vacated by its swirling crew. They pushed to the far end, where men and women stood, staring up at a "box" in the balcony.

"She came in with a dog-train from Teller," said a voice. "I see that Paleface Kid buyin' her wine in Dawson's to-day. She's a peach; ain't she? They set her back about a thousand for that outfit."

"Where'd Paleface get a license to cop out a queen like her?" demanded some one.

The first speaker refused to do verbal battle on behalf of the affluent person known as the Paleface Kid. He gave his time to looking, with the others.

The four-piece orchestra, with the piano thumping tinnily, began a song then popular in "the States." At the opening bar, the crowd guffawed, then applauded.

"'I'd leave my happy home for you,-oo-oo-oo-oo,'" bawled Charlie, the talented waiter who sang for Nome's delectation.

"Oo-oo-oo-oo," roared the audience, at a vision clad in frilled, coquettish black. A big hat, beplumed, was on her blonde head. Black gloves hid her arms, and a black mask hid her face. A fur coat lay over the back of her chair.

"Don't never take it off, they say," Taylor heard. "'Member the guy from Jo'burg? Well, he told me about a vod'ville act that drawed three thousand bucks a week in Yurup, and if this ain't the same gal, I'm a pie-faced Swede! It's her."

"Sure. She kin get more'n that money here," said Taylor. "Yurup's got nothin' on a payin' placer camp. Who's settin' with her?"

It was Orville Henry, the gentlemanly faro bank dealer at Dick Dawson's "Second Class" saloon. Every male present ardently hoped that some obstacle might interfere with Henry's breathing apparatus, or that the hour of nine might strike, for then his nightly "shift" began.

The sable-raimented stranger gazed down at their open mouths, and turned to the gladsome Henry, with a movement indicative of merry scorn. Loudly, the bank dealer called for "another quart."

"If she's workin' the boxes, this'll be a pretty fat beginnin', unless Orville weakens," said Schloss of the A. C. Company.

Envy was in his tone.

"Maybe she don't know that he done time fur lickin' his wife," suggested an unsportsmanlike but resourceful man; "somebody'd ought to tip her."

The domino drank little. Before midnight, when the dealer had regretfully given place to the Paleface Kid, an equally persistent adorer, she had held private speech with the man who ran "The Elk."

It was customary for the fair members of the dance-hall's reception committee to receive "checks" with each supply of liquid cheer ordered by their male friends. This was for their "percentage," and at the end of a long night, in Nome's first riotous period of affluence, when dust was in every man's skin "poke," and minted coins clinked everywhere, an attractive woman, who could hurl a biting jest for mildewed humor, often massed her gains in a bundle holding thousands.

There was the gambling. Men staked a girl to money with which to play, and winnings and working capital became hers.

There was more gold along the banks of Anvil Creek and in the rockers on the beach. Plenty of gold for all, and to-morrow was another day.

Most of the ladies performed a "turn" on the stage. There were sister-acts, singing and dancing, acrobatic, the-old-farm-and-the-one-who-waits-for-me style of ballad, magicians, men with "educated dogs," vaudeville indeed.

Between their stage labors, the "actresses" hastened to join admiring gentlemen at the tables, in the dance, or in the partial seclusion of the boxes.

"Come on, get the big waltz, just beginnin'!" roared the caller, who had been the third man over the old Dalton trail from the coast to Dawson.

It cost "four-bits" per dance, and courtesy demanded refreshments at the bar for two, when it was over.

The Black Domino would not dance, nor act upon the stage. She gave her presence every night, and parceled out favors stingily.

A pressure of her gloved fingers, a kiss upon a thickly powdered shoulder, or a derisive promise to lift the mask some time — when she knew him better? — they paid high for it, but joyously, for all men want what they may not have.

What outfit had brought her from Teller? That camp lay two hundred and fifty miles over the ice to the north, and the trail to it gave promise only of death. Whoever had landed her in Nome, was gone back into the wilderness. Like ghosts, the caribou and marten, wolf and moose, drifted across the wastes of snow that hid the trails. Winter kept the Domino's secret.

Taylor was her slavish attendant. A shrug, a smile from eyes that only mocked, would set him to pouring dust washed from his four claims above famed "Discovery on Anvil" into the "poke" which always yawned for filling.

"If I didn't have a wife, I'd steal you sure, and we'd beat it for the outside," said Taylor. "If I kin just make the old woman let loose the thirty thousand I cached in the cabin, will you go?"

The Domino, chuckling, nodded.

"Maybe," she whispered.

Taylor went home infrequently.

"Lemme take that dust," said he lovingly. "I got a scheme to turn it over quick."

"I'll keep it, Mr. Taylor," smiled his wife. "It's safer. How you been?"

She would not quarrel, although he tried to make her. When drunk, he thought dimly of killing her — but then he would never find the dust.

"'Tain't on me, nor within a mile of her," said she amiably. "Wait'll the first boat's in from the South. Where do you spend your time now, Joe? You're lookin' grand."

Taylor miserably protested that if he might have even half of the money he'd come home and deport himself decently. Wouldn't she?

"No, I love you too much," said she sneeringly.

"The Domino giggled Taylor out of twelve hundred last night," said those in "The Elk." "She's a marvel."

"Tell me who you really are," Taylor begged. "I'm daffy over you. I'm goin' to take you to the States, 'n' marry you, 'cause mebbe my wife'll quit me pretty soon — ain't you my honey?"

The Domino took out her pencil with the diamond head, which the Paleface Kid had bought from the clerk of the Golden Gate Hotel. With it she wrote on a scrap of paper, "S-U-R-E," and giggled again.

"Then I'll git that gold or bust!" cried Taylor.

It was early June again. Hot winds came to Nome. Time to be off for those intending to go and return before next freeze-up.

The break-up came in twelve hours. A day bridged winter and tropic weather. A wild booming sounded all the time. The ice was going out early that season.

"'Portland's' sighted!" The hour which would have been dawn, had the Arctic day not been summer-long, brought the cry.

Barber shops were crowded. Even serious-faced Finns from the mines back of the camp were losing their hairy growths.

"Whiskers enough layin' round to stuff a million mattresses," said the Two-by-Six Kid. "Oh, hurray for fresh eggs, boys!"

"And bacon without the pay streak!" added Tom Spade happily. "Kin you see her? I kin. She's smashin' through! Give 'em a cheer!"

Taylor was in distress. A cargo of "checachos" were coming, to buy Her smiles! They bore fresh news from the outside, and the Domino was most inconstant. Her soft whispers were for many, and she liked a battalion about, rather than one especially selected victim.

"Ain't she a winnin' little pet?" he asked. This of the Paleface Kid, also smitten, but resolved to squelch his heart's pain.

"She's one them sirens, or whatever the cussed dolls was called," said the Paleface Kid bitterly. "I fell fur her with an awful slam, but I got over it, pal."

"An' still livin'?" jeered the wretched Taylor.

"Livin', an' doin' doggone well," said the Paleface Kid coldly.

Together they edged past the crowd. The Domino was never seen except in "The Elk." She lodged in rooms situated in some inaccessible part of that establishment, and visitors were not allowed. When the dance hall was busiest, its masked mystery appeared. "The Elk's" proprietor profited so much by her radiant presence that he willingly gave protection. They could see her in her box in the hall, or not at all.

Taylor, progressing slowly with his fellow sufferer, gloomily spoke of this.

"An' last night she don't show up at all," he said. "Sends no word, nor nothin'. She don't care none how us guys feel, Kid." He paused, because his companion had turned.

"Say, who the dickens is that good-lookin' woman? Nice figger, you bet. An' where's she been all winter?"

"Why — that's *Mis'* Taylor," said Taylor haltingly. He blushed.

The sun shone on her pink cheeks, and gave a sparkle to her black eyes. She wore a dress he had forgotten, and a pretty hat of lace and roses. Staring with the frankly appreciative Kid, Taylor amazedly realized that the latter's description of her was excellent. She was indeed good-looking.

A clean-cut, smartly dressed young man was by her. It was Henry, the bank dealer. While the crowd sent a welcoming cheer across the churning shore-ice,— the ship must anchor three miles out,— they were conversing, with sober faces.

"I've learned my lesson," she was telling him.

"It's just a toss-up, May," said he. "I'm tryin' to act like a square guy. I ain't makin' a talk for myself. Figure me as your pal, and let it go at that. And if I ever knocked Joe, forget it. If you want him still, it's up to you to-day. You know it, and I'll fade away. But —" here his mouth twisted into a cynical smile — "if you're sure you don't —— ?"

"He killed my feelin's, as much as if he'd knifed me to the heart," said she. "I'm through, all right. You've been the only soul in Nome to care if I lived or died, Orville. I know you got more brains than me, but I've showed some, ain't I?"

"Then it's all settled, if I don't see you for a day or so. Big Jim and I will fix everything. And I'll meet you ——"

"Aboard the ship," said Taylor's wife.

The large blonde, with the Two-by-Six Kid, came into view. The ladies paused and shook hands laughingly.

Mrs. Taylor bowed to Henry. When she had quickly walked away, Henry turned to stare lingeringly after her.

Taylor, noting the scene, throbbed with indignation.

"The ideer of an honest minin' man's wife gabbin' an' bowin'," said he angrily, "first to that there hussy, an' then to a white-handed gambler who couldn't tell a string of colors from iron pyrites. I'd oughter go an' lick her good, Kid. Women got to be taught to behave."

"An' you had a nice, pretty wife like her, an' blowed your dust on a honkatonk skirt!"

The Paleface Kid was really disgusted. He scowled at Taylor, who grunted angrily.

"Kin she be stackin' the deck on me?" he asked agitatedly. "Pipe that Henry. He's lookin' back at her mighty lovin'."

"Well, you been dealin' from the bottom, ain't you?" said the Kid unsympathetically. "What do you expect, treatin' a white woman such like, leavin' her mewed up in a shack all winter? If I'd knowed it, I'd been round an' played casiner with her, an' tried to be amusin'. You ain't fit to have no lady. Better bust away from that Domino bunk artist, an' square yourself to home."

It was the moment when sanity abruptly came to dwell in Joseph Taylor's addled mind. The advice chased a shiver down his back.

"I'll git good an' plenty sober," said he heavily, "an' do that same."

The "Portland" was making ready to depart. As usual, all Nome was on the beach to watch. Taylor wandered forlornly, clinging to the Paleface Kid's arm.

"Her two trunks was gone, an' she's gone, too," he wailed, having told this many times already. "Not a message left. But she ain't hit the trail alone. You know I had a cache o' thirty thousand, an' she kep' it for me."

"An' she's put it in a pack, an' mushed," said his friend. "Can't blame her. Better go ast the Domino party to console you."

"Oh — her —" said Taylor. "No more that! I'm a reg'lar man again. My wife's the only one, an' I gotta git her back, Kid. Gotta do it."

A load of trunks, piled high in a wide-bottomed boat, was shoved off. "M. T." was painted in big red letters on the topmost.

"That's May's trunk!" yelled Taylor wildly, "in the boat! Stop that boat! Hey, bring back my wife's trunk, d'you hear me?"

The boat went on. Another followed it, and therein, their backs contemptuously to Nome, sat Mrs. Taylor and the bank dealer from Dawson's. Both turned at the sound of Taylor's anguished howls.

"May, for God's sake, don't leave me! 'Tain't right, the law won't let you!"

"Law'll free her of a big, ornery dog!" bawled the bank dealer. "You start after her, an' I'll train my forty-fours on you!"

"Would you bust a man's home?" roared Taylor. "O-oh, May! He was after the Black Dom'no, till she throwed him down, an' he ain't no better'n me. Can't you gimme one more chanct?"

Mrs. Taylor stood upright in the boat. She was pinning a wide plumed black hat to her head, after which she fastened a fluff of blonde hair below it. Next, a black mask hid her features. The crowd recognized her at last as the masked queen of Nome.

"Holler a last goodby to the Black Domino, Joe Taylor!" she screamed, "'cause you woke up six months too late, an' now you just take your med'cine!"

The Paleface Kid ran to the edge of the sand, and Taylor panted beside him.

"Good luck, folks," shouted the former. "Ast me to the weddin', an' you'll find me there with bells on! Here, where you goin'? Put that down." He caught a gun from Taylor's hand.

The crowd began to cheer. Every one knew now that Taylor's wife was leaving him. They were primitive, and if, as the two backs again haughtily set to the beach certainly indicated, it was an elopement they watched, it wasn't their business to stop anything.

The Two-by-Six Kid and the large blonde helped to hold Taylor.

"I knowed it all the time!" she jibed. "'Twas me give Henry the yella front fur her! Serves yuh right!"

For half an hour, those left in the North observed the "Portland's" preparation. The last dory cast off, and the big steamer moved.

One passenger was in the little boat, which battled with the ice cakes. He stood and waved madly to the "Portland."

Taylor emitted a choking cry.

"Look!" he gasped.

In the approaching dory was Henry, the bank dealer. He stepped ashore with dignity. A deep flush was on his ordinarily pallid cheeks as he stared defiantly at Taylor.

The Paleface Kid put out a hand, and Henry, sighing, shook it. They had a tie in common.

Nome's citizens began to laugh and to cheer again. Then Taylor addressed the bank dealer.

"So you had your money on a dead card, too?" said he.

FIRE—AN AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANCE

BY

F. W. FITZPATRICK

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THAT we have been foolishly prodigal of our great natural resources has just been forced upon our attention with something like a rude shock. We thought that our forests, for instance, would produce an inexhaustible supply of lumber, and we have suddenly come to the realization that there is scarcely enough left to suffice for another twenty years. The waste has been shocking, and the processes of utilization have been ruthless — brutally so. Thanks very largely to President Roosevelt, we have hauled ourselves up, so to speak, with a short turn, and are now bending many energies toward safeguarding what is left us of one of the most magnificent heritages nature ever bestowed.

But all this wastefulness has been of resources that were already here, upon the surface or within the bowels of the earth, things that we have found ready to hand. What think you of a people that will also waste something that they go to infinite pains and expense to produce? That would seem to be the case with us exactly, in so far as our buildings are concerned. To all intents and purposes, we have actually endeavored during the past two or three generations to build so that all we created of a structural nature would be sure to burn sooner or later. Of all our extravagances, and we Americans are a notably extravagant people, fire is the greatest, the most foolish, the most useless and shameful. And it has become a national habit.

The story of fire is told in colossal figures. Carelessness and ignorance are the causes of incalculable wastage through this element. Gas wells are ignited and millions of feet of that precious commodity are consumed in a pyrotechnic display as needless as it is senseless; equally gross carelessness or ignorance sets coal-mines afire, fires that burn for months, destroying far greater value in the "black diamonds of commerce" than the world produces of the more beautiful but less useful white diamonds. And so with our forests. Heaven knows that our methods of lumbering are ruthless enough and that the abuse of our forests has made lumber one of our most expensive building materials — it has increased over one hundred per cent in price in less than twenty years' time. But added to the wasteful manner of cutting, the lack of care or even decency on the part of lumbermen and hunters has been the cause of fire's destroying millions of dollars' value in what is left of those precious forests every year. During this last September our forest fires in Minnesota and Michigan and Wisconsin, in the Adirondacks, in Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Ohio, everywhere — and every one preventable — laid waste an incalculable amount of marketable lumber, besides destroying many thriving villages and seriously damaging more important towns and blocking the orderly and natural course of business. The whole damage done by those fires in the month of September alone can be but roughly guessed, but at a conservative estimate it was at least $270,000,000. But in what follows let us eliminate our forest fires, mine fires, fires on board ship, and limit our attention solely to fires in buildings, fires that could so easily be prevented were it not that all our energies seem bent upon their mere extinguishment.

A Nation that Burns Down Almost as Fast as it Builds

Those fires have cost us as many as 7,000 human lives in one year's time, and our loss in money value, through the destruction of property, is almost as appalling. The production of gold in the entire world, something like $400,000,000 per year, would not recoup us for our losses by

THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND LIVES ARE IMPERILED BY FIRE EVERY DAY IN AMERICA

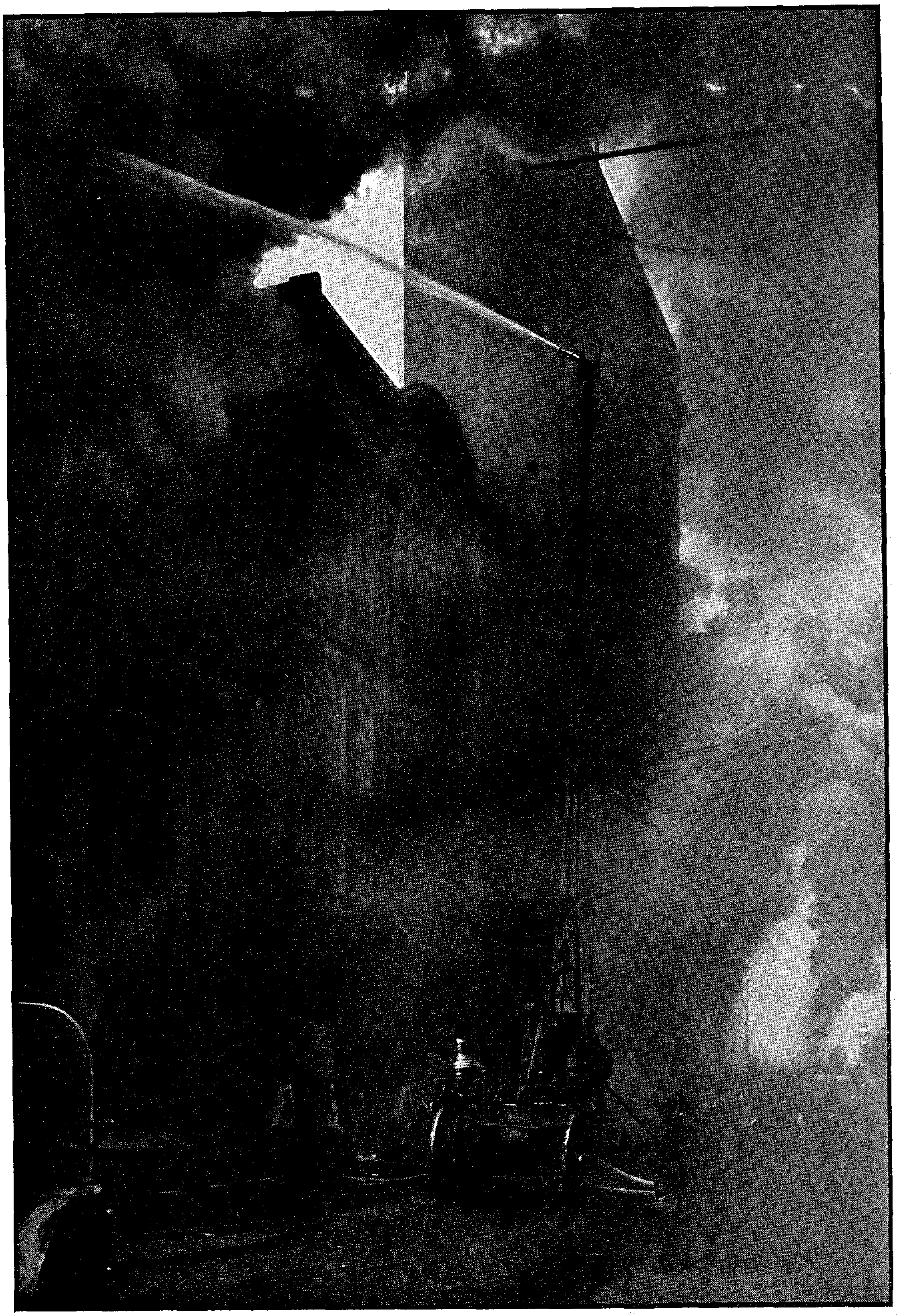
fire and the incidental expenses accompanying them, in the same period of time; the value of all the coal mined in this country in a year's time would just cover the cost to us of our fires; the value of our lumber production is only a trifle more. We are fond of luxuries, and import a great many, yet the value of all that importation is but a fifth of our fire cost. We are great and persistent advertisers, and spend huge sums in that accessory to business, but, vast as our advertising bill is, it equals but two fifths of our fire bill; and all the industrial dividends paid in 1907 aggregate but three fifths of the amount of our fire extravagance.

In 1907 there were no great conflagrations; it was what might be termed a "normal" year; but we actually destroyed buildings, and property contained in them, to the value of $215,000,000. This figure represents total annihilation; there was no residue, it was not money diverted into other channels, one man's loss and another's gain; it stands for just plain smoke. Beyond this, we expend in the maintenance of fire departments, apparatus, high pressure systems, and all those so-called, yet often ineffective, curative agents of the evil, $300,000,000; and we further pay out another $195,000,000 in a gamble with the insurance companies, in a bet that our property will not burn. Of that last sum a scant $95,000,000 is returned in the way of paid losses. In other words, the cost of fire and its accessories, in round numbers, is just about an even $600,000,000 a year. It may be but a peculiar coincidence, or perhaps it is an unconscious economic adjustment, that with all our phenomenal growth and the tremendous boom and vast amount of building carried on in some years, the most active year we have ever had in building construction netted just $615,000,000's worth of new buildings and alterations during the twelve months. So that with all our vaunted activity, we produce buildings equal in money value to only a trifle more than the value of the property we destroy by fire. Worse than that, in the first month of the present year our losses by fire were over $24,000,000, and during the same time we expended but $16,000,000 in new buildings and repairs. Our average fire loss is $19,000,000 a month — a "normal" month. But the conflagration risk is such that we have "abnormal" months with startlingly normal regularity. In February of 1904 Baltimore raised that month's figure to $90,000,000, and in April of 1906 San Francisco added $350,000,000 to the "normal" month's loss. In five years' time the total has been $1,257,716,000. No other nation on earth could stand the drain, and even we are beginning to feel it.

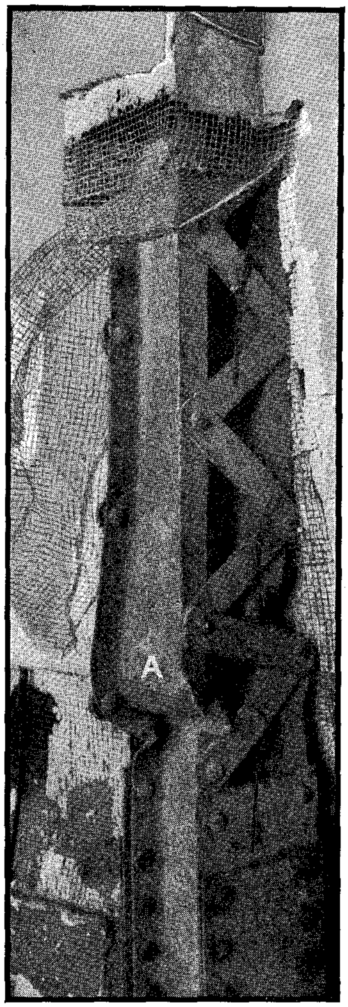
The Wooden Cities of America and the Brick Cities of Europe

Apart from any incidental or accompanying expense, the cost of fire, of actual combustion and destruction of property in this country, is equivalent to a tax of $2.30 per capita per year; in all of Europe the average corresponding tax is a trifle less than 33 cents per capita. In Italy it is 12 cents; in Germany 49 cents; in thirty foreign cities the average is 61 cents, while in two hundred and fifty-two American cities it is $3.10. We have 4.05 fires to each thousand people; Europe has .86 fires per thousand. New York City has 12,182 fires a year, with a fire loss of $7,568,666. Her fire department costs her $10,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the cost of public and private protection combined amounts to pretty nearly $60,000,000 a year. Now, in all of London there are 3,843 fires in a year, and in the whole of the British kingdom in the same period there were but 35 fires of over $50,000's cost each, and the total cost of those 35 fires was but $3,785,000. Rome, a city of 500,000 people, suffers a damage of but $56,000 a year, and her fire department of two hundred men costs but another $50,000.

In Europe they have always used less combustible material in construction than have we; wood has been less plentiful than here; they are



NEW YORK CITY HAS 12,182 FIRES A YEAR, WITH A FIRE LOSS OF $7,568,666. HER FIRE DEPARTMENT COSTS HER $10,000,000 A YEAR, AND IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THE COST OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PROTECTION COMBINED AMOUNTS TO NEARLY $60,000,000 A YEAR more careful, and, as a matter of fact, a fire scarcely ever goes beyond the building in which it originates, whilst here hardly a day passes that we do not read of a fire destroying two, three, twenty, forty buildings at one fell swoop. In the earlier times we built our better buildings, at least, in the old European manner, with brick and stone walls and brick vaulting for floors and partitions. Of such construction is the old Treasury in Washington and buildings of that character throughout the country, structures in which much damage to the contents can be done by fire, but where the building itself can suffer very little. As our people pushed farther away from the small original centers, "pioneered" into the interior, wood was the handiest thing to use for the more or less temporary shelters they erected, and wood construction thus began its evolution. The early fathers added a touch here and another there; later we devised what is called the "balloon" frame. Lumber was dirt cheap and abundantly plentiful, and frame building became a custom. Even where stone or brick was used in the external walls, wood was considered the only material for joists and partitions and interior finish, and even the apparently non-inflammable buildings were internally veritable tinder-boxes. Wood became one of the standard materials in construction, and our cities are now so very wooden that the fate that overtook Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, and a portion of Boston will as inevitably overtake and devastate large parts of every one of our cities. In all the land there are something like 12,000,000 buildings; in barely 8,000 of that number has any attempt been made at fire prevention — the others constitute admirable material for individual fires and appalling conflagrations.



AN INSUFFICIENTLY PROTECTED STEEL COLUMN AFTER A FIRE

The Insurance Companies Partly to Blame for Cheap Construction

Our insurance companies have, perhaps unconsciously, been somewhat to blame for this tinder-box growth. They have advocated better construction of buildings, but have made the rates upon the indifferent structures so low as to constitute a veritable temptation to build just as shabbily as the building laws and the companies themselves would permit. In San Francisco, for instance, the insurance people wrote a ridiculously low rate upon wooden construction (supposedly the only thing that would withstand an earthquake) because of the city's admirable fire department; it came to be one of the most inflammable cities in the land, and when all the conditions were favorable a historic conflagration ensued. The same thing may be expected at any time in New Orleans, in Philadelphia, or in Boston, cities of narrow streets, and most "receptively inclined" toward fire. Incidentally, it may not be amiss to mention that in the past ten years we have paid into the insurance companies' coffers the sum of $1,610,885,242. The companies may be said to have aided and abetted us in the past to build poorly; individual fires mean more or less profit to them, and in fact are necessary to keep people keyed up to a point where they feel the urgency of carrying heavy insurance. It is the big conflagrations that hurt the companies. But for these they recoup themselves quickly by increasing rates, and our rates today are just about twelve times higher than they are in Great Britain and twenty times higher than in Italy.

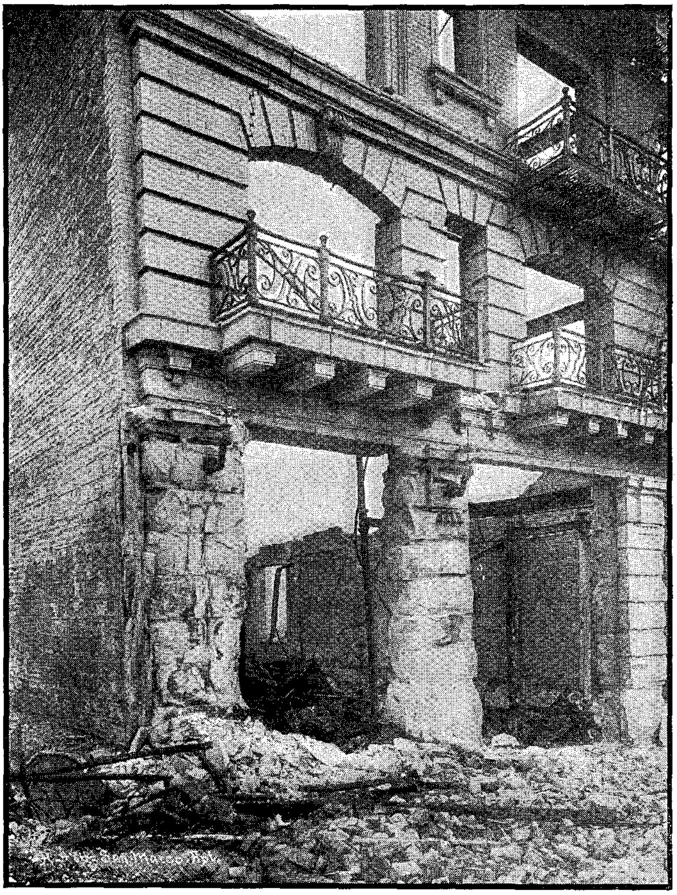
We are rather impartial as to the nature of the buildings we burn. Our average is pretty steadily 3 theaters, 3 public halls, 12 churches, 10 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 asylums, 2 colleges, 6 apartment houses, 26 hotels, 3 department stores, 2 jails, 140 flat houses, and about 1600 homes every week in the year. We all live in buildings or spend considerable time in them, and since nearly all of those buildings are dangerous, our lives may be said to be constantly imperiled by fire. Setting aside this general imminence of danger, 36,000 human lives are in direct and grave peril every day in the year, people who narrowly escape from burning buildings, or are carried out by firemen, or jump from windows, etc. The Russo-Japanese War, in which the losses were frightful, shows no such average of lives directly exposed to destruction.

The worst thing about it is that there is such apathy in regard to fire. It is accepted as a sort of necessary evil. Yet tremendous efforts are made and vast expenses incurred in attempts to cure the evil. Our fire departments are the best in the world, and small wonder—they have so much practice that they necessarily become adept. But little by little we are awakening to the realization that cure is well-nigh impossible and have turned our attention toward prevention. It has been found to work satisfactorily in the elimination of epidemics and fevers that used to be thought almost ineradicable; our medical men are centering their efforts upon sanitation and such preventive measures instead of trying to fight plagues and disease after they have taken hold.

Our people are peculiarly slow in learning such lessons. For instance, it was known for years that the great bulk of our theater buildings were ramshackle affairs, possibly no worse than other buildings, but in them the danger of fire and panic was especially imminent. Well, a long list of fatalities, culminating in the holocaust of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, finally gave emphasis to the need of reform, and immediately there was a great scurrying, not to remedy the defects in every dangerous building, but to make theaters, particularly, safe. This was all very good, but why must intelligent people suffer a terrible catastrophe before they will take general precautions against the possibility of such an occurrence taking place? So with schools. Anything had been thought good enough for a school. There were school fires and panics and heart-breaking individual losses, but it took the Collinwood disaster to wake the nation up, and now there is a possibility that our future school buildings will be well built, or at least fairly so. But there interest will cease, and we shall have to have a terrible fire in a department store, and then in a church, and another in a hotel, to get each class of buildings properly safeguarded.

The Extravagant Houses of the Poor, and the Cheap Home of the Millionaire

With fire it is going to be a long, hard fight. There is already so much all about us that will either have to be torn down or burned that, do what we may, it will be years before we can really enjoy immunity. But one thing we must do and at once — we must add no more fuel to burn. Good building is an economy. People fight shy of it because its first cost is perhaps ten or twelve per cent greater than the usual shoddy construction. But taking into account maintenance, repairs, insurance premiums, longevity, etc., the well-built building actually costs less than the poor one within five years from the time of its construction, and the difference widens at a rapid ratio from then on, so that inferior construction, considered in the



AN EXAMPLE OF THE COMPARATIVE EFFECT OF FIRE UPON STONE AND BRICK, AS SHOWN IN THE STONE PIERS AND THE CONSTRUCTION ABOVE long run, is a rank extravagance and one that only the millionaire can afford. Instead of that, it is the millionaire who builds well, and it is the poor man who occupies the inferior and expensive building. Yet so-called cheap construction has been so dinned into us that the moment the State attempts any reformatory movement towards better building, a howl goes up that it is going to work hardship to the poor man — the worst kind of nonsense, but one that has to be coped with, because the speculative builder, the only one benefited by shoddy construction, will disturb heaven and earth to prevent stringent building regulations from being enacted.

It is the duty of our authorities to take the matter in hand, and every right-thinking man, property owner or not, should bestir himself to see that the authorities do take drastic action for the prevention of fire, which today is gnawing at the very vitals of the nation. The most stringent regulations should be enacted, positively prohibiting the use of combustible materials in the construction of any new building inside or outside the imaginary fire lines. And just as strenuous an effort should be made to compel the revamping of the existing buildings so that they shall present the minimum of danger.

Not only should there be prohibition of inflammable construction, but the State should encourage fireproof construction. Today the man who builds a fireproof building is virtually taxed upon his self-imposed tax *pro bono publico*. There is no law compelling him to build perfectly. He does it of his own volition. It is of advantage to him, but it is likewise of advantage to the city. Yet his tax is assessed upon the value of his property, and he therefore pays a great deal more than does the man alongside of him with a fire-trap. This is wrong. There should be a sliding scale of taxation regulated according to the class of building owned. The expense of fire departments and other safeguards has to be incurred by the municipality for the protection of the cheap, inflammable buildings; the owner of such buildings ought to pay a higher rate on the value of his property than does the man for whom no such expenditure has to be incurred. That is but simple equity, and we shall have to come to it sooner or later.

Labeling our Fire-traps

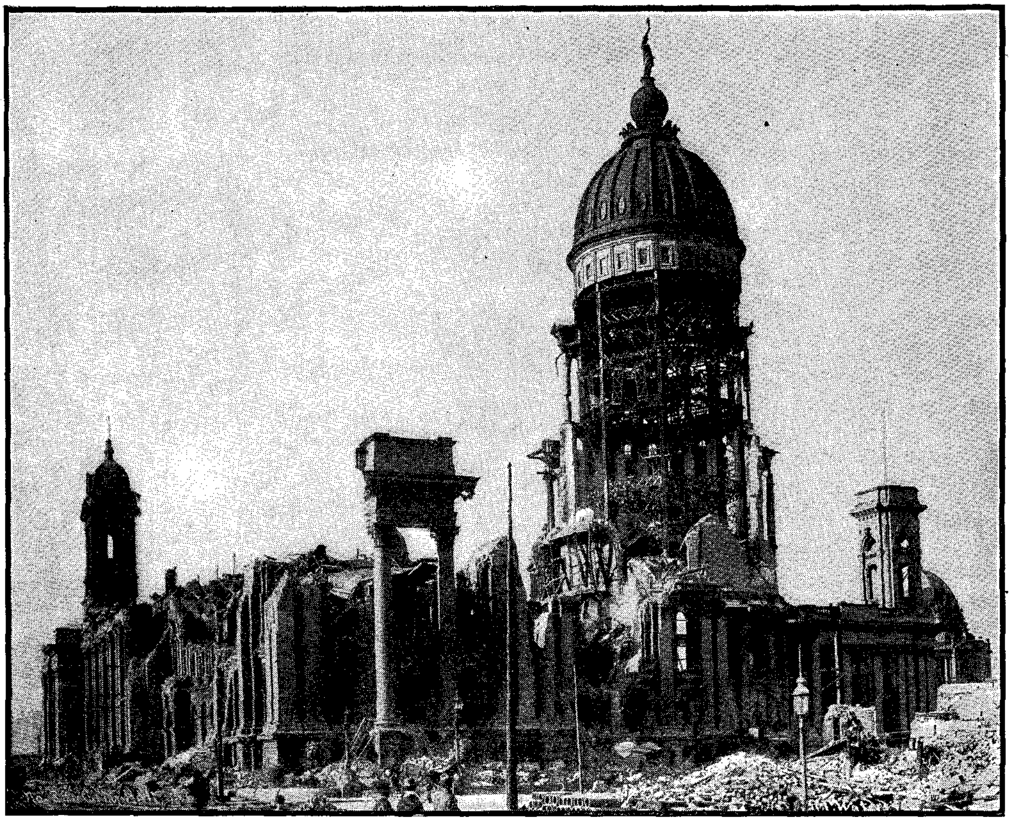
Then, too, that very word "fireproof" is used altogether too glibly. People advertise their fire-traps as "fireproof" with astounding effrontery; they obtain tenants, and consequently money, under false pretenses. I know of a case where a wooden shack of a hotel was barefacedly called "fireproof" because the owner had lately put on a tin roof. The building departments of every city should be made to label distinctly and conspicuously every building of a public or semi-public nature, specifying as to just what class it belongs — "fireproof", "ordinary," or "dangerous"; and it should be made a severely punishable offense to advertise one's building as of a class superior to that in which it really belongs. A man with the sign "dangerous" affixed to his building would find some difficulty in renting it, and the incentive would be to tear it down and put up something better, or at least so repair the old structure as to make it worthy of a better classification. And the man intending to build, and planning a shoddy construction, would be deterred therefrom, even if the law did not prevent him from so building, by the knowledge that as soon as completed that building of his would be labeled "dangerous." Altogether, this labeling of our buildings is one of the best measures for the prevention of fire so far devised.

One fundamental thing to be remembered in speaking of fireproof construction is that no halfway measure is effective. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so a building is only as safe as its most vulnerable part. To be "fireproof" it must be *fireproof*. "Semi-fireproof," "slow-burning," "mill-construction," are words that convey half truths only.

The one basic thing to keep in mind is the necessity for absolute elimination of combustible material in the structure. There is nothing wonderfully mysterious about the absolutely fireproof building; it is essentially the product of good materials, put together in a sensible manner. Even a man unacquainted with building methods will see that such a structure is invulnerable to fire and that it affords its contents the maximum of protection.

What a "Fireproof Building" Means

The average man who is at all observant must have noticed that granite and marble and sandstone and lime-stone and steel and concrete spall disintegrate and are greatly damaged by heat and fire. It is therefore more logical, in building external walls, to use in place of any of these a material that is not affected by fire. Brick that has gone through intense heat in its manufacture has best stood the test of flames and heat, so why not use it instead of the damageable materials? Its first cousin, terra-cotta, is likewise the most logical material for external decorations. Economy of space and stability of construction would dictate that the framework of a building be of steel, but its every part must be protected from fire or it will bend and warp and twist into all shapes and forms. I believe that a fireproof clay tile is its best protec-



SAN FRANCISCO'S CITY HALL

MILLIONS WERE SPENT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THIS BUILDING, WHICH OFFERED NOT THE SLIGHTEST RESISTANCE TO EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

tion, and likewise is most suitable for floor and partition construction.*

I would avoid woods in the finished floors and trimming of a building. Marbles and metals are infinitely better, and if these be too expensive, then I would use cement and plaster and color. All stairways and elevators should be enclosed and should have fireproof, self-closing doors at every story. Each story would thus be a separate building and would not be endangered by the one below it. Fire travels upward. Cut off those ducts and conveyors, and you have at once reduced the risk tremendously. So in each story I would have solid partitions as frequently as possible, so as to make the units of space small. By that means fire could be confined to one such unit of space and successfully extinguished at little cost.

The greatest care should be taken with our windows. Wire glass and metal sash only should be used, for fire travels widely by way of the window route. Forty-four per cent of all our fire losses are directly attributable to the lack of proper window protection. Fire originates in one building, but cannot be held there and is communicated to all the buildings in the neighborhood. Eighty per cent of all the damage done in buildings in which fire does not originate is due to insufficient window protection; and over ninety per cent of San Francisco's terrific loss can be attributed to this cause, for fire there originated in only a very few buildings. Even in the best constructed structure ample water protection, hose, fire alarms, etc., should be installed, so that an incipient blaze in the contents of any one room — and fire is always sure to occur somewhere — can quickly be extinguished. And those contents deserve attention, too. What sense is there in filling a room up with wooden furniture, particularly in offices and commercial buildings? Lighter, safer, handsomer, and infinitely better furniture is made of steel.

The chief thing to use in building, however, is intelligence. It is a material that has been sadly lacking in our building enterprises heretofore; but they tell us that we Americans can do anything, so surely we can develop that quality and from now on build intelligently, correctly, and safely.

THE FIGHT FOR A NEW NAVY

AND THE RESULTS OF THE NEWPORT CONFERENCE

SIX years ago the American Navy was outclassed by every other navy of consequence, in its shooting — the one power by which naval battles are won or lost; to-day its gunnery leads the world. One year ago the defects and shortcomings of its battleships caused anxiety and alarm to the great body of the active sea-going service; to-day a standard of battleship design has been fixed inferior to no other in existence. All this wonderful development has been due to intelligent and courageous criticism — backed directly by the power of the President of the United States.

The movement which brought about this change started fourteen years ago. During the Chinese-Japanese War, in 1894, a young lieutenant named W. S. Sims, then serving on the China Station, made a series of remarkable reports, criticising the gunnery and equipment of our ships in comparison with those of other nations which had been brought together in China by the war. In 1897 another young man of the same age, Theodore Roosevelt, was made assistant secretary of the Navy, and became intensely interested in the question of its gunnery. He had started an official investigation of the backwardness of our Navy in this branch, when the Spanish War broke out, and he resigned and went to the front.

Our Failure in Gunnery in Spanish War

The Spanish War was won by two naval victories — Manila and Santiago. Naturally, the fame of the American Navy, and especially of its gunnery, flamed across the world. As a matter of fact, the shooting at Manila and Santiago was about as bad as possible. At Manila ninety per cent of the shots missed at a range of from 6,000 to 4,000 yards; at Santiago — the chief battle of the War — at least ninety-eight per cent. A special commission of officers, which was appointed to examine the wrecks of the Spanish ships at Santiago, established this fact officially. It reported that of 9,500 projectiles fired, only 123, or 1.3 per cent, had found a mark on the Spanish ships. Making every possible allowance for hits which could not readily be seen upon the wrecks, not one shot in fifty struck its mark. The day of the battle was clear, the sea smooth, the targets were 24 feet high and 200 feet long, and the average range was 2,800 yards. English gunners at that time could have hit the Spanish ships at least two out of every five shots. Fortunately for us, the fact that we were fighting a thoroughly senile power, whose ships had neither gunners nor proper ammunition aboard, gave us an undisputed victory.

Captain Scott's Revolution in Gunnery

In 1901 Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States. In the same year Lieutenant Sims — after a stay in Paris as naval attaché — had been transferred to the North China Station again. While there, he found a matter of immense importance to report. During the last of the nineties, Captain Percy Scott of the British Navy had developed a new system of naval gunnery. This consisted in training men to keep their guns constantly aimed at the target as their ships rolled back and forth upon the sea. The old style was "shooting on the roll" — that is, taking a snap shot at the mark as the muzzle of the gun went by it with the roll of the ship. The difference in the two systems is that between a real aim and trained guesswork. In 1901 Captain Scott was in command of the cruiser *Terrible* on the North China Station. Lieutenant Sims became acquainted with him there, and, in reporting various comparisons between our ships and those of foreign navies, showed that Scott's discovery was trebling the rapidity in hitting of the British gunnery, which was already — just as when Sims had reported it seven years before, in 1894, — at least twice as efficient as our own. Lieutenant Sims recommended strongly that the American Navy adopt this new method of shooting.

"Disaster as Bad as That of the Spanish"

A naval battle is a question, first of all, of gunnery. Two fleets of ships draw toward each other, firing, from distances diminishing from five to three miles. The battle is won by the fleet which makes the greatest number of hits in the shortest time. The matter is almost a mathematical certainty — other things being equal. If the enemy can shoot only twenty-five per cent better, he will, in all human probability, defeat you. If he can shoot two or three times as well, he will overwhelm you in a few minutes of fighting. A comparison of our gunnery with that of other navies, unearthed by Lieutenant Sims, showed that the average shooting of first-class foreign navies was from three to five times as good as ours; that the English ships, using Captain Scott's new method, shot more than ten times as well. The seagoing naval officers, who had been shown these figures and had studied them, were astonished and terrified. Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, commander-in-chief of the United States naval force on the Asiatic Station, said, in forwarding one report of Lieutenant Sims, upon gunnery, to the Department at Washington, that unless the Department acted on this matter, "disaster as bad as that of the Spanish inevitably awaits us in conflict with any first-class power."

How a Bureau Proved a Fact Impossible

Now, the management of the United States Navy Department is divided between eight independent bureaus; and as the Secretary of the Navy is invariably an untrained civilian — generally a lawyer in transit through the Department to a higher political billet — the heads of bureaus have a practically absolute authority over the designs, repairs, and changes in ships and equipment, that fall within their particular province. The whole system is exactly like having a great factory run by eight foremen, each supreme in his own department, without any trained general superintendent to oversee and correlate their work. All criticisms of work in any department are referred to that department for consideration. As important mistakes may mean the waste of millions of dollars and the endangering of hundreds of lives, criticisms of really important mistakes are either evaded or denied by the bureau. It would be expecting too much of human nature to expect them to admit such faults, and take the blame for them.

Lieutenant Sims made half a dozen alarming reports in 1901. They were filed away in the pigeon-holes of the Navy Department. But finally the Bureau of Ordnance was forced to answer one of them. This bureau proved in a long paper that it was mathematically and mechanically impossible for guns to be fired according to the new continuous-aim method of Captain Scott. A long series of experiments were conducted in the Washington navy-yard to demonstrate this. The Bureau, having scientifically crushed Mr. Sims, placed his documents on file. The chance for any change through the regular official channels of the Navy was gone.

The American Navy's First Real Gunnery

In 1902 the matter was called to the attention of President Roosevelt, and tests in gunnery were ordered at once. Up to that time, the shooting in the American Navy had been at imaginary targets, twenty-five by one hundred feet, plotted around little triangular canvas marks ten feet long by ten feet high, at which the gunners aimed. Each gun division on each ship marked the fall of its shots and placed them on the imaginary target, without any practical oversight by any outsider. The results were considered excellent — by the Department. In 1902, according to Lieutenant Sims' recommendation, the firing was for the first time at a real target. In a secret test off Cape Charles, an old light-ship, with all sails set, was fired at by the five battleships of the North Atlantic squadron, for five minutes, at a distance of 2,800 yards. More than two hundred shots were fired, each ship using its entire battery. The light-ship — hull and sails — was struck just twice. A battleship was sent up within a short distance, and finally sank her. This gunnery test has been kept from the public to this day. The ships of the squadron were soon after ordered to fire again — this time at a canvas target twenty feet long by fifteen feet high at a range of sixteen hundred yards. The average of the shooting showed fifteen per cent of hits — less than one third of the average percentage in the English Navy at that time.

There was nothing more to say. Our Navy could not shoot. The condition of its gunnery was not only bad, it was critical. President Roosevelt took the matter in his own hands; and Lieutenant Sims was ordered home from China and placed in charge of the gunnery of the United States Navy as Inspector of Target Practice. In December, 1902, Lieutenant Sims began to introduce the system of gunnery which the Bureau of Ordnance had demonstrated to be physically impossible six months before. By the fall of 1904, after only a year and a half of actual practice, the United States Navy had been trained in it so well that it practically equalled the scores of the British Navy — until then acknowledged the leader of the world in marksmanship.

Upon beginning, as Lieutenant Sims did, target practice with full battle charges for the first time in the American Navy, these were a few of the things that were discovered: The telescopic sights of the guns had cross wires so large that the target was entirely hidden by them at battle ranges; the telescopes jarred loose from their fastenings upon the discharge of the guns; and they cut the foreheads of the gun-pointers when the guns were fired, so that the pointers did not dare to keep them close to their eyes. The primers and locks of the guns were wrongly made, and stuck fast so that the guns were incapacitated for as much as ten minutes at a time. Ammunition-hoists could not, in many cases, supply more than one-fourth of the charges that could be fired; and, after repeated discharges, guns even pulled loose from the bolts which held them to the decks. The defects which caused results of this kind had all been called to the attention of the bureaus responsible for them by Lieutenant Sims in his previous reports, but their existence had been strenuously denied, and efforts to rectify them opposed. It took more than a year, after Lieutenant Sims took charge, to secure new and proper telescope sights. Again President Roosevelt had to step in, and order the improvement. The cost of this one item was more than $1,000,000, and the installation of the sights required three years.

The Most Exciting Game in the World

The training of the gunners has undergone as radical a change as the equipment of the guns. Previous to 1902, when Lieutenant Sims took charge, the seamen who filled these positions were given lectures on the construction of guns and their equipment, and on such matters as the theory of initial tension and the theory of varying expansion, for twelve months in the year. They were supposed to shoot guns for an hour or two four times a year, and then with reduced charges. Any one acquainted with the average sailor will appreciate how successful a method of training gun-pointers this must have been. Each ship shot by itself, wherever it might be located, and each gun division recorded its own scores. The shooting was, as a matter of fact, often omitted, and cases were not infrequent where a ship would go two years without firing a single shot. To any one with the slightest knowledge of the practice needed to acquire skill in any rifle practice, this fact speaks for itself.

Now, twice a year, the whole American Navy engages in the most exciting game in the world — its prize target shooting. Thousands of men are practising daily for this; and every man of the thirty thousand seamen of the Navy is eligible for the teams. An ingenious mechanical device, "the dotter," fastened to the big gun, shows as well as real shooting the accuracy of the gunner's aim. The gun-pointers qualify for the teams, and practise continually with this instrument. Then, semi-annually, comes the real test of firing. A series of prizes, in cash for the men, commendatory letters for officers, and the presidential trophies for ships, puts every gun and ship, and every gun crew and officer in the Navy in an intense rivalry. To-day there is no honor in the United States Navy so great as the honors of target practice; no reward for excellence so certain. Six years ago gunnery practice in the American Navy was a bore and drudge, and was generally neglected. To-day, it has a perennial interest for every individual in the service, which excels the most savage undergraduate interest in a Yale-Princeton football game.

Two Tons of Shell a Minute

The American Navy now leads the world in accuracy and rapidity of shooting; six years ago it was behind the navy of every first-class power. Six years ago the standard for firing heavy turret-guns — which are now a battleship's sole weapon of consequence in battle — was once in five minutes; the average of hits on the target now in use would not have been once an hour. At present these guns fire an average of one and a half shots a minute; they hit the target once a minute. Six years ago, the standard rate of fire for six-inch guns was less than two shots a minute; as shown by the tests of 1902, less than one shot in six hit the target. To-day these guns frequently make as many as twelve hits a minute, and the average of the whole Navy is six hits a minute. These are the records at the 1,600-yard range. At the last long-range target practice in Massachusetts Bay, the battleships of the North Atlantic fleet, firing at a target from three to five miles away, averaged nearly thirty per cent of hits. With a target one-third the size of the ships at Santiago, at distances from two to three times as great, our fleet made more than fifteen times the percentage of hits.

Translated into terms of war these changes mean this: Six years ago an American battleship would not hit an enemy's vessel at a battle-range of three miles or more oftener than twice an hour. To-day every ship of an enemy's fleet steaming into range would be struck by two tons of steel shell every minute by every modern American ship firing at her. Solid metal spatters like mud when these great projectiles strike it; when charged with their high explosives, these shells are swept through the ship in fragments of from two hundred pounds in weight down to the finest steel dust. In all human probability no ship in the world could stand such a fire fifteen minutes.

The Navy at the Opening of 1908

With the opening of 1908 the United States Navy led the world in one branch — the branch of gunnery, which had been taken away from the routine department management by the direct action of President Roosevelt. The work under the regular bureaus was still, comparatively speaking, as backward as the gunnery had been found to be. But by this time a large party, including practically all the active, sea-going officers, were clamoring for reform of the grave faults of design which were known to exist in our battleships. This movement, like that for better gunnery, had been started by the criticisms of Lieutenant Sims. It was having hard work, however. For the various naval bureaus suppressed it consistently, while the archaic laws of the Navy prevented the body of the naval officers from appealing to the country for reform, under the penalty of court-martial. The reformers faced this danger and still face it in their zeal to benefit the service.

The Death Traps in our Old Turrets

As early as 1901 Lieutenant Sims called attention to the fact that all our battleships had an unobstructed opening which led straight down from the turrets where the heavy guns are fired to the handling rooms directly underneath, into which the powder is passed out from the magazine, to be hoisted to the guns. Every battleship in the Navy, he pointed out, stood in danger of destruction, in case of an accident in the turret, from the explosion of her magazine by the falling of burning material from the guns upon the powder in the handling room, and the communication of the flames from this into the magazine. No attention was paid to this warning. In April, 1904, sixteen men were killed in the handling room of the *Missouri* because of this defect in construction; and the magazines of the ship were saved from explosion only by the great presence of mind of a seaman. In spite of this, the handling rooms remained unprotected. A narrow escape from a similar accident on the *Kearsarge* in 1906 forced the Department to put in a makeshift protection — which was soon shown to be ineffective. A second escape from the same accident on the *Georgia* in the summer of 1907 proved that the supposed protection was practically worthless; and roused the whole service to its danger.

In the fall of 1907 public opinion compelled the Department to appoint a board of experienced turret officers to consider the whole question of safe turrets in future ships. This board's strong recommendations caused an absolute separation to be made between the turrets and handling rooms in all future ships. The turrets in the old ships remained, and promised permanently to remain, unchanged, and the report of the turret board, which constituted a severe arraignment of the Department's turret equipment, was kept from the knowledge of the public on the ground that it was secret, confidential information.

General Board and Admiral Evans Declare Armor too Low

Our present battleships are built on a now generally discredited plan, by which the only shell-proof armor on their sides is a belt from eight to nine feet wide, on the water line. It became generally known in the service several years ago that this narrow armor belt was so low that it was awash when the ships were fully loaded. On November 28, 1906, the general board of the Navy — a permanent advisory board, appointed by the Secretary, the president of which is Admiral Dewey — recommended that steps be taken to raise our battleships in the water. It said: "Our battleships carry their armor belts too low to protect the water line when they are loaded for sea. That this defect would be disastrous in battle is shown by the fate of the Russian battleships in the Battle of Tsushima." This recommendation was transmitted to Admiral Evans, as commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and he was ordered to see what could be done toward raising the ships. In transferring this order to his officers, he said: "In the case of armored ships, their armor belt is practically awash at load draft, which leaves them, so far as protection is concerned, but little better than armored cruisers."

Nothing practical came of this attempt to raise our battleships so that their narrow armor belt would be properly placed on their water line. The official correspondence over the matter was filed in the Department archives, and, like the turret board's report, was kept from public knowledge on the ground that it was confidential matter.

The battleships of the United States started on their cruise around the world last December, with their armor belts awash, or under water, and with all the faults of design which had been criticised for years. But the agitation among the officers of the Navy for a change had gone too far to be longer suppressed from general notice. Public discussion of the question was suddenly precipitated by an article in last January's McClure's, published soon after the fleet had gone to sea.

The Navy Machine's Defense

The Board on Construction, made up of four bureau chiefs and the chief of the Bureau of Construction, were now compelled to defend their work openly — exactly as the Bureau of Ordnance had been compelled to defend the equipment of their guns in 1902, when they proved the method of gun-shooting now in use in the United States Navy to be physically impossible. The chief charges in the McClure article were that the turrets of our battleships were dangerous; that the armor belt was awash when the ships were loaded for sea; and that a great number of their guns were so low as to make it difficult if not impossible to fire them in moderately rough weather. The bureau chiefs knew perfectly well the history of accidents which proved that the present turrets were a menace to the ships of the service, and were thoroughly acquainted with the report of the board of expert turret officers, which had declared emphatically that the fault must be corrected. They knew perfectly well of the decision of the general board that our armor belts were awash, and of the attempt to raise them in 1906. They knew perfectly well that a large percentage of our guns were so low that they could not be properly used in brisk weather. Yet Admiral George A. Converse, president of the Board on Construction, and Chief Constructor Washington Lee Capps, head of the Bureau of Construction, made up elaborate technical statements, each three times as long as the McClure article, denying or evading these chief criticisms. It is not necessary now to reply to these documents. Developments of fact, and the action of a body representing the entire Navy have already done so.

The Senate Committee's Hearings

A public hearing by the Naval Committee of the United States Senate was also caused by the appearance of the McClure article. Now, the Senate Committee, as is well known to every one in Washington, is in very friendly relations with the bureau system, which governs the Navy. In fact, it is a part of the same governmental machine which distributes the $100,000,000 annual appropriation made to the United States Navy. This committee, after stating that it proposed to give a fair open hearing upon this question, took the following course: It heard first, at great length, the defence of the Board on Construction, and the Bureau of Construction, by Admiral Converse and Chief Constructor Capps. Leading members of the Committee, which was, of course, sitting in a judicial capacity, then publicly expressed themselves as satisfied that there was nothing in the criticisms of the Navy. After doing this the Committee established Admiral Capps as a cross-examiner of witnesses, and proceeded to call some of the critics.

Commander Sims was refused a hearing on the points he wished to bring out, and was continually interrupted by members of the Committee, and by Mr. Capps. "You started getting up this row?" asked Senator Hale, the chairman of the committee, when the hearing opened. Commander A. L. Key — a second active critic of the construction of ships — was refused point-blank the opportunity to answer the statements made in the written defences by Admirals Converse and Capps; the other critics called were given similar treatment. The hearings were finally allowed to die, and no report whatever was made of conclusions, a stenographic report of the hearings being the only document issued in the case.

All this time the Senate Committee had in its possession the official documents from the general boards and from Admiral Evans showing that our battleships' main armor belts were awash; and the report of the special commission on turret construction showing the terrible danger from our present turrets. These, and similar damaging documents, were withheld from the public by the Senate Committee on the ground that they were confidential information. This Committee, in fact, went farther in opposition to reform than the naval bureaus themselves. The Department, after the criticisms of the dangerous turret appeared publicly, asked for an appropriation to change them on all the ships of the Navy. This was refused by the Senate Committee.

President Calls the Newport Conference

It was evident again — as in the case of target practice — that nothing could be secured through the regular channels of the Navy Department; and that nothing could be expected from Congress, at least in this session. Again the President of the United States took a hand in the matter.

In June, Commander A. L. Key wrote a letter to the Navy Department containing criticisms of the two battleships, the *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, which the Department is now building; and incidentally of the *Florida* and *Utah*, practically identical with these, for which plans had just been completed. This letter, like other criticisms in the past, was placed in the pigeonholes of the Bureau of Construction. Its receipt was not even acknowledged. Learning of this, President Roosevelt called a conference of naval officers at Newport in July, and laid the letter before them for free discussion. This was the first time in the history of the United States that the sea-going officers of the Navy had been given any practical chance for free discussion of the requirements of fighting ships. In every foreign navy — in England, Germany, and France — these conferences of officers on the designs of battleships are annual affairs. The very calling of the Newport Conference was in itself a revolution in the administration of our Navy.

The discussion at this conference, based upon the latest designs produced for the United States Navy, touched upon the most important questions of battleship construction. It was called too late to correct the more important faults that it found to exist in the four battleships now building or planned. The *North Dakota* and *Delaware* were already half built, and the plans of the *Florida* and *Utah* were too far advanced to make changes practicable, without serious delay. But the decisions of the conference will make impossible in all future ships the flagrant mistakes which exist in the ships of our present fleet, and to a considerable extent in the next four ships to be delivered.

A Proper Armor Belt for Future Ships

The most important matter that it settled was the position of the water-line armor belt upon our battleships. A battleship should, of course, have this armor so placed that it will give the best possible protection when she begins to fight. In 1896 the so-called Walker board, appointed for the purpose, decided that the water-line belt should be located so as to give the ship the greatest possible protection, when not less than two-thirds of its coal, stores, and ammunition were on board. This action was officially approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and so became the standard for designing American battleships. Since that time the Board on Construction has absolutely disregarded this line, and has established arbitrary armor-belt lines of its own for each new ship, which it calls the "normal line." These theoretical lines in most cases allow the ships to have about forty per cent of their full coal aboard. By this change the Board on Construction has placed the armor belt from eight inches to a foot lower on the sides of the ships than the official standard of the Walker board. Besides this, miscalculations and additions in weight have actually sunk various ships from nine inches to a foot and a half lower than their constructors planned to have them. Altogether, the armor belt on most of our present ships stands from a foot and a half to two feet lower than it should be, according to the Department's official ruling.

The Newport Conference decided that the line about which the armor belts of our future ships should be placed should be several inches higher on the ship than that of the Walker board — about a line reached when the ship has on board two-thirds of its coal and stores, and all its ammunition. This recommendation alone would have meant that the belt be from two to three feet higher than it is upon our present ships. Offsetting this, it decided that it should extend six instead of five feet, as now, below the water line. In other words, the Conference decided that the armor belt on future ships should be from one to two feet higher than that on practically all the vessels in the American Navy now afloat.

This would have made a great improvement in our old ships, with their narrow shell-proof water-line belts, but so far as the battleships now building are concerned, this change in itself is not of great importance, because on these ships the band of armor just above their water-line belt is shell-proof, and consequently their water-line has an ample, high protection. But above this second belt was placed a thin armor, easily pierced. A shell passing through this would shatter the unprotected flues from the boilers to the smokestacks and fill the big gun deck, and probably, through broken ventilators, the whole ship, with smoke. A ship might easily be made uninhabitable by this during battle. The conference voted that the flues of the next four ships should be given special protection, and that all future ships should have armor of proper thickness on their sides.

Low Guns Must be Abolished

The Conference at Newport further voted that the broadside guns upon the four ships about to be built are too low to be used in ordinary "trade wind weather." This conclusion could not be escaped after Admiral Evans' official report, following observations on the trip of his ships about South America last winter, which reported that their broadside guns could not be effectively used in ordinary trade wind weather at a speed of ten knots, which is only two-thirds of the speed which would be made during battle.

These broadside guns on our battleships are their principal protection against the attacks of torpedo boats — one of the greatest dangers of modern sea-fighting. It is now officially established that the American fleet, and also the next four battleships to be delivered, cannot defend themselves effectively against torpedo boat attacks in ordinary "trade wind weather." The recent ships of foreign navies have all or many of their torpedo defence guns upon their upper decks, high up above the reach of the waves. The British *Dreadnoughts* have all of these guns so placed. As a result of the Newport Conference, we can at last be assured that our own guns will be put there in future ships.

The Newport Conference's Other Changes

These two great main faults then, we expect to see corrected soon in future battleships. In addition, the Newport Conference made minor changes of much importance. It found that one of the great magazines, in the plans for the four new ships, was surrounded by steam pipes; and recommended that a refrigerating plant be put in there to cool the powder, and that the fault be never repeated in future designs. It recommended that the steering engines, and parts of the barbettes supporting the big turrets — both of which are improperly armored in the present plans for new ships — be adequately protected. It voted that there be two instead of only one fire control mast — the position from which the gunfire of the whole ship is directed — because one mast can easily be enveloped in a cloud of smoke which makes its use impossible. It recommended that the high smoke-stacks and ventilators, which catch and explode the shells of an enemy, be lowered. And it voted that hereafter the foremost of the two after-turrets be raised above the other, because with the present turrets, placed close together on the same level, one might be disabled in such a position that its projecting guns would prevent the other's guns being used over a considerable portion of its arc of fire.

The Necessity of a Proper Organization

And yet, with all the extraordinary advances, the chief question concerning the American Navy is not solved. It never will be until this department has a proper organization. The great advances in gunnery are due primarily to the intelligent interest and activity of President Roosevelt in the affairs of our Navy. Exactly the same thing is true of the new standards established by the Newport Conference. It has required his direct action, working against the whole influence of the routine administration of the Department to accomplish these things.

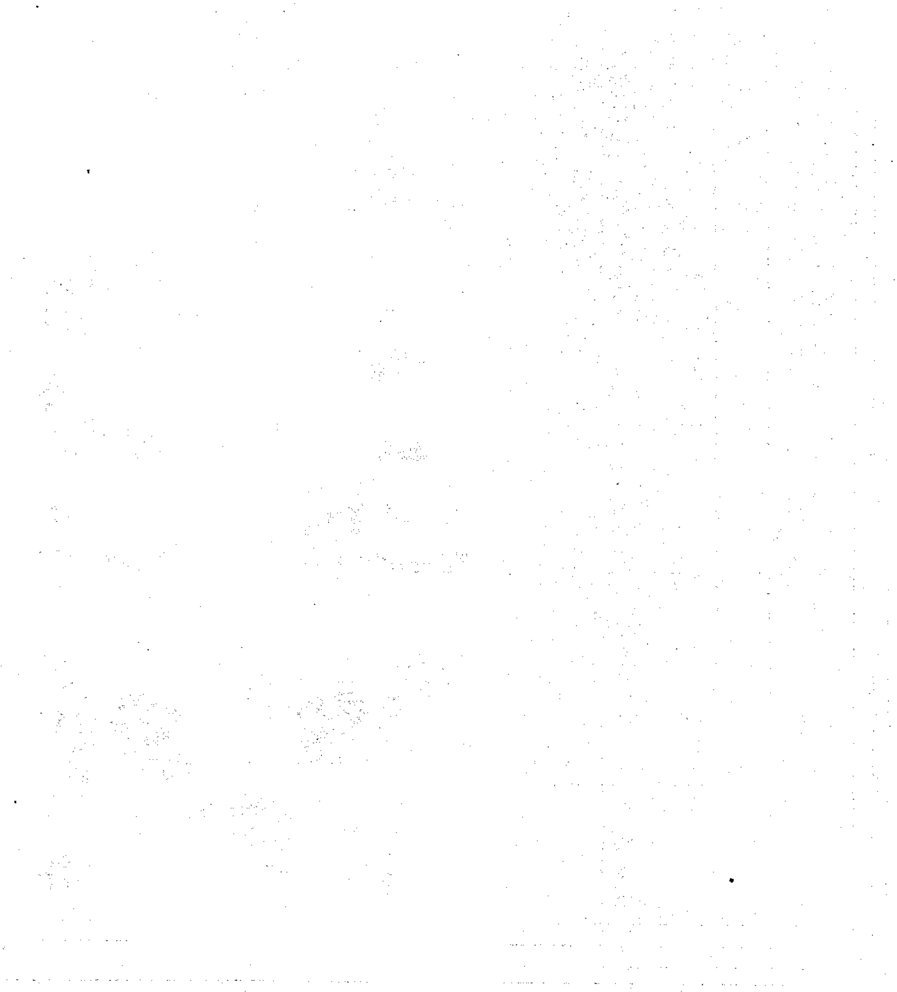
President Roosevelt will retire from office next March. No future president can be expected to have the same interest and training in naval affairs that he has had. The administration of naval affairs will fall back to the bureaucracy, which has always held it. Once there again, the same old régime must necessarily be established. Criticism will be crushed; the voice of the sea-going officers suppressed; even the findings of the Newport Conference can be disregarded, exactly as the findings of the Walker armor-belt board have been. And what will happen to the naval officers whose courageous and intelligent criticism of our ships and service started and sustained the present development, is well shown by the threats of court-martial and banishment to an out-of-the-way station, which were made so freely at the time of the active criticism of the Navy last spring.

The whole future of the American Navy depends upon one thing — a new system of administration, in which there will be some one trained head, — superintendent or supervising board — that can be held responsible by the Secretary of the Navy for the conduct of its affairs; a system by which the officers of the service, who fight our ships, shall be entitled to give the specifications of what is wanted in battleships, and hand these specifications over to the Bureau of Construction to carry out.

In an early number of McClure's Magazine there will be a careful study of the workings of the remarkable governmental machine, consisting of the United States Senate Naval Committee and the navy bureaucracy, which has in the past controlled our Navy; and of the manner in which this machine has distributed the vast patronage taken from the $100,000,000 annual naval appropriation to entrench itself.

THE KUROPATKIN MEMOIRS

Because of the illness of Mr. George Kennan, who has been translating and editing General Kuropatkin's History of the Russian-Japanese War for McClure's, the third chapter of the series is omitted from this number of the magazine. It will appear in the December number.



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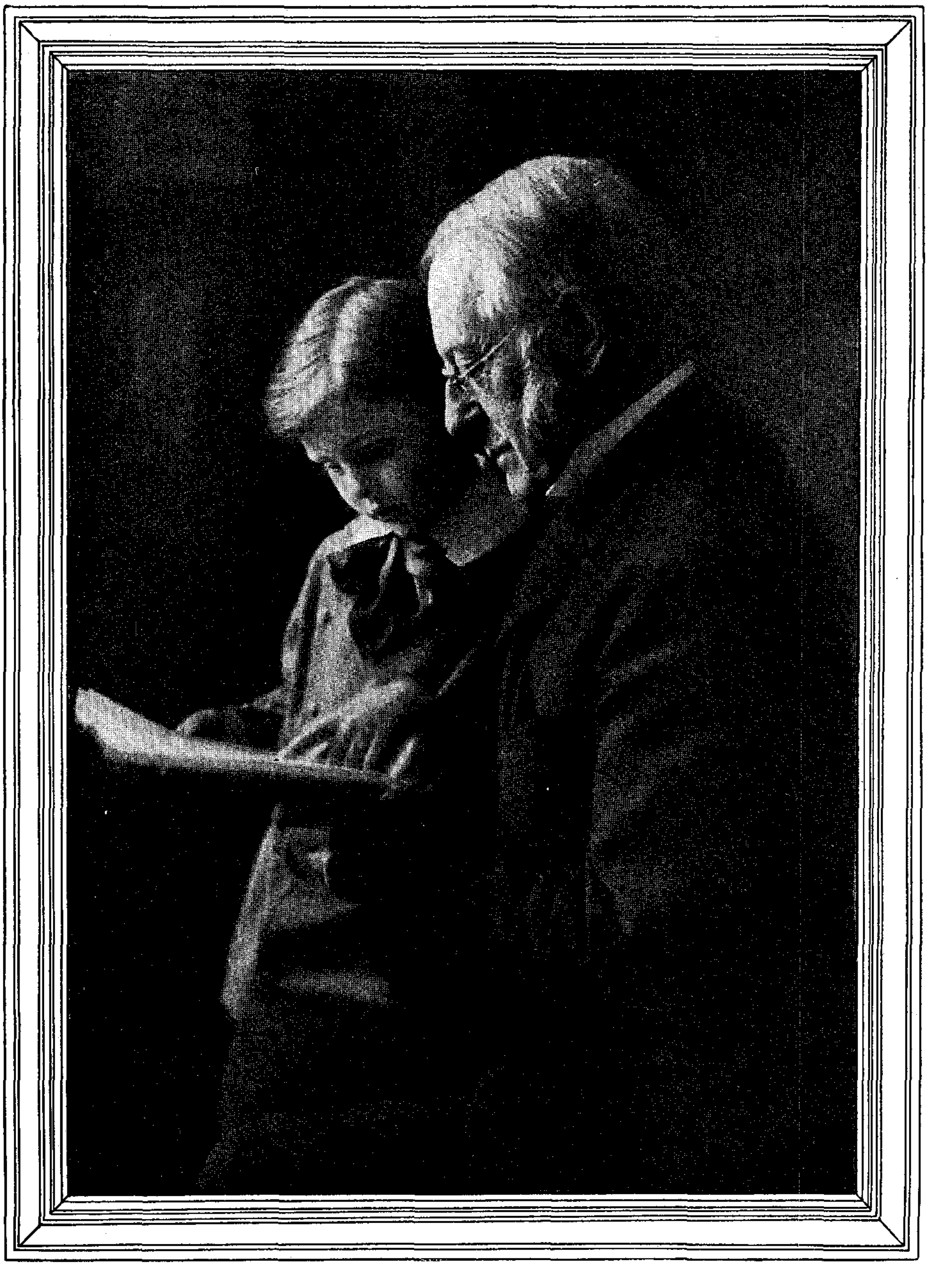

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